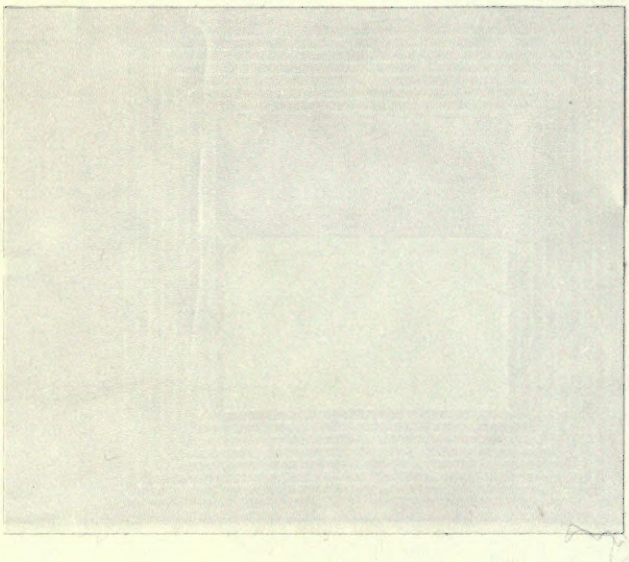

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A LONE BIT OF TORONTO ISLAND

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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

OF

Politics, Science, Art and Literature.

EDITED BY J. GORDON MOWAT.

VOL. IV.

NOVEMBER, 1894, TO APRIL, 1895, INCLUSIVE.)

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THE ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO., LTD.
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Announcement.

(From Vol. 1, No. 1.)

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE needs no apology for appearing. The necessity, or, at least, the great desirability of Canada possessing a medium through which, in fuller measure than has hitherto been practicable our leading statesmen and thinkers may, with the comprehensiveness of *Review* articles, present to the public throughout the Dominion their views on questions of public interest, and the facts and arguments on which these views are based, has been recognized by many, and has been an important consideration with the founders of this MAGAZINE. The MAGAZINE is, therefore intended to fill, in some measure, for Canada, the purpose served in Great Britain and the United States by the great Reviews of these countries Timely articles on political and other public questions of interest to the Canadian people will appear every month from the pens of leading statesmen and writers of various shades of political opinion. While the pages of the MAGAZINE will be open to the expression of a wide diversity of opinions, and opinions with which the MAGAZINE does not agree, the policy will be steadily pursued of cultivating Canadian patriotism and Canadian interests, and of endeavoring to aid in the consolidation of the Dominion on a basis of national self-respect and a mutual regard for the rights of the great elements which make up the population of Canada In this endeavor we are happy to announce, we have the co-operation, as contributors, of many of the leading public men and writers of both political parties.

A series of articles descriptive of various portions of the Dominion, and dealing with their scenery, industries and resources, will appear during the current year from the pens of travellers and well-known and graceful writers.

Social and scientific subjects of popular interest will be discussed in a popular vein from month to month by eminent specialists of our own and other countries.

Fiction, chiefly in the form of short stories touching Canadian life, will receive, with other contributions to light and wholesome entertainment, a considerable amount of attention. In short, the MAGAZINE will embrace a wide range of subjects, and appeal to a wide variety of individual tastes.

The staff of contributors includes many well-known Canadian and foreign writers, and is always ready to include, also, worthy aspirants to literary honors, whose names are yet unknown to the public. In thus endeavoring to stimulate Canadian thought, and to aid in opening mines of literary worth that are yet undeveloped THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE trusts to have the sympathy and practical encouragement of patriotic Canadians.

To those who recognize how much Canada has hitherto been dependent for magazine literature on foreign countries, and how unfavorable such dependence is to the growth of healthy national sentiment in our homes, our appeal, we believe, will not be in vain. And with the very large increase during the past decade in the number of graduates of our colleges and high schools, and the marked development in late years of a general taste for magazine literature, and the growing feeling of respect for ourselves as a nation, we think that our effort to permanently establish a magazine and national review, broadly Canadian in tone and feeling, will meet with a large and generous support in every part of the Dominion.

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THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV. NOVEMBER, 1894. No. 1.

ONTARIO'S BIG GAME.

BY JAMES DICKSON, O.L.S.

A PAPER in a recent number of *The Century Magazine*, by Mr. Madison Grant, has suggested the thought of how little is known, and how little has been written, about the game in the Province of Ontario. It is not improbable that there is no other region where game is so abundant near the habitations of civilization; yet, very little is known about the haunts and habits of our wild animals, except by the trapper and hunter.

With the exception of the able, and, as a book of reference, valuable report of the Fish and Game Commission, recently published by the Ontario Government, there has been scarcely an effort made by any writer to draw the attention of the public to the fact, that as a field for the sportsman, the Province of Ontario stands second to no province or state on this continent.

It is to be regretted that amongst the numerous newspaper correspondents and others of literary ability, who spend a considerable portion of every summer rusticating amidst the beauties of our northern wilds, scarce one seems to know anything at all about the vast hordes of the lordly moose, the caribou, and, although much smaller, the still more graceful red deer, which roam through our backwoods.

It is the opinion of most people that game is not now as plentiful in Ontario as it was in the early days of the century. This opinion is correct so far as it applies to the settled parts of the province. But probably the moose, the caribou and the red deer, and, with the exception of the beaver, the fur-bearing animals generally, were never more numerous in the backwoods of the province than they now are. We must not overlook the fact that a century ago they formed the staple food of the Indian tribes which peopled nearly the whole of our wilds. But this cause of the destruction of the game is now, in many parts, entirely removed.

Some persons blame the Indians for the almost total extinction of the beaver during the last few years. But this is entirely erroneous. The full-blooded aborigine, although noted for his improvidence, is not ignorant of the consequences of killing the goose that lays the golden eggs, and was ever careful, while he had the hunting-ground to himself, not to destroy in one season more than half the beaver in any pond or lake.

So, also, with the moose and deer; there was no slaughtering for the skins alone, leaving the carcases to rot in the woods and taint the atmosphere, or to be used as bait for bears and

wolves. But with the advent of the more provident, more enlightened and intelligent pale face, a sudden change took place. The white hunter seemed imbued with the idea that what he failed to take in one season might fall into the hands of some one else—the next, and that rather than let another share in the annual harvest, it were better to do wanton destruction of the game. And the Indian, as a matter of course, seeing the reaping-hook of another at work in his harvest-field, and ever ready to imitate his white brother in evil, imitated him in this work, with the consequence that, where less than twenty years ago, scarce a creek was to be met with without its beaver dam, pond, and one or more families of beaver, one may now travel for days without falling in with a single fresh sign of that most valuable and interesting animal.

Our Government acted wisely a few years ago when they enacted a law prohibiting the killing of the beaver for a term of years. If that act is strictly enforced, our backwoods will be almost as quickly re-stocked with it, as they were depleted. For the beaver is one of the most prolific of creatures, and has few enemies which prey upon it. Here is an illustration of how quickly beavers increase in numbers, if left to themselves :

A Hudson's Bay post was located near a small pond, in which there were two beavers, a male and female. For four years in succession the officer in charge of the post caught four young ones, and in the fifth year three,—nineteen in all, and yet the old couple had eluded his vigilance, and were still alive and free. They had intelligence enough to keep out of danger themselves, but lacked the ability to impart their knowledge to their young. Had none of them been taken, the natural increase of that one couple would, at the end of five years, have amounted to nearly fifty individuals

It was only after the most thorough and careful enquiry that the legislature passed the Fish and Game law of 1892. And, no doubt, some weighty reasons must have been impressed upon them before they enacted the clause allowing trapping, up till the 1st of April. That section should certainly be amended. All the fur-bearing animals bring forth their young between the middle of April and the middle of May, and to kill a female for at least two months before that date, simply means the wanton destruction of from two to six kittens in each case. This clause seems to be almost universally condemned by trappers and all acquainted with the habits of the animals. The only reason I have ever heard urged in its favor is, that the fur of the muskrat is then at its best, and the animal is full-grown. But even if such be the case, the taking of the old females at that time, will more than counterbalance the enhanced value of the fur, which, at best, never exceeds 25 cents per skin. It is an admitted fact that the fur of the mink is at its best during the coldest winter months, and begins to fade as soon as the mild weather of spring sets in ; and it is also admitted that the fur of a mink taken before it has begun to fade on the live animal, will last longer, before showing signs of changing color, than that of one taken later on in the season. If that section were remodelled, and the 1st of February substituted for the 1st of April, it would undoubtedly lead to a vast increase both in the number and quality of these animals annually taken.

The taking of the fisher is also prohibited for a term of years. The exemption of this animal was undoubtedly a mistake. Although yielding a valuable fur, it is a question whether or not the number of other fur-bearing animals annually destroyed by him, does not much more than make up for the saving effected by the preservation of his own skin. It might not be out of place to change his name altogether, and, instead of fisher, call him the pirate of the woods, for all is

fish for his net. Every animal he is strong enough to master, and can in any way lay hold of, he considers his lawful prey. And it is of daily occurrence, in sections of country frequented by him, for trappers, when going their rounds, to find they have been forestalled by the fisher, and the game eaten out of their traps and deadfalls.

The ominous title of Mr. Grant's paper, "The Vanishing Moose," is suggestive, and would lead to the belief that the animal is nearly extinct. This may hold good south of the St. Lawrence, but it does not apply, nor will it, I trust, to Ontario, for many decades yet.

Mr. Grant says: "Their extreme eastern limit, north of our southern border, is the Lake of the Woods and Dog Lake, in Manitoba, around which they are still numerous," and further on, "that a few may still be found in the once famous Muskoka deer country," but that "the best place to get one now is on the east side of the Ottawa River, above Mattawa."

Mr. Grant's paper, I make no doubt, is perfectly accurate, in so far as regards what we might call the geography of the moose to the south of us, but when he comes to deal with the moose in Ontario, he shows himself to have been wrongly informed, for at no period of our own known history were the moose so plentiful as now, in the Muskoka, Nipissing and Rainy River districts, and the unsettled parts of the Huron and Ottawa Territory.

It would seem as if our larger game had been in the habit of suddenly forsaking certain sections of country altogether, for a term of years, and then as suddenly returning to their former haunts, for in nearly all parts of Ontario the decayed antlers and bones of both moose and elk are frequently found. But it is only within the last few years that moose were to be met with west of the Ottawa River, south of the Mattawa, French River and Lake Nipissing. No elk seem as yet to have returned to any part of that district.

Six years ago I met, at the head of Lake Temiscaming, an old Indian, who was then seventy-four years of age, but has since passed over to the happy hunting-ground. He had been born and had spent nearly all his life in that locality. He said, in his own quaint, broken English: "Long ago, plenty deer, plenty beaver, plenty bear, plenty wolf; no caribou, no moose. Now, no deer, no wolf a few beaver, some bears, a few caribou, p-l-e-n-t-y moose."

It may sound somewhat paradoxical, but is none the less true, that different families of the same species of animals, as well as distinct species, like man, seem to prefer having certain districts entirely to themselves, notwithstanding the fact that, both as regards food and climate, the country may be equally well adapted for all of them. Thus, while the otter, beaver, and nearly all the smaller fur-bearing animals are found all over the Dominion, of the different varieties of the bear family the only one found in Ontario is the common black bear, and the white polar bear, along the coasts of Hudson's Bay. And while the black bear roams all over, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, neither the brown bear or grizzly ever appears east of the prairie region of the west. And while there is abundant evidence that our woods were liberally stocked with both moose and elk at no very remote period in our history, I am not aware of any trace of the caribou ever having been found east of the Algoma District. Then, too, while the moose have returned in such vast hordes to their former haunts, the elk has failed to put in an appearance. It is a question if there are any at all in the province at present. They seem destined to be the next animals to follow the fate of the buffalo. This peculiarity of the four-footed animals belongs also to some birds. The common partridge

is found all over the Dominion, but the prairie chicken has never appeared in eastern Ontario. They are fully as abundant as the partridge, all through the southern parts of the next district between the Manitoba boundary and the Nipigon river, but east of that stream they gradually become more scarce; at White River, they disappear altogether.

There is an unwritten law amongst hunters and trappers, by which, although no one has any legal right to a given district, each one has his own hunting grounds, which are never trespassed upon by any other one. In travelling through our northern and western wilds, and observing the signs of the different varieties of deer and other animals, one is sometimes tempted to think that wild animals have also a law amongst themselves, by which one variety will be barred from trespassing upon the preserves of another.

Take a map of the province; start out from the mouth of the White Fish River. Go northerly across Lake Penache, to where the Soo branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway crosses the Vermilion, then go west to "Big Bend," on the Spanish River; follow that stream to the Township of Cray; thence strike north-easterly by a point about twenty miles north of Wahnapitae Lake, then take a more northerly course by the head waters of the Blanche River, to the interprovincial boundary line, and we shall follow very nearly, the southern and eastern boundaries of the caribou country. Along this line there seems to be a belt of country, or feeding-ground, common to all, beyond which, although a single individual or family may be occasionally met with, the caribou never seems to penetrate.

A striking illustration of this was observed by me, a few years ago, in the township of Totten. It was in the month of November; the snow was literally all tracked over by moose, caribou and deer, in about equal numbers. I saw a herd of eight caribou. They stood gazing at me as if questioning my right to intrude into their haunts, and showed no disposition to leave until I was within ten rods of them, then I stood still, looked long enough to satisfy my curiosity, and then clapped my hands and shouted.

It is not necessary to see the animals themselves, in order to determine their presence. The print of the hoof is sufficient to the backwoodsman. The beautifully moulded and dainty little foot of the red deer is familiar to everybody. That of the moose is its exact counterpart in shape, but is very much larger, while the foot of the caribou, both in size and shape, is like that of the domestic cow, with the addition that, in the track, the print of the deer claw is always seen also.

Another peculiarity of the foot is this, that while neither moose nor red deer can make any headway on clear, smooth ice, the outer edge of the hoof of the caribou is so sharp that it can trot as easily on ice as can a sharp-shod horse, and will strike out boldly and freely across the most slippery field, small shivers of ice flying off with every stroke of the hoof.

Another feature of the caribou is, that while the females of the moose and deer have no antlers, with the caribou they are common to both sexes, while the moulies, or those having no antlers, are of common occurrence. The skin of the caribou makes finer leather than that of any member of the deer family, and snowshoes made of that material are excelled by none, except, perhaps, those made from the skin of the beaver, which is a rather costly material for common use.

Some writers assert that the construction of railroads will have a tendency to banish moose more quickly than almost anything else. This is an entirely erroneous idea. During last winter I saw several moose yards so close to the line of the C. P. R. that the whistle of the locomotive and noise of

passing trains could be heard at almost every hour of the day and night, and I found one yard within less than two miles of where a lumber company's log train, a large gang of men and numerous teams of horses were at work every day, yet the moose had the whole country up to the Arctic Ocean to retire to.

It may be a question whether, if the moose had not migrated to the south side of the Mattawa and Ottawa Rivers, before the construction of the C. P. R., they would ever have done so. But, from the fact that they now seem to regard the proximity of a railroad with so much indifference, it is reasonable to infer that it would have had as little effect on their coming and going as it does now.

It is scarcely twenty years since they were to be found south of the Mattawa River. In 1879, while engaged on a survey at the head of the Amable-du-Fond River, I had in my employ a half-breed Indian, who had lived in the vicinity all his life, and he informed me that it was not till four years previously (in 1875), that moose were to be found on the stream. He said, that one morning in the fall of that year, he had gone out to start the dogs on a deer hunt, and saw a strange track, which the dogs started on. In a few minutes he heard them barking on the opposite side of a hill, and, following them up, found a large, strange animal, such as he had never seen before, standing at bay, making a rush for the dogs and striking at them with his front feet whenever they ventured near. He shot it, and afterwards learned that it was a moose. So quickly did the moose spread, that at the time I was there they were as numerous as red deer had ever been, and had penetrated as far south as the northern townships of the Haliburton district.

They are now found in vast numbers throughout the district west of the Ottawa and north of the Mattawa rivers, and are particularly abundant around the head waters of the Queko, and Sturgeon rivers and Tamagamingue and Wahnapitae lakes. That they are so numerous in that district is no doubt owing largely to the numerous lakes and large creeks in that locality. So fond are they of water, that they might almost be classed amongst amphibious animals; they are rarely met with at any great distance from some lake or stream. While in season, the water lily seems to be their favorite food, and, in their haunts, where that plant abounds, they are almost sure to be met with at almost any hour of day or night, in any sluggish stream or lake. The young take to the water like ducks, and many are shot by the hunter stealing around in his canoe while they are immersed up to the neck enjoying the luxury of a cooling bath, or feeding on the roots of the water lily.

So well stocked is the unsettled part of the Huron and Ottawa territory with the moose, that a half day's travel from any point on the border of the settlements, will take one into their haunts. Here, also, red deer are found in greater numbers than, perhaps, in any other part of the province. The moose, like all other varieties of large game, do not penetrate into the settlement to the same extent as do the smaller. Hence, they are not so frequently seen as red deer, which are generally more numerous in the neighborhood of settlements than anywhere else. This is, no doubt, to be accounted for by the fact that they are less liable to the attack of wolves than further back.

Fenimore Cooper makes one of his Indian heroes to say: "Fear is a bad thing; it makes the deer jump into the river, when it would be safer in the thicket." This is often true of the deer when he comes too near the settlement, for in fleeing from his natural enemy, the wolf, it happens that he is running into the open jaws of a scarcely less relentless foe. No doubt

large numbers annually are destroyed by wolves, but not nearly so many as formerly, for wolves are much less numerous now than they were twenty years ago. And if some of our frontier settlers would keep in their cur dogs, destroy the useless, half-starved hounds which are allowed to roam at will, and abstain from shooting any during the close season, it would at least make up for the number annually slain by wolves.

A clause in the game law makes it permissible for Indians, and also settlers in unorganized territories, to kill game for their own use. This provision of the act is utilized to the utmost. I learned of one case, recently, where a white man boasted of having killed twelve moose in one short season. At the modest estimate of 500 lbs. of beef to each carcass, this would represent 6,000 lbs., or thirty barrels of beef to one family in one season—a very liberal supply.

Indians are also killing them by the dozen, drawing the meat into the settlements and selling it, not only to parties in ignorance of the law, but to those who ought to and do know better, and whose duty it is to see to its proper enforcement. Until either some salutary lessons are taught, or a healthier feeling prevails in the parts adjacent to the moose country, our legislators will legislate in vain.

In one section, a few years ago, within a radius of ten miles, there were seventy moose killed by white men between Christmas and the month of March, and that same spring a party counted the carcasses of sixty, and then gave up the count. These moose were killed, for their skins alone, around the head waters of the Madawaska River. It is a common occurrence to shoot them down during the time of crust, take off the hide, and leave the meat to bait bear traps with. It pays to kill them for the skin alone, for an average sized skin will make from eighteen to twenty pairs of moccasins, which command a ready sale at from $1.50 to $2.00 per pair. With such wanton destruction, the wonder is, not that they are scarce, but that there are any left. The same practice was carried on only a few years ago with the red deer, and if the dogs drove a fawn into the water, it was knocked on the head and left skin and all to feed the fishes. The men who indulge most in this pastime are the very parties who make the loudest cry for an increase in the amount of bounty for wolf scalps.

The Ontario moose can scarcely be termed gregarious. In summer, seldom more than two or three are seen together; but, during the deep snows of winter, they associate in yards of from four to one dozen. The yards are generally in a grove of balsam or some other evergreen, either in or adjacent to a hardwood ridge, where their food is most abundant.

Some writers assert that they subsist partly on the bark of trees. I do not think this is the case in Ontario. Their food seems to consist entirely of the smallest sprouts of the poplar, maple, birch, mountain ash, and the water lily in its season, with the addition of ground hemlock in winter. They do not seem ever to touch the latter plant in summer, and they seldom eat grass. Another fallacy is that they eat moosewood, or what is commonly called leatherwood. I have not met a single instance of that plant being cropped by either the moose or any other animal.

The most convincing proof we have that the moose is what his name implies—a "Wood-Eater," from the Indian word, "Moosoa," is, that no matter how abundantly a tame specimen may be supplied with any other food, he never has the same glossy, fat, healthy appearance of those found in their native wilds; and when one is domesticated, if its owner wishes it to thrive well and be in good condition, he must keep it abundantly supplied with its natural food. The moose is also ravenously fond of the potato,

and it is the only domestic plant which seems to agree with it.

When travelling through a moose country, even when the snow is at its greatest depth, one is sometimes tempted to think that a certain amount of social intercourse is kept up amongst these animals, for a single individual is often met, or a single track seen, wending its way from one yard to another, as if the animal were making a friendly call. This is the case, although the yards may be miles apart.

Moose do not lose flesh in winter as much as red deer, their immense strength and their length of limb enabling them to make their way with care through the deepest snow, until the spring crust sets in, and even then they can move around more easily after their natural food than the smaller deer, which is forced to subsist on the inferior food found amidst the depths of the cedar swamps.

So much has been said and written about the size and weight of the moose that it is scarcely worth while entering upon a discussion of that in this paper.

I have seen a good many, and their height would at least average that of the tallest horse. And I have met some that looked like small elephants. But from the tracks made by these, and the footprints of others I have looked upon, I am convinced that I have never yet seen a large moose. It is nothing uncommon to meet with tracks larger, and that make a deeper impression in the ground, than those of the largest ox.

The time they shed their antlers is probably within two weeks, either way, from the first of January, although some retain them until a much later period. On the 6th of February, one of my party met a bull with horns, and a yard of nine was seen the following day, none of which had any.

A good deal has also been written about the size and weight of the antlers. Mr. Grant makes mention of a pair in Muskoka which weighed eighty-four pounds. I have in my possession a single antler, which I picked up some years ago on the head waters of the Petewawa River, the spring after it had been shed. The palmated part is three feet long by one foot wide, about one inch thick, and has sixteen short prongs along one side, and when found it weighed only seventeen pounds. Early in August, some eight years ago, an Indian in my employ killed a large bull in Black Creek, a tributary of the Opeongo Lake. Its antlers were in the velvet, and though the tips of the prongs were soft, seemed about full grown. They measured three feet ten inches from tip to tip, and had it not been for a sharp bend in one of them, the effect, evidently, of an accident, they would have measured at least a foot more. The velvet coat on a moose's horn is thick and heavy, and gorged, as well as the horn itself, with blood; so that they were a good deal heavier than they would have been a few months later, when fully ripe; and I do not think the whole head as taken off the animal, would much, if any, exceed in weight 100 lbs. I have met with few specimens much larger than those, and think their great weight is somewhat overdrawn by most writers on the subject.

It is frequently remarked that moose and deer antlers are seldom found in the woods, and a good deal of speculation is indulged in as to the probable reason. Some writers gravely assert that the animals bury them as soon as shed. Such is certainly not the case. They are found in large numbers in the haunts of the animals, but it is a rare occurrence to find one, after it has lain a year, that has not been more or less gnawed by some animal. This is done mostly by porcupines, squirrels and mice, during the first and second seasons after the antlers are shed, and before the animal oil that they contain has been dried out.

That they are not seen in greater

quantities is undoubtedly due to the fact that what in the animal, as well as the vegetable world, most quickly attains maturity, the soonest decays. Hence, the antlers of moose and deer, which are full-grown in five months after the time they begin to sprout out of the animal's head, decay and rot much more quickly than the horns of domestic cattle.

In color, the moose is a dark brown, perhaps a shade or two darker than the deer when in his winter coat. Some moose are not unfrequently met that are even nearly black, while the legs of others are of a yellowish white color. The latter are called by hunters, "white stockings." The last I saw, a cow, had white legs, with the color extending well up into the body. That their color is so nearly like that of the sombre woods, may account for their being so seldom seen, for, unless a person is well-skilled in woodcraft, he may travel for days and be almost constantly crossing fresh signs without sighting a single moose.

The flesh of the moose, both for its nourishing qualities and the delicacy of its flavor, is second to that of no other animal, either wild or domestic; and when eating it, one feels inclined to hold the same view as the Englishman, who declared it to be nothing less than extravagance to eat bread with good beef.

So much has been said and written about the shyness of the moose, and its keenness of scent and hearing, that one is led to believe it is only the most experienced and skilful hunter that can outwit the animal, and get within shot at all, and that even the smell of a camp fire is sufficient to drive it from any locality. However far this may hold good in other districts, it certainly does not apply to our Ontario moose. It would be well if the moose were somewhat more shy; they would not be slaughtered in such numbers.

I have on several occasions heard one walk leisurely up near my camp, after the party had retired for the night, stand for a few minutes, as if taking in the scene, and then walk as leisurely away; and I have found the track, by actual measurement, within less than one hundred and fifty feet from the camp fire.

Recently, one of my men saw a bull and cow lying down, and walked up to within three rods from them before he was observed by either, and even then they were in no great hurry to make off. The following day, I walked to within thirty feet of another, and began lopping the branches off a small cedar which stood in my way, before she even got up out of her lair; and then, after taking a good look at the intruder, she started off at a slow, swinging trot, along my back tracks. They are at most, not wilder than deer, and being so much larger, are more readily seen, and, as a natural consequence, more easily stalked. On one occasion, had I been armed with a repeating rifle, and in a killing mood, I could, without leaving my track, have brought down three bulls, each with a magnificent set of antlers, at less than fifty yards.

Some years ago, in the township of French, I found the heads of two bulls and a cow, which had been killed the preceding day; and shortly after I came on the camp of the hunters. They said they had shot two standing near each other, and were dressing the carcasses, when they heard a third one approaching; they seized their rifles and brought him down at less than one hundred yards from where they were at work. Similar instances could be multiplied indefinitely.

The bull moose, unless wounded, is not a dangerous animal, but then, if much hurt, it is well to give him a wide berth. The cow, also, is not to be approached with impunity when her calves are young, and it will be well, if one wishes to secure one of the young ones, to pursue the same tactics as he would with a she bear in like circumstances, and attend to the dam before venturing on any undue famil-

iarity with the younger members of the family.

The moose will not run from dogs, a fact well-known to hunters, and while their attention is taken up by the hounds, they are easily approached and shot. It has been said that they can be easily approached and killed with an axe in the crust season, but the hunter, even were he the most expert of snowshoers, who would venture within striking distance of a full-grown Ontario moose, would be not only courageous, but very foolish. It takes no gentle tap to bring one down, and it must be delivered on the right spot. Mr. Moose would instantly throw himself back on his haunches, and face every point of the compass as quickly as his assailant. It might not be out of place to say, "he is mighty handy with his fists." There are no feints; he never misses, and strikes to hurt every time. The strange gleam of that wicked eye would convince the most skeptical that he means business. Should the hunter attempt to get close enough to strike, like a flash he would rear up, raise those powerful feet above his head, launch himself forward and come down with the whole weight of his immense bulk. added to the force of the blow. "One buffet and no more," from that sharp hoof, and "good-night to Marmion!"

So well aware are the Indians of the danger of approaching too near a moose when brought to bay, that when they encounter one under such circumstances, and have not got fire arms, they fasten their hunting-knife to a long pole, and spear him in the first vital part which presents itself.

Wolves very seldom attack either caribou or moose, so that man may be said to be their only enemy.

Between fifty and seventy-five per cent. of the females bring forth two at a birth. These remain with the dam till the following spring, when the next addition to the family comes. The young cow has her first baby moose when two years old; so that if the moose are reasonably well protected their numbers must rapidly increase. And from the vast extent of densely wooded territory we have in the north, which is not likely to be cleared up, thus affording them abundance of shelter, there would be little danger of their ever becoming very much reduced in numbers, or becoming extinct, as was the fate of the buffalo, which had no sheltering woods to flee to when driven from the treeless plains of the north-west.

By setting apart the Algonquin Park, our government has taken the very best course that could possibly have been devised for the preservation of our game. No scheme ever conceived by any government in any part of the Dominion has met with such general approval. All shades of politicians seemed to unite for once in its favor. The only fear seemed to be that there would not be a sufficiently large tract of territory set apart to make it a success.

The reserve, which embraces an area of 1,450 square miles, is surrounded on all sides by a settled country, thus rendering it extremely unlikely that the game will ever migrate out of it. For in order to do so they will require to pass through a wide belt of settlement, in whichever direction they may go.

It is nearly all covered with a dense growth of timber. Even those parts which have been denuded of timber by the axe of the lumberman, or the ravages of fire, are being rapidly covered by a thick second growth, and it is in those parts that both moose and deer are found in the greatest number during the summer months. For here, their food, the tender shoots of young trees, is most abundant, while they retire into the older timber during the winter season.

Go where one will, he meets with tracks of both moose and deer, for it seems to be a favorite home for both. Wolves are also numerous, but the large bounty ($10) which is now paid

for each scalp, will, no doubt, have a tendency to soon reduce their number.

Bears are also numerous, but, as they prey on no other wild animal, and there are no farmer's crops or piggeries to ravish, and they yield a rich fur, it might be worthy of consideration, whether it might not be well to extend to Mr. Bruin some measure of protection also, now that that great store-house for robes, the buffalo, is gone. It was, also, a few years ago, the chief hunting-ground for beaver, but the merciless slaughter of that animal by the ruthless trapper has sadly thinned their numbers. They are still, however, sufficiently numerous to restore it in a few years, if not interfered with. All other varieties of fur-bearing animals peculiar to Canada, find a home here also.

As the wild animals increase in numbers, they will undoubtedly spread out into the more sparsely settled parts of the surrounding country, and in a few years game of all kinds will be found in greater abundance than for years past.

Here is a splendid opportunity for trying the experiment of re-stocking the province with the lordly elk. A few might be imported from the west and let loose in the woods. There is no reason to suppose the effort would not prove a success, as this section was at no remote date one of their favorite haunts.

A few pairs of caribou could also be got at a trifling outlay, and also prairie chickens, with the view of having them domesticated in the eastern sections of the province.

If the present game law is only reasonably well enforced, and poachers kept out of the Algonquin Park, many generations of our descendants will come and depart before any writer will think it necessary to head a paper on the Game of Ontario with the ominous title, "The Vanishing Moose."

THE BLESSED HOURS.

Twilight steals, with soft embrace,
The lingering light of parting day,
And wraps it in her mantle gray.
Silence, with fingers all unseen,
Has padlocked Nature's sounds, and thrown
The key to Sleep, who reigns alone.
In gorgeous silver sheen arrayed,
The Night steps in with stealthy tread,
With moon and stars ablaze o'erhead;
And Sleep, Death's brother, takes us to his breast.
Away all sorrow, sadness, care,
We heed them not when safely cradled there.

FIDELE H. HOLLAND.

A COLLECTOR OF MATERIALS.

BY BERNARD McEVOY.

"I SHOULD like a room in addition to the other two. You may possibly have one that would suit me. This will do very well for my bedroom, and that sitting-room opening on the verandah is simply delightful."

He was a neatly-dressed old gentleman, perhaps sixty years old, his features aristocratic, his forehead high, and his hair brushed into an old-fashioned curl over his brow. He held a silk hat in his hand, of the shape in vogue ten years ago; he wore one black kid glove and carried the other. There was an indefinable air of culture about him. He was slight and active; quick and eager in his movements; he was one of those old men who have not lost their youth.

"What might you require the other room for, sir?" asked my mother, opening, half deprecatingly, the room we called the "haunted chamber," in which nobody had lain, or sat, or worked since Major Black shot himself there, five years ago. Mother and I knew nothing of this circumstance till six months after we had come to the farm. Then, our next neighbor, Abel Fox, had told us all about the previous owner, who had come to this untimely end. Major Black was an Englishman. "Very high manners he had," said Farmer Fox, "and the wildest man ever lived in these parts." Why he should ever have come to this Canadian farm and tried to work it on the "gentleman farmer" principles of the Old Country, was a mystery. Not being able to work it satisfactorily he had put an end to his life after weeks of hard drinking.

The haunted chamber was a large apartment, with two windows looking out on the farm yard. There were a few bags of seed corn and potatoes in it now, and some old lumber.

"This will do capitally," said the old gentleman, walking briskly in, "just the place. Perhaps you could put me up some shelves; I should like to have shelves all round it."

I confessed to a little knowledge of carpentering, and he said he would order the lumber and give me a hand with the job.

"I believe in turning my hand to anything," he said, gaily.

He bargained for the rooms with the easy, off-hand manner of one who was accustomed to large transactions, and agreed to pay a fair rental for them.

The next day the lumber came, and two waggon loads of boxes. We put the shelves up and constructed two rough tables. Then he began to unpack. He was extraordinarily natty and clever. When he worked he put on a pair of old leather gloves and whistled like a boy.

He produced the most miscellaneous collection I ever saw. Manuscripts, bundles of newspaper cuttings, paintings without frames, old violins, antique bric-a-brac, books, odd pieces of ironmongery, hinges, tools of various kinds, artists' materials, music, tradelists and bits of machinery and clockwork. We could hear him come out of his room at five o'clock in the morning and go into his "workshop," as he called it. At eight he had breakfast and walked to the train for the city. Punctually at six he reappeared, and began to work immediately, after supper.

"There are several things I have been working at for years," he said to me, confidentially. "One is a book for which I have been collecting information from all quarters. It

is on an historical subject. Family chronology is another—ancestors and all that kind of thing. Then I am interested in insects—moths, butterflies, beetles, and I am going to paint a picture some day that I think ought to make a stir in the world. See these pictures. These relate to one idea of mine—a picture of a mill. I shall call it 'A willowy brook that turns a mill,' a line of poetry you perhaps recognize. Here are thirty-two engravings and water colors of mills. Here is a bundle of cuttings—you see they are marked 'mill.' For six years I have studied flowing and falling water, which is one reason why I was so pleased to come and live here in sight of that beautiful tumbling river."

And, as happy as a bird, he went on arranging books, papers, and what not.

"The great difficulty is classification, and I don't want to have the rest of my things here until I have fixed on some sort of plan. My way is to take the first thing that comes and put up a ticket. Here, for instance, is a violin. I take up this card with 'music' upon it, and put the violin there. Here is a little invention I am at work at—a new sort of steam boiler—I make a place for that, you see. How nice it will be when I have everything orderly. Then I can begin to work."

Before a fortnight was past, another waggon load of boxes came, and, shortly afterwards, another. Then things grew busy on the farm, and I only saw him for a moment or two occasionally. He was always hard at work arranging, half-hidden behind vast piles of books, cuttings and bundles of papers, or calmly smoking a short pipe and contemplating his treasures. Sometimes, for weeks together, he would be pasting newspaper cuttings into books, or indexing manuscripts. At others he would be looking over some of his voluminous packages of old letters and papers, apparently spellbound by their interesting contents. He had all sorts of fyles for keeping papers in an assorted and systematic condition.

"You never know when you may want a thing," he said; "my motto is, 'a place for everything and everything in its place.'"

One night, neighbor Abel Fox came to see us, and as he passed along the passage, he looked in at the open door of the "haunted chamber" where the old gentleman was at work. All at once he stopped with open mouth and gaze transfixed as he looked into the room. Where I sat, in our kitchen, I could see the lamplight fall on his face and reveal surprise and mystification there. It was some seconds before he recovered himself and came into the kitchen.

"Who on earth is that in there?" he said, jerking his thumb over his shoulder.

"Mr. Grey, our lodger. He seems almost to frighten you," I said, with a bantering air.

He passed the matter off, but I saw that several times during the twenty minutes he stayed that he seemed absent-minded and pre-occupied.

Mr. Grey kept bringing more things. He had two large black bags like lawyers' brief-bags, but larger, and every night he brought them home full and dumped them on one of the tables or the floor; the spoils of second-hand book-stores; more cuttings from newspapers; more bric-a-brac.

"I shall be ready to begin my work soon," he said, in his gay active way, rubbing his hands.

He fixed an easel in convenient proximity to one of the windows, and arranged his colors and brushes. At one of the tables he laid out writing materials and began piling books and papers around them. Then he set up a vise and work-bench, and began operations at his invention. But he did not stay at it long, for while I was at work I happened to bring him a handsome moth I had caught.

"Charming," he said, "I worked

for years at collecting those creatures. Look at these cases."

He pointed to a whole range of them on the opposite wall.

The moth escaped while I was looking, and fluttered about in the aimless way peculiar to its kind. We pursued it ineffectually. Now it was above our heads, and presently it was hidden behind a heap of books, newspapers and musical instruments.

"Now we have him," said Mr. Grey. He began as eagerly as possible to remove the miscellaneous things that lay around.

"That was a rare moth. I forget the name, but can soon look it up. We must have him," he said.

Books, papers and musical instruments removed, there was revealed a small fissure in the floor.

"He's gone through, we must have the board up. See, there is but a short length of it—not more than a yard long." He put on his leather gloves and seized a hammer and chisel.

"Richard, neighbor Fox has come to see you. He has a horse very sick and wants you to go down to his place," said my mother, at the door.

"Well, I must leave you, Mr. Grey," I said.

"That's all right, thank you. I am equal to getting the board up," he replied.

I stayed with farmer Fox and his sick horse a good part of the night. In one of the intervals, while we were trying to relieve the pain of the animal, in all the ways our knowledge of veterinary science suggested, Abel said:

"Queer old gent that Mr. Grey, you have stopping with you. Lawyer, I reckon, ain't he?"

"I believe he is, from a remark or two he has dropped now and then," I replied.

"Have you heard anybody say he's very much like another man?"

"No."

"Well, he's just like Major Black, that used to have your farm; might be his brother."

"That so?" I said, laconically.

"Yes—might have been his brother."

"What, the one that committed suicide?" I said, looking at him, inquiringly.

"Yes;" he said, hurriedly, "we'd better see how that horse is getting on." And taking a lantern he led the way to the stable.

When I got home I was surprised to see the lamps still burning in Mr. Grey's workshop.

"What, not gone to bed yet, Mr. Grey?" I said; "it's nearly two o'clock."

"Good heavens," he said, getting up from a heap of old papers; "and what brings you out so late at night?"

"I've been down helping neighbor Fox with a sick horse," I replied

"Abel Fox?" he asked.

"Yes."

"I found the moth," he said, "it was a very rare one—a very rare one. I would not have missed finding it for the world."

I went to bed wondering how Mr. Grey had our neighbor's name so "pat."

"Let us go down and see how your neighbor's horse is," he said, next morning.

"Certainly," I replied, and we started.

"Mr. Grey and I have come to see how your horse gets on, Abel," I said, as we entered the kitchen.

"My horse," said Abel, looking from one to another, "which horse, what horse?" I was surprised at his appearance and manner. The man seemed taken aback, off his balance and distraught. Then he recovered himself, and said, "Oh, yes, the horse, he's a little better, thank you."

We had sat down, but Abel Fox stood like a man at bay, as I thought.

"I am glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Fox," said Mr. Grey, in a dignified manner. "Mr. Fox, which means Mr. Reynard, in other words, the crafty, the cunning, the cruel—eh, Mr. Fox."

"Well, of course, that's as you like to put it. I never took much stock in them things myself," Abel replied, uneasily.

"No," said Mr. Grey, "I've known some Foxes kind, amiable and gentle. A name is not always truly descriptive of a man's character."

"I snppose not," said Fox.

"Now, you, Mr. Abel Fox, no doubt you are a kind, neighborly, Christian man."

"I'll go bail for that," I said, warmly, for I hardly liked the way this queer old gentleman was going on. It seemed unneighborly, not to say rude.

"Mr. Fox is happy in having such a defender. And your farm is prospering, Mr. Fox. 'An honest man's the noblest work of God,' said the poet. Nothing is more pleasant to see than the God-fearing, hard-working, Canadian farmer. Nothing on your mind; an honest life behind you, and nothing to dread before you. Sir, I envy you."

"Well, I'm pretty comfortable," said the farmer, though his appearance belied his words. He sat down in his accustomed arm-chair, pulled out a pipe, and tried, ineffectually, to light it three times. "Yes, I'm pretty comfortable."

"Live alone?" said Mr. Grey.

"Yes, that is with the exception of my niece that keeps house for me. Oh, yes. I live alone."

"It's pleasant when you are sitting lonely in your chair, Mr. Fox, to think on an honest, straightforward record. No doubt you go to church on Sunday?"

"Oh, yes, I'm pretty regler at church—fond o' singing and all that kind of thing."

"Yes. How nice all that is, and nice neighbors? Not always such nice neighbors are to be had as my kind hostess and her son. Now that Major Black—" Here Mr. Grey put his hands on his knees and looked straight at Abel, "must have been a terrible man to have as a neighbor—a terrible man."

"Terrible ain't the word," he retorted, "he worried the life out of me."

"How, may I ask?"

"Well, excuse me, I don't see as it's any of your business to be asking about my private affairs. I've never had the pleasure of seeing you before, Mr. Grey, and it seems a surprising thing to me that you should come asking me questions like this. I don't understand it, sir, upon my word I don't." Here Abel Fox got up from his chair, with some show of bluster. As for me, I felt very uncomfortable, and vowed not to take our old gentleman on any more excursions among the neighbors. An odd old gentleman truly!

"Queer man, that," said Mr. Grey, as walked back to breakfast. After he had gone off for the day, Abel Fox came up in a towering rage. What did I mean by bringing a man to his house to insult him like that?

"Don't get rattled," I replied. "As far as that goes, I'm sorry I brought him, but I don't think he meant any harm. He's one of the nicest old fellows I ever set eyes on. Haven't had a miss word with him ever since he came. Now don't cut up about a bit of innocent banter. Come up and have a pipe with him to-night, and the matter will be put straight. I feel sure he would not hurt your feelings for the world."

After a little persuasive talk, his anger died down, but he seemed irresolute and ill at ease. Finally he consented to come.

I was rather flustered at the unexpected turn things had taken. One does not like to be on ill terms with one's next neighbor in a district where neighbors are few and scattered. I made up my mind to approach Mr. Grey on the subject before Abel Fox made his appearance. I felt sure that on recalling the circumstances of the morning he would feel that his conduct had

been—to say the least—singular, and that he would be willing, if not to apologize to Fox, to put things on a better footing, as a man of so much resource in conversation as he, easily could. Accordingly I went into his room immediately he had settled in for the evening.

"Excuse me, Mr. Grey," I said, "but I should like to say a word, if you will allow me, respecting our interview with neighbor Fox this morning. He is a very decent man and a good neighbor, and your raillery hurt his feelings."

"Ah. Perhaps I was a little hasty."

This was encouraging, and I proceeded.

"I have asked him to come up here this evening, and if you will allow me to bring him in to see you, I feel sure that you will find on further talk with him that he is a good fellow."

"And he has consented to come?"

"Yes, he said he would come."

"Very well. If he comes we will have some more conversation. I must do what I conceive to be right, and take the consequences. I regret that anything I may do should give you pain, for I have a very high opinion of you."

I withdrew, and waited for the advent of Abel Fox. Eight and nine o'clock passed, and he did not come. It was a moonlight night, and I set out to meet him. My path lay over two stubble fields, and at the end of the last of them there was a piece of bush that separated Fox's farm from ours. The moonlight made a fantastic tracery on the ground. Here and there were patches fully illumined. They were separated by stretches of the deepest shade. I had walked some distance through the wood, when, in shadow myself, I came in sight of a broad clearing, where it was as light as day. Here stood a man and a woman, apparently in earnest conversation. As I got nearer I saw that the woman was pleading with the man.

"Don't go; for God's sake don't go, uncle."

I recognized the voice. It was that of Nita Fox, Abel's niece. Her words were passionate and emphatic, and aroused in me feelings of infinite pity and sympathy, for I had a great admiration for this tall, dark-eyed, melancholy girl, with the soft eyes, and the strong, firmly chiselled chin. As I came rapidly forward, and they saw me, a hurried word or two passed between them, and Nita vanished in the darkness.

"I'm rather late, Richard, but you see, I'm on my way," said Fox, as I came up.

"That's all right; better late than never," I replied. As I led Abel into Mr. Grey's room, I noted a strange, nervousness about our neighbor. The old gentleman received us with grave politeness, and placed chairs for us. Then he placed a bundle of papers on the table, and, opening a cabinet, he took from it a revolver with an ivory handle. I was more surprised at this than I can tell. As for Abel, the effect of this proceeding upon him was a startling one. I never saw a man look more horrified in my life. His brown face assumed a deadly pallor, and his hands trembled. In a hard, legal kind of voice Mr. Grey began:

"I believe I am right in supposing, Mr. Fox, that you have been in this room before?"

"Yes, sir," answered Fox.

"During the lifetime of the late holder of this farm, Major Black?"

"Yes."

"Major Black was my brother."

Abel Fox looked ready to fall off his chair, and his tongue clave to the roof of his month. Beads of perspiration started out on his livid face.

"Black was an assumed name. His name was Grey. He was formerly in the British army. His friends had not heard of him for many years. I have unexpectedly found certain things belonging to him."

"Well, now, Mr. Fox," continued our lodger, taking up the revolver, and handling it easily, remarked: "this revolver belonged to my brother. I have been cleaning it, and it is reloaded. When I was in the army myself I was esteemed a good shot. Your mother is not in the house, I think, Mr. Richard? I should not like to alarm anybody."

"But, sir;" said I, rising. I began to have doubts of the old gentleman's sanity.

"I only want to try whether I have forgotten how to use this weapon. There is an old clay pipe of mine on the top of that shelf at the end of the room." We instinctively turned. There was a flash and a report; the pipe was shattered.

"Pretty fair for an old man. Well, now, Mr. Fox, I have no wish to do more than state facts. I believe I am right in saying that when my brother died you owed him $500?"

"I did," groaned Fox. His condition was pitiable.

"This note, due on the day Major Black died, was made by you? That is your signature?"

Fox gave a sign of assent.

"I understood that it was given out that he committed suicide. From enquiries I have made, I find that a revolver with one cartridge exploded was found near his body. I have reason to suppose that it was not his revolver. I have reason to suppose, Abel Fox, that the revolver was yours, and that you shot him."

"That I never did, I call God to witness," said Fox, staggering to his feet.

"Sit down," said Mr. Grey, sternly, "the facts are against you. In a strange way I have discovered in this very room in which he died a number of his private papers. I find from this account book that he had advanced you many sums of money. Here are your letters pleading for time to pay them. Here is one in a woman's hand-writing, asking the same thing. Here is your note for the $500. Here was his revolver with not a single chamber of it used."

There was a slight noise at the door of the room, and Nita Fox, pale, and with a rigid face, glided in and stood before Mr. Grey.

"I have heard all, and I can bear it no longer. I shot Major Black," she said, in a strained, unnatural voice.

"You—you, Nita?" Her uncle grasped her wrist, and looked wonderingly into her eyes.

"Yes," she said, slowly, "it was my only way of escape. He had that place in the floor open when I came in, and took from it that revolver and those papers. If I would have given up my honor I could have discharged all my uncle's debts. When he threatened me with that revolver, and when he took hold of me, I shot him.. He fell down here, and I put his revolver and all the papers back into the hole in the floor, and drove in the nails that held the board down. I left here the revolver I had brought with me.

"Whose revolver was it?" asked Mr. Grey.

"Mine," said the girl, 'I had bought it six months before, when Major Black began to be disagreeable."

Then she fell down in a faint, and it took all we could do to bring her to.

* * * * * * *

When Nita Fox recovered from the illness that followed this strange conversation, her uncle sold his farm and went to the North-west. Before going he tendered to Mr. Grey the $500 he owed to Major Black, but the old gentleman refused it.

We have never heard of him or his niece since.

Old Mr. Grey lived with us till his death six months ago. But nobody has claimed the materials which he so assiduously gathered together. They still accumulate dust in the "haunted room," the door of which is very seldom opened.

WHERE WAS VINELAND?

BY DAVID BOYLE.

WHO has not heard of Erik Randa, or Erik the Red? Like the Scottish Rob Roy, and the English William Rufus, he may have been so-called because of his complexion, or, as has recently been suggested, on account of his general appearance as a worker in iron produced from hematite ore. However this may have been, it is certain that the noted old Scandinavian merited the title, so far as his hands were concerned, for another and less reputable reason. When Erik flourished, there were no extradition treaties in force, and accordingly about the close of the tenth century, he found it both desirable and necessary to shift his quarters from the European motherland to Iceland. Even here, his propensity to "imbrue" once more brought trouble on his head, and again he found it convenient to look for a new place of abode, his search for which led to the discovery of Greenland in the year 984 A.D.

Only ten years before this date, Ingolf, the first Scandinavian colonist, had settled on the spot where Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland, now stands. The colonists were not numerous, and it may readily be supposed that they chose this island, not because they disliked Denmark or Norway, but that their liberty and their lives were much less precarious at so great a distance from the scenes of the raids, forays and feuds in which they had found themselves compelled to enact a very active part.

A relative of Ingolf was one Bjarni, son of Herjulfsson. He was an adventurous youth, thoroughly imbued with the predatory Viking spirit, which then, and for long afterwards, characterized his people; and we are, therefore, not surprised to learn that he had resolved "strange countries for to see." Before returning to Erik the Red and his family, it will be well to follow the movements of Bjarni for a little. Having become owner of a vessel, he determined to set sail from Denmark for the purpose of visiting his father Herjulf, who had gone to live in Iceland. On arriving at Eyrar, his father's residence, he learned that Herjulf had left this place in the spring for Greenland. Determined to spend the winter with his father, if possible, Bjarni obtained the consent of his men to accompany him, and set sail for Greenland, quite aware that he was about to undertake a perilous voyage, for it is recorded in the saga, from which we glean this information, that on this occasion he remarked to his men: "Our voyage will appear rash, because none of us has ever sailed in the Greenland sea." For three days they sailed, and at last lost sight of land. Then "north winds blew, and fogs came upon them, with the result that they knew not whither they went, and this lasted for many days." Shortly after the weather cleared they saw land, but from what Bjarni knew of Greenland, he was sure this was not it. It is uncertain how far south the vessel had been carried, but the men observed that the land "was not mountainous, but had small hills, and was grown over with forest." Turning the prow of their ship northwards, or, as the story reads, "with the land on the larboard," in two days they saw another country. Neither did Bjarni think this was Greenland. "For," said he, "great glaciers are said to be in Greenland." Heading the ship seaward for three days, with a south-westerly wind, they saw a third country, but here, too, he refused to land,

on the plea that the outlook was uninviting. Again, putting to sea with the same wind, in four days more they came near land for the fourth time, when he said: "This country is most like what I have been told of Greenland. Here let us make for land." Not only did Bjarni's judgment prove to be correct, but it is somewhat marvellous to learn that his landing was effected close to a headland on which his father Herjulf had made his home.

Sometime afterwards, on the occasion of a visit paid by Bjarni to Erik, he recounted his adventures on this voyage, and was censured by Erik and his sons, Leif, Thorvald and Thorstein, for having neglected to make more exact observations. Unsatisfactory as was Bjarni's recital, it was sufficiently novel and promising to determine Leif's course. Purchasing Bjarni's ship, and having engaged a crew of thirty-five men, including a German named Tyrkir, he set sail southwards in the year 1000. In course of time, they reached the land last seen by Bjarni before he came to Greenland. Here Leif landed, and gave to the country the name Helluland, meaning Flagstone, or Fletstone Land, from *hella*, a flat stone. After putting to sea, they came in a few days to a well-wooded country, with sandy shores, and to this he gave the name of Markland, meaning Woodland.

"Then going down again to the ship as quickly as possible, they sailed seawards, and for two days they sailed with a north-easterly wind until they sighted land. They sailed to the country, and came to an island which lay to the north of the mainland, walked ashore, and looked about in fine weather. They noticed that dew was on the grass, and happening to touch it with their hands, and put it into their mouths, thought they had never tasted anything so sweet as that. They then went to their ship, and sailed into that sound which lay between the island and the ness or cape which jutted out north of the mainland, and steered westward past the ness. There great shallows extended at ebb-tide, and then their ship stood aground, and to them it appeared far from the vessel to the sea. But so eager were they to go ashore, that they could not wait until the sea should return to their ship, but leaped ashore where a river flowed out of a lake. But when the tide returned to their ship, then they took the boat and rowed to the ship, and it moved up into the river, and then into the lake. There they cast anchor, and carried their leathern hammocks ashore, and made booths there. They then decided to dwell there during the winter, and erected a large building. There was no lack of salmon, either in the lake or in the river, and greater salmon they had never seen. But the quality of the country was so good, according to what it seemed to them, that live stock would not need provender in winter No frosts came there in winter, and herbage withered there but little." *

Erikson, having resolved to winter at this place, divided his men into two parties, which were alternately to explore the neighboring country, and remain about the large house they had built. One evening Tyrkir, the German, was missing.

"About this, Leif was greatly troubled, for Tyrkir had been with him and his father for a long time, and had been very fond of Leif in his childhood. Leif, accordingly, greatly upbraided his companions, and prepared with twelve men to seek him. But when they had gone but a short distance from the house, Tyrkir walked towards them, and was received with great joy. Leif directly observed that his foster father was in good humor.

"Then Leif addressed him: 'Why wert thou so late, my fosterer, and separate from the company?'

"Tyrkir then spoke for a long while

*Arngrimmson's summary of the Vineland Sagas in Peringskjold's Heim-Kringla—Horsford's Landfall of Leif Erikson, p. 115.

in German, and rolled his eyes about and made grimaces. But when they did not understand what he said, he after a while spoke in Norse, saying: 'I did not go much farther than ye, yet I have some news to relate, for I found winewood and grapes.'

"'Can that be true, my fosterer?' said Leif.

"'Certainly it is true,' quoth Tyrkir, 'for I was born in a country where neither winewood nor grapes were wanting.'

"They now slept overnight, but in the morning, Leif said to his companions: 'Now we shall carry on two occupations, each alternate day—either gather grapes, or cut vines and fell the forest, so that it make a cargo for my ship,' and this plan was adopted. . . . When spring came, they made ready and sailed away. Leif named this country, after its good qualities, Vineland." *

Differ as opinions may regarding the part of the American coast on which Leif Erikson landed,† it must be borne in mind that, as the sagas were compiled before the year 1492, there could be no intention to detract from the honor pertaining to Columbus, and it is further to be observed, that the sagas do not appear to refer to the voyages of Bjarni and Leif as in any sense voyages of a very remarkable kind. At any rate, there is no claim made that a new continent had been discovered, for so vague was the geographical knowledge of the time, that Greenland itself, being looked upon as an extension of the Norwegian coast, it was taken for granted that the more southerly portions seen by Bjarni, Herjulfsson, and touched by Leif Erikson, were also connected with Europe.

It is now generally conceded that the Norseman did make the first discovery of America, so far as people of European origin are concerned, but in the minds of many, uncertainty is unlimited regarding the particular portion of the coast that should be regarded as Vineland.

Among the comparatively few students who have devoted any systematic attention to this subject, the late Professor Eben N. Horsford, of Harvard, easily occupies the first place. Struck with the correspondences he found between the statements of the sagas on the one hand, and the configuration of the Massachussetts coast and the Charles River on the other, he concluded that the country lying round Boston Harbor was the ancient Scandinavian Vineland. In Helluland, he recognized Newfoundland; in Markland, Nova Scotia; in the "ness which jutted out north of the Mainland," Cape Cod; in "the great shallows extended at ebb-tide," Boston Harbor; and in the "river which flowed out of a lake," that which is now known as the Charles River. Pursuing his examination of the ancient documents still more closely, he was convinced that he could follow the record so accurately as to point out the very place on the river shore where Leif landed, and close to which he built a large house—the site of another structure erected by Thorfinn —the point on the river round which the Indians (Skroelings) made their appearance when about to attack the new-comers, and other places indicated or described in the sagas. It is, as a matter of course, open to every one to reject the conclusions arrived at by Prof. Horsford, but it cannot be denied that the coincidences mentioned, besides numerous others, are, at least, remarkable. In addition to all this, it must be taken into account that the basin of the Charles, for many miles above Cambridge, is marked by embankments, sluices, dam breast-works, and house-sites, indicative of the country having been occupied, for a very long period, by some people of whom no record now remains. Opponents of

* Arngrimsson's Saga; Landfall of Leif Erikson, p. 116.

† Almost every part of the coast from Nova Scotia to Florida, has been referred to as that on which he landed, and some writers have even taken the ground that we must look to Africa for his landing-place.

FRENCH MAP 1543

FROM MOLINEAUX GLOBE, 1592.

DE BRY 1596.

the belief in Scandinavian settlement, (for it is contended that the Norsemen and their descendants remained here for more than two hundred years) attribute the remains of the works named to the French, who preceded the British here, to the British themselves, to the Eskimos, and to the Indians. To those who hold their belief in suspense on this subject, it would prove much more satisfactory were the disbelievers in Massachussetts "Vineland," to tell us *why* they doubt. Such a statement would involve information, both as to what the remains do and do not imply. If British or French, why should everything point to customs so utterly dissimilar to what we should expect? If Eskimo—but this is too absurd! If Indian, which is nearly as much so, for what purpose were the walls and water-ways constructed? Indians of so industrious and ingenious a type should henceforth be known as the wall-builders, for a large proportion of the works consist either of stone dykes, or of sluices lined and paved with stone.

It was my privilege recently to examine the works in question, and whether they are the remains of an Icelandic settlement or otherwise, they are none the less marvellous, and one cannot help wondering why so little attention has been given to them by American archæologists, either from the historic or pre-historic point of view. Walls thousands of feet in length, and constructed of boulders, dry-built, extend along both sides of the Charles River, but for what purpose it is difficult to say. They were useless in preventing the land from being overflowed, not only on account of their open structure, but because the river banks are high, and in any event (even if faced or lined with clay), as the tide reaches far beyond them, they would be of no service in giving an increased depth of water for any purpose. At various points on the upper reaches of the river, and on its tributaries, there have been systems of dams and sluices, exhibiting considerable simple skill in design and construction. Concerning these, one thing is evident, namely, that they were not made to produce a fall for power purposes. The ends of the dam-breasts may still be seen on opposite banks of the streams, and the sluices leading from the erstwhile ponds have conducted the water hundreds of yards away in as straight a line as possible, but sometimes curving round the base of a low hill, and in one instance, at least, making a detour to pass a boulder too large for removal.

These artificial water-ways are seldom more than four feet in width, and of about the same depth, or less. Many are walled on both sides, and most of them seem to have been paved. All the stone-work is of the same kind, being of cobbles or small boulders fitted to each other as accurately as was possible without hewing, for in no case is it possible to distinguish the mark of a tool. Based on the present condition of our knowledge, the use of these reservoirs and canals in miniature is fully as mysterious as is that of the river walls. No European settlers, of whom we know anything, are likely to have performed such work, and the Indian wall-builders, if ever there were any, have left nothing else by means of which they may be identified—no tools, no weapons, no utensils, no ornaments—indeed, the same may be said regarding whoever the people were that constructed the works in question. This is only, in a measure, applicable on the supposition that the workers made use of iron implements, a condition implying scarcity, value, and carefulness, so that few tools would be lost. It also implies that in cases of loss the lapse of time would utterly destroy any traces of their existence, for iron is especially liable to decay. Still, as it cannot be said that any thorough search has yet been made for relics, it would be un-

safe to venture farther along this line of argument. A few stone objects have been found on the surface in one or two places, but they were, undoubtedly, of Indian origin.

Among the most notable features indicative of early occupation are the sites of huts or hovels partly excavated in the face and at the bottom of hills. These are numerous, but in no case very large. They remind one of just such dwellings as may still be seen in more European countries than one, and, indeed, are not unknown at the present day in America as the habitations of people not Indians. Most of these sites are near the dams and sluices, suggestive of a possible means of food-supply from fish. Were the dams breeding ponds, and the sluices means of drawing off the water? If so, who were the ichthyophogists? Icelanders or Indians?

Two house sites of a more pretentious character were discovered by Prof. Horsford. One of these he has named Leif's House, and the other, Thorfinn's. Both are near what is known as Leif's landing-place, within a short distance of the late James Russell Lowell's residence. They are on level ground, not far from the water's edge. Excavation has shown that the walls (upwards of fifty feet in length and about sixteen in breadth) were erected on loose stone foundations. If these houses were contemporaneous with those already referred to, and if both kinds were occupied by persons of the same race, it would appear evident that the owners of the larger dwellings were of superior rank. Within a short distance of the two large sites are three sites of the hillside type.

Along the north bank of the Charles River, where it rises to not less than from sixty to seventy-five feet above the water, the whole face has been terraced for several hundred yards. At another place, quite away from the river, terraces have been formed on a natural semi-circular hillside, and in a third instance, similar work has been performed in a still more remarkable manner, in a natural depression which forms an almost perfectly round amphitheatre, capable of seating from three hundred to four hundred persons.

This, in brief, is a reference to the chief features that mark the portion of the country about Boston—features which were claimed by Prof. Horsford to prove that here was the ancient landing-place of Leif Erikson, to which, on account of the "goodness" of the country, he gave the name of Vineland, and where a flourishing settlement of Icelanders was formed.

However this may be, it is very well known that for almost two hundred years after the Columbian discovery of America, many geographers indicated on maps of North America a city, a river, or a territory, called Norvega or Norumbega. The spellings were various, but in them all, Prof. Horsford traced the root-form of the word Norway. In 1520, Peter Martyr's map seemed to place this city, under the name of Arembi, in New France, and Champlain searched in vain for it on the Penobscot in Maine.

Horsford claimed that the bulk of the evidence was in favor of Norumbega being about the forty-second degree of north latitude, and he has brought together a mass of documentary proof to this effect. A most interesting narrative he quotes, is that of David Ingram, a sailor, who, with upwards of a hundred others, was sent ashore at Tampico, on the Gulf of Mexico, in stress for want of provisions in 1568. "He wandered all the way across the country, seeing and hearing of many wonderful things by the way—coming at length, in 1569, to Norumbega, which he says was sixty leagues (miles probably intended) from Cape Breton (Cape Ann). Here he found a city three-quarters of a mile long. From this city, soon after his arrival, he went to the Bay of St. Mary's (one of the early names of Boston Harbor), where he found a French

ship in which he sailed for France, and ultimately reached England. It is recorded of him that he again met, and was recognized and kindly received by, Sir John Hawkins, and that he was called in Council, as Thevet was, by Dr. John Dee, to advise in the interest of the ill-fated Sir Humphrey Gilbert, about an expedition to Norumbega."

Ingram was almost the only European who ever claimed to have been on the spot, notwithstanding the general belief in the sixteenth century, that Norumbega existed. Some of the statements he made regarding what he saw, were no doubt exaggerated, while of others, it may be said that they were purely imaginative. He saw chiefs carried about in golden chairs, and the houses of the great men built with pillars of silver and crystal!

A pilot named Thevet also avowed that he had visited Norumbega, but with these exceptions, there are no personal attestations on the subject, Ten years before the discovery of Canada, it is said that Verrazano sailed up the Charles, and found near the present Cambridge the remains of a former settlement, which he has marked on his map as Oranbega.

Allefonsee, or Alphonse, a pilot who sailed under Roberval, in 1540, refers to "a city which is called Norumbegue," and further states that "there was a fine people at the city, and they had furs of many animals, and wore mantles of marten skins," but he does not assert that he had ever been on the spot.

It would be easy to cite the authority of many map-makers to the same effect, and it would seem difficult to believe that Norumbega was nothing but a myth.

In any event, nothing can be more certain than that the basin of the Charles River has been held for a long period by a people whose mode of life was wholly unlike that of either Europeans or Indians; and whether Professor Horsford was right or wrong in his contention that here was the land of Leif Erikson, here the Vineland of the Icelandic Norsemen, here the Norvega, or Norumbega, of the old cartographers for about two centuries, to him must be awarded credit, as a painstaking and enthusiastic student of history, who has done more than any other man to make us acquainted with Norumbegan literature, and to re-open for us one of the most absorbing and interesting chapters in the annals of our continent. That he was thoroughly earnest is undoubted, and he seems to have spared no expense in searching for and reproducing such copies of ancient maps as might tend to illustrate his contentions. For this alone he is entitled to our gratitude.

"An ancient windmill, gaunt and still."

LAND OF THE PILGRIMS.

BY ALLAN ERIC.

"The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast."

THUS has the poet graphically described the landing of our Pilgrim Fathers on Plymouth Rock nearly three centuries ago. What must have been the feelings of those brave hearts, when, after tearing themselves from their native land, choosing between home and the freedom of worshipping the Almighty as they saw fit, and as their own consciences dictated, after braving the storms of the Atlantic, which tossed the tiny, but staunch *Mayflower* about for weeks, to land upon a shore which must have seemed cold, and desolate, and forbidding? But they must have felt that their religious freedom more than compensated for all, for they set bravely to work, and founded the first New England colony. At the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, on Massachusetts Bay, began the history of New England, and the rugged Massachusetts and Rhode Island coasts are replete with historical associations and reminiscences, contemporary with the beginning of American history.

But charming as it is to revel in the events of the early colonial life, the object of this article is to deal with the Massachusetts coast, and its historical places, as they appear to-day; so I must confine myself to this Pilgrim Land, as we see it nearly three hundred years after the *Mayflower* came.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore;
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar."

The visitor will find much at Plymouth to interest him. He will, no doubt, go to Pilgrim Hall, where will be found collections of early relics; and on the walls are portraits of men and paintings of scenes prominent in early history, while cabinets contain

many memorials of the *Mayflower* band. Here one almost holds communion with the Carvers, the Bradfords, the Brewsters, and the Standishes, for here is found the apparel worn by these quaint personages.

And quaint is the old town of Hingham, with its curious buildings and landmarks of 1660. The name of Cohassit is familiar to all, but to know the quiet old town at the top of the rocks and ledges one must paddle his boat among the reefs and islands along the shore. Near by, at Scituate, lived Samuel Woodworth, who described the memorable scenes thereabouts in one of the sweetest lyrics ever penned, entitled "The Old Oaken Bucket." The twin sister of Plymouth is Duxbury, which was the home of Miles Standish, John Alden, and others of the *Mayflower* band. Weeks might be profitably spent amid the historic associations of these old towns, which to-day retain much of their original quaintness. It is evident in the old structures, the churches or "meeting-houses," and in the simple habits of the people of to-day.

The whole New England coast—in fact, all New England—has constant reminders of the old, quaint times. There are old, rambling, colonial mansions, walls of stone and plaster, forts and breast works, little cemeteries with black headstones, with now and then an old windmill, gaunt and still, standing alone on some flat place or elevation, exposed to the fresh breeze which now blows through its skeleton arms, which hang motionless and lifeless, no longer responsive to the wind which once swung them around to grind the Indian corn brought hither by the colonists. The town is rotting —falling in decay—and, like other now visible remains of those sturdy, hardy forefathers of ours, will soon disappear altogether, and naught will remain to us but memories, and the events recorded on the pages of history.

The whole rugged coast from Boston to Cape Cod is strewn with historic reminders of the doings of the early colonists; and at Hull, the old fort constructed by the colonists, when

THE EDGE OF NEW ENGLAND.

invasion by the English in the early Revolutionary days was feared, is still to be seen in a remarkable and almost perfect state of preservation. This coast is fitly styled "stern and rock-bound," for while in summer the sea is as blue, and the sky above it as fair and gentle, and the surf as soft and

white, and the murmur as gentle as anywhere, in winter the ocean is stern and tempestuous, and grey beneath the leaden sky, and the sea thunders against the rocks and cliffs, where many a brave marine meets his death, and many a good ship its doom.

And one might almost imagine that the colonial days were not yet over, if he stops at the Indian town, Mashpee, lying between Falmouth and Barnstable, on the south shore of Cape Cod. It nestles on the coast of Vineyard Sound, extending from Waquoit Bay to Popponessett Bay, and around it are several Indian villages, and numerous large and beautiful ponds, where the red deer still range. The scenery along this serrated coast, whether maritime or inland, is romantic and charming. Southward is the marine highway, Vineyard Sound, with its hundreds of moving objects, the white sails, and deep-laden steamers of commerce moving east and west—with pleasure boats in summer almost innumerable, skimming from headland to headland, or coasting from shore to shore.

Historically, Newport, in the little State of Rhode Island, is one of the most interesting places on the New England coast. There was a time in the history of Newport, when the growing importance of the port of New York, "far to the westward," came in occasional rumors through skippers, who ventured thus far to trade with the Dutchmen; and there were even those who were so bold and far-sighted as to predict that, if Newport didn't look sharp, the Dutch colony at Manhattan would rear a city which would eclipse the promising settlement at Narragansett Bay. This prediction has been fulfilled, and now Newport, besides its historical features, is noted mostly as a midsummer museum, selected with much trouble and expense from New York society.

NANTUCKET LIGHT HOUSE.

Previous to the war of the Revolution, Newport's history was a record of prosperity. Her sailors carried her trade to far-away seas; her merchants grew rich and built opulent homes. The war for independence bore heavily upon the unfortunate Rhode Island-

ers, however, and when the British army landed, early in the contest, they came to stay; and it was only after three years of hardship that relief came, in the shape of a French fleet, under Count d'Estaing, who compelled the invaders to destroy most of the great fleet of war ships, transports, and minor craft, that had congregated in the harbor.

One of the most remarkable relics of past ages in Newport is the old stone mill. The origin of this antique structure is a matter of dispute among antiquarians, some claiming that it was erected by the Norse voyagers, and others that it is the walls of an ancient windmill built by the contemporaries of the Pilgrim Fathers. It is in the form of a circular tower, resting on eight irregular columns.

There is no more fascinating place in all Pilgrim Land, not only on account of its historic associations, but of its own quaintness, beauty, and peculiar location, than Nantucket, the island in the purple sea. It is included in the domain of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. There is no prettier picture, upon a bright morning in early summer, than Nantucket harbor. Vessels approaching it are guided by the frequent buoys marking the hidden channel up to the point where the solid tower of the lighthouse stands. Along the water front are the visible relics of a once vast traffic in whale oil, in the shape of old warehouses. Those were in the days when "all Nantuck used to voyage away and stay for years in distant seas;" and how many, indeed, stayed for ever? Within this generation, Nantucket, always self reliant and independent, has been invaded by a section of that great host of city people with money and summer leisure, who are continually searching up and down for places to build their dog-day homes. Some of these strangers have got into the habit of going over to Siasconset (locally 'Sconset), and inducing the fishermen to give up their little seven-by-nine abodes; for Sconset is a thorough fisherman's paradise, and nobody has a house bigger than his neighbor; consequently, everybody is on good terms with everybody else In the midst of all the quaintness, there is a modern hotel, with every comfort, "The Springfield," owned and conducted by Mr. C. H. Mowry, a model host, who makes everybody welcome to old Nantuck.

The island is fourteen miles long, and its greatest width is eight miles, There is a peculiar softness of the air, which is not bracing, like mountain air, nor yet enervating, like the air of a tropic isle, but seems restful and healing. The peculiar softness is attributed to the nearness of the island to the Gulf Stream, the warm current of which flows less than forty miles away, approaching nearer to the American continent here than at any other place along the northern coast. There is a strange restfulness and peace, as we sit on the veranda of the "Springfield," surrounded by ample grounds, with grassy carpets spreading in wide sweeps about the house, the waters of the inner harbor lapping lazily against the beach a hundred yards away, and the sail-dotted bosom of Vineyard Sound sparkling in the hazy distance on the north. When the shades of evening have dropped down over land and sea, the two lighthouses in sight send out their yellow beams, glancing out in friendly greeting to the passing mariner, while the soft breeze breaks their reflection in the water into a thousand shimmering fragments. Then the old curfew bell rings out its warning.

Nantucket retains many of the features of her early existence. A town crier cries various statements in the streets, prefacing his announcements by a blast on his fish horn, or a tinkle of his bell. The bell rings at stated intervals in the ancient town, and old customs and habits cling tenaciously to the natives.

SOMERVILLE, MASS.

THE POSITION OF THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH.

BY J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

THE present proposals to disestablish and disendow the Church of Scotland and the Church of England in Wales, are probably the precursors of a desperate political struggle. They constitute a turning-point in that union of Church and State which has had so considerable a part in moulding the institutions and sentiments of the English people. Action, of course, may be taken in Scotland, as has been the case in Ireland, without affecting directly the interests of the Establishment in England; but attacks upon the Church in Wales form a part of the campaign against the Church as a whole, and success would infallibly act as a precedent and encouragement for the numerous elements in the Liberal ranks which desire to destroy the system, root and branch. The discussion cannot rest with Wales alone. That principality is a part and parcel of England. Its counties commingle with those of the greater country. Its parishes, local institutions, electoral divisions and religious life, are in very many places interlaced with those of England. Mr. Asquith's measure practically recognized this by proposing that twelve English parishes should be disestablished and disendowed, whilst fourteen so-called Welsh parishes are to be transferred to some English diocese, as a compensation. So intertwined are the interests along the imaginary boundary line, that juggling of this extraordinary nature was found to be the only way out of the difficulty. It certainly involved a principle which will be contested with all the power of British Conservatism. If, according to Gladstonian phraseology of the past, Wales is really a nation, its Church is therefore a separate establishment, and whatever may be the right or the wrong of present proposals, they should not affect the Church in England. If, on the other hand, Wales is a recognized portion of England, any such abrogation of the connection between the Church and the State is a direct destruction of a portion of the existing Establishment, and opens the way for further action along similar lines. It will be seen at once, therefore, that the application of the principle of disendowment and disestablishment in the recent Welsh bill to an English diocese, constituted a distinct menace to the Church in England, and formed an additional precedent for the future. And further, that the Liberal theory of a Welsh nation is made to give way to the desire for an effective attack upon the English Establishment, while the Conservative doctrine that the Church in Wales and in England, as well as the countries themselves, are one and indivisible, is practically accepted for the purposes of the coming contest.

Mr. Asquith's disestablishment measure was, of course, the reward of political merit. Without a distinct promise from Mr. Gladstone that disestablishment in Scotland and Wales would soon be taken up, the Radical members from these divisions of the kingdom could never have been held firm in their allegiance to Home Rule. Without a pledge from Lord Rosebery that the policy would be pushed, his small and disorganized majority could not have been held together so long. But it remains to be seen how far the Liberal party has been wise in arousing the dormant sentiment in favor of a National Church; the feeling in England that the fate of its

Establishment is more or less bound up in the welfare of its Welsh branch; and the fear that once the "legalization of sacrilege and plunder," as Sir Michael Hicks-Beach termed the Government proposals, is commenced, the end will be one of disaster to all the most cherished institutions of the English people. The dread of entering upon an era of universal instability, doubt and chaotic change, is, indeed, the strongest chord upon which Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour can play in connection with the Church, as well as with regard to the House of Lords. And for the purposes of the fight now entered upon, the Establishment in Wales and in England may be considered, what the Conservatives claim it to be, one and the same.

It will, perhaps, be interesting in this connection to attempt an estimate of the strength exercised by the Established Church in England, and to trace the growth of the institution, which, like the House of Lords, has been so bitterly attacked from time to time, and is now menaced by an organized party effort. There are naturally two ways of looking at the subject, and history is read as differently in this respect as the distinction between church and chapel is felt by the people who attend their respective places of worship. On the one side are those who believe that the Church of England has maintained close and intimate relations with the realm of England through all its alternations of dynasty and fortune, and has ever been faithful to the interests of the State. They look back with mingled pride and veneration to the history of a Church whose sees are older than the monarchy; whose charters were confirmed by that Danish conqueror immortalised through an attempted defiance of the ocean; whose parishes stand in thousands almost as they were settled under the Norman kings; whose cathedrals and churches and colleges are the handiwork of twenty generations of Englishmen; whose bishops have for centuries been an integral part of Parliament; whose courts and convocations have formed part of the national constitution through countless changes; whose liturgy is a link with the distant ages of Christianity, embodying the most beautiful and noble elements of religious culture and biblical truth; whose property constitutes a sort of national reserve, dedicated to the worship of God, the religious instruction of the poor, and the education of the masses; whose existence, in short, helps to "consecrate society and to sanctify the State."

They believe that the most important principle which concerns man is that of religion; they feel it to be an element all-powerful in controlling the intellect and actions of humanity; and consider it the bounden duty of the State to recognize this great fact by assimilating the interests of religion and morality with the government of the nation, through the public recognition of a national church. They feel that the property, inherited, contributed and owned by the Establishment in all parts of the country, and held for the use of all classes in the community—even where advantage may not be taken of the fact—constitutes it a church for the nation, and not for individuals. They agree with Lord Beaconsfield in regarding the Church of England as "the sacred depository of Divine truth," and Dissent as being a "weakness incident to humanity." They believe that there should be a standard of religious truth established by the State; that the religious principle should be recognized in the management of public affairs; and that, to quote Mr. Gladstone in his famous old-time essay upon Church and State:—"A nation having a personality lies under the obligation, like the individuals composing its governing body, of sanctifying the acts of that personality by the offices of religion." And thus, he

continues, "we have a new imperative ground for the existence of a State religion."

The Englishman is a natural Conservative, even when, in many cases, he votes the other way. Stability is to him a great factor in national politics, as it is in business dealings. He is not fond of speculative actions or theoretical policies. Hence the importance in the pending struggle of remembering that the Church of England, as a whole, has undergone less change during the past three centuries than any other ecclesiastical body in Christendom, and that such changes as have been made—the admission of noncomformists to various privileges, the regulation of tithes, etc., have only served to strengthen the institution; while the growth of its spiritual influence, its religious power over the masses, is more and more marked every year. As a National Church, it still rests upon the statutes of the reign of Elizabeth. Its doctrines are still fixed by the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Sixteenth Century. Its property remains as yet untouched, though menaced seriously by the Liberal policy in Wales. And although the Constitution of the Church, its Spiritual Peers, its Houses of Convocation, relation to the State, legal procedure and discipline, were suspended during the Commonwealth, they were fully revived at the Restoration, and remain with but little change.

The Established Church, is, therefore, strong by virtue of its age, its wealth, its prestige and growing religious force. Its general position in the feelings of those who will fight for it to the bitter end, when aroused to the necessity, could not be better indicated than by quoting the powerful words of Lord Beaconsfield, spoken over thirty years ago:—

"By the side of the State of England there has gradually arisen a majestic corporation—wealthy, powerful, independent—with the sanctity of a long tradition, yet sympathising with authority, and full of consideration, even deference, to the civil power. Broadly and deeply planted in the land, mixed up with all our manners and customs, one of the main guarantees of our local Government, and, therefore, one of the prime securities of our common liberties, the Church of England is part of our history, part of our life, part of England itself."

Of course, this is largely sentiment; but, after all, sentiment is the dominant force of the age, and is certainly the bulwark of religious power and influence. It was sentiment in the form of personal feeling which made the bulk of the Liberals follow Mr. Gladstone in his Home Rule proposals of 1886; it was sentiment or national patriotism which saved the American Union in the sixties; it was sentiment which united Italy, and formed the Dominion of Canada; it is sentiment which now declares the Church of England in England and in Wales to be one, and which will make this inevitable conflict both bitter and protracted. And, to a certain extent, it is sentiment which leads the Radical hosts against the Establishment, and now forces the hand of Lord Rosebery, as it had already forced that of Mr. Gladstone. There is little doubt that Lord Rosebery does not personally like these movements against religious institutions. While proclaiming in his Edinburgh speech adhesion to the policy of Scotch disestablishment, he professed a most earnest wish that a reunion of the churches with the Church of Scotland could be brought about, and expressed his preference for one church over three. And he made the significant assertion that "a State, if it thinks well to do so, has just as much right to maintain an Established Church for its own purposes and in its own interests as it has to establish a standing army, or any other institution that it thinks right."

Still, the Premier permits the inauguration of a policy in regard to Wales,

of which it is difficult to see the end, though it may be easy to see the purpose temporarily served. He is, in fact, unable to resist the pressure of the Radicals. Mr. Gladstone declared, in 1892, that there was a direct pronouncement of national feeling in Wales against the Establishment, and that, therefore, it must go. Mr. Morley speaks of the necessity which exists to shake off "the yoke of an unnatural and an anti-national church." Sir George Osborne Morgan declares that on this subject "all are stalwarts," and that no one outside Wales can know how deep and intense is the feeling. Lord Swansea, the new peer, who long represented a Welsh constituency, points out that 29 out of 32 Welsh members of the Commons demand disestablishment. Mr. T. C. Warner, in recently moving the address in the Commons, urged that an end be put to "a decrepid and decayed member of the Church of England." And in speaking thus he represented the undoubted sentiment of the greater portion of Liberal politicians and placemen. As to the people at large, only a general election, fought chiefly on this issue, could test the real feeling, and general elections are seldom or never fought upon a single great question.

There are, of course, two sides to the problem of disestablishment and disendowment. Something has been said as to the historic prestige and power of the Church. But to the Nonconformists, as a body, the picture of the past is not all pleasantness. The loyalty of the Church to them seems to have been mainly servile submission to monarchical authority. Its connection with the State includes an alliance with the arbitrary principles of the Tudors, and with the profligate power of the Stuarts. Its resistance to James the Second seems counterbalanced by the occasional persecution of Dissenters, and the conspiracies of Jacobite clergy. The piety, probity and learned labors of a Hooker, Herbert, Ken, Fletcher of Madeley, Burnet, Sherlock, Jeremy Collier or Tillotson, are forgotten in the years of religious dearth and decay which really came upon the Church in the first half of this century. Its influence in Parliament undoubtedly kept the Nonconformists from sharing in privileges which are now the common right of all classes, and the Church is blamed for not being more in advance of the age, and more tolerant and liberal in its treatment of opponents than history shows to have been the case when that power was reversed. Above all, however, social slights and differences born of the complex system of English national life, have too often been treated as the product of an Establishment, and as an adequate reason for its abrogation, while the wealth and property of the Church has been a constant source of irritation to those religious organizations, which are not sufficiently old, or rich enough in individual support to have accumulated great inherited interests and estates.

Theoretically and practically, the connection between Church and State in England and Wales is very strong. According to the Act of Settlement by which the royal supremacy and succession is controlled, "whosoever shall hereafter come to the possession of the Crown, shall join in communion with the Church of England, as by law established," and, in the Coronation Service, the Sovereign promises to maintain the Protestant Reformed Religion established by law, and to preserve to the bishops, clergy and churches of that body all such rights and privileges as by law belong to them. Then, the Lords Spiritual, in the House of Lords—two archbishops and 24 bishops—constitute an Estate of the Realm, whose assent is in theory required to give validity to Acts of Parliament. Finally, the national endowments and the titles controlled by legislation, subordinate the Church to parliamentary control.

And up to 1866, when the law was repealed, all who held public office had to take oath not to in any way attempt to weaken or interfere with the Church as by law established.

To sum up the general position of the Church of England, it may be noted that the Sovereign is by law its head, and controls, under the advice of her ministers, the patronage of all episcopal sees, and many of the minor offices. This connection between the monarch and the Church gives the latter a commanding social position, which is vastly added to by an accumulated wealth, estimated, in 1878, by Mr. Arthur Arnold, M.P., at a total of $900,000,000; yielding a yearly income of $37,000,000. The Anglican Establishment, is, therefore, probably the richest in the world; its prelates have the incomes of great nobles or American millionaires; its bishops exercise legislative functions, and if they do not frequently originate laws, can always obstruct legislation; its clergymen possess great influence in the country districts as magistrates and social leaders; its spirit permeates the universities and great public schools; it is the possessor of the ancient religious fabrics of the land, and of the cemeteries attached thereto; its rights are carefully guarded by law, the incumbent of each parish being a corporation sole, with certain rights and privlleges; whilst the gifts of land and tithes made to it, in ancient times, by individuals or the sovereign, are secured by Parliamentary enactment and the Royal oath. So that Lord Beaconsfield may not have been far wrong when he declared that "Nothing in this country can resist Churchmen when united." In any case, it is apparent that the Church forms a part of the system of British government and legislation so intimate and vital that a serious effort to detach it from the State would produce a national convulsion beside which Home Rule and kindred questions would sink into comparative insignificance.

From a religious standpoint, it is rather difficult to define just what is meant by the phrase, "Established Church," though the general idea of a connection between Church and State is well understood. A national recognition of religion does not necessarily mean that the nation should support some particular sect. The general doctrine of the Church of England is the basis for all the various divisions of British Protestantism, though, of course, the disagreement upon forms and ceremonies—perhaps more intense a century ago than to-day—is very pronounced. The Bishop of Oxford, in 1868, declared the essence of Establishment to be an acknowledgment by the nation that its subjects need religious teaching, and the consequent authorization of the ministers of some particular form of religion to teach in the name of the State as well as in that of the Church. According to Hooker, a great divine of an earlier day, the Church is the embodiment of the national life, acting in the religious sphere, as the State is the same embodiment, acting in the secular sphere. This theory makes the clergy public servants in the same way as judges and administrators. Dean Stanley has declared the existence of two great principles:—the one, that the State should recognize and support some religious expression of the community; the other, that this religious expression should be controlled and guided by the State. Mr. Gladstone, as already quoted, once believed in the moral personality of the State, and its consequent duty to accept and support religious truth. Turning from a prince in politics to a master of polemies, we find Paley defining a religious establishment as comprehending three things:—a clergy secluded from other professions, to attend upon the offices of religion; a legal provision for the maintenance of the clergy; and the confining of that provision to

the teachers of a particular sect of Christianity.

Whichever of these theories may be decreed most applicable to the present position of the Church of England, its supporters stand perhaps on the safest and surest ground when they base their belief upon the broad principle that religion should be recognized by the nation as a whole, and that the abrogation of a union between State and Church, which has lasted from the earliest life of the people, would be a severe blow to Christianity, while the taking of inherited wealth and property presented to the Church during the past centuries, by individuals, for public purposes, would be robbery and pillage. Times have changed since a State recognition of religion meant the temporary dominance of a creed, or the infliction of civil penalties upon dissenters. The Church of England is still the child of the State, but the State is a free one. It can never again be the instrument of tyranny, but should rather be the instrument of liberty, combining, as a great statesman has pointed out, orthodoxy with toleration, and preventing religious enthusiasm from degenerating into extravagance, and ceremony from being degraded into superstition. Its governing power is no longer vested in a more or less autocratic monarch, but in a ruler guided by the will of a free parliament.

Such being the case, abuses should be corrected, power, in some instances, limited, and the general basis of the structure broadened. But to say that connection with the State should at once be abrogated, the property of the Church taken away, its material prosperity destroyed, and its whole system shattered, seems naturally, to the minds of a majority of Englishmen, the product of envious discontent, the offspring of sentiments opposed to the best interests of a wide Christianity, or else the perversion of religious earnestness, by the narrowing tendency of a too great division into sects, and the consequent cultivation of bigotry and sectarianism. After all, whether we favor an Established Church or not, in principle, every true Christian can appreciate the benefit to religion of a distinct national recognition of its truth. And the way in which that recognition is effected, may be considered as more or less a detail. Certainly, the more united Christianity is, the stronger and more useful will be its work and mission. The protest against further disunion, and the weakness following upon disestablishment, brings out the germs of truth contained in the vigorous words once used by a veteran Tory, Lord Robert Montague, in referring to the American Voluntary System: "It is a sand-hill of sects, and each sect is a crumbling congeries of disconnected atoms."

In a certain sense, however, the greatest weakness of the Church of England is its wealth, and even more popular in Radical estimation than disestablishment is the twin sister, disendowment. Of course, this possession of wide resources and receipt of liberal gifts, enables the Church to do more good, and to greatly extend its sphere of usefulness. Missions are everywhere promoted; the Church in the Colonies is strengthened; the poor in great cities are given religious instruction and moral education; the ignorant and poverty-stricken in the less populous parts of the country given a church to attend, and a parson to teach and preach; the general influence of Christian work is widened in order to take in all classes, and the beautiful cathedrals, and places of worship, are made to constitute a medium for the promotion of culture and refinement, as well as for the inculcation of religion and morality. But none the less, the possession of this great wealth is a standing incitement to cupidity, and whether that feeling take the form of an honest desire to divert revenues now used by a Church, which may be deemed at variance with divine truth, as understood by some

specific sect; or whether it be the principle of some politician seeking the votes of the ignorant, or prejudiced, or narrow-minded; it is equally effective from the Nonconformist and Liberal standpoint.

Yet the facts show that the Establishment owes far more in a financial sense to individuals than it does to the State. Since the revival in the work of the Church, which took place about the middle of the century, voluntaryism has done much to assist and encourage its development. No doubt a feeling of confidence in the stability of gifts and investments, made under the shield of national recognition, had something to do with the case. However that may be, the sums subscribed between 1839 and 1872—when the school system was changed—for the building of Church of England schools in Wales and England, amounted to $17,900,000, while the Parliamentary grants only totalled $7,700,000. During the same period, the parochial clergy increased from 11,000 to 19,000 in numbers, and at least $150,000,000 was contributed by supporters of the Establishment for the building and restoring of Church fabrics. In Wales, where so much complaint is made by the Radicals of the day, magnificent progress has taken place. The cathedrals of Llandaff, of St. David's, of St. Asaph, and of Bangor, have risen from ruins, or been "restored" beyond recognition. In the first named diocese, between 1850 and 1870, 41 old parish churches were entirely rebuilt; 67 thoroughly restored, and many others improved. Six hundred thousand dollars was thus expended during fourteen years, and so in the other divisions then and since that date. Meantime, ample provision has been made for the Church services and ordinances being given both in Welsh and English, while the children educated in Church schools rose from 17,000 in 1826 to 63,000 in 1846, and to 82,000 in 1870. A large increase upon these Welsh figures has since taken place, though the exact number is not at hand.

At the present moment, the financial condition of the Church in England and Wales cannot be understood better than by a glance at the following table, which presents a sort of bird's eye view of the situation:—

Receipts.		Expenditures.	
Endowments—Tithes and Rentals of Lands.	$21,000,000	Maintenance of the Clergy—I. The Episcopate and 70 Archdeacons..	$ 690,000
Gov't Grant for the Education of the Poor...	2,500,000	II. Deans, Canons, etc., in connect'n with Cathedrals...	1,000,000
Parochial Collections and Subscriptions....	15,800,000	III. Parochial Work, including salaries of 13,500 Rectors and Vicars, and 6,000 Curates	15,700,000
Contributions to Lond'n. Church Societies	2,000,000	Current Church Expenses.....	1,750,000
Miscellan'us Ch. Contributions.	3,000,000	Taxes on Endowment	3,500,000
Special Contributions in aid of Ch. Building and Restorations.....	2,100,000	Education of 2,044,000 child'n in Ch. Schools	15,210,000
Gov't Grant to Ch. Schools ..	3,800,000	Foreign Missions	2,500,000
		Relief of Poor...	2,000,000
		General Church Trustees	5,000,000
		Church Build'g, etc.....	3,250,000
Total	$50,600,000	Total	$50,600,000

This is a conservative estimate, and as correct as the complicated nature of the interests dealt with, will permit. Perhaps the most striking thing about the figures, is the large amount contributed by voluntary subscriptions—upwards of $26,000,000 annually. This fact alone indicates that the Established Church holds a firm place in the hearts of a large portion of the people, whilst the expenditures given show how wide is the influence for good, and how unceasing the exertions of the Church and clergy. And it illustrates the additional fact, that although great wealth may, as already observed, be a weakness, through incitement to cupidity, yet, properly utilized, it can also be made a source of strength; in this case, one far too great for the Radicals to break. But some reforms, and a still further development of church life and work, will be necessary, if eventual disestablishment and disendowment—in the distant future—are to be averted.

The tithe system is undoubtedly unpopular, and in Wales is made into a sort of running sore for political purposes. Where only one in four is a churchman, this can easily be done, though in England, where considerably more than half belong to the Establishment, the difficulty is not acute. As a matter of fact, and under the Parliamentary settlement of 1836, the landlord has benefited at the expense of the tithe-owner and the Church, in an amount—according to Sir James Caird—of $10,000,000 per annum. And, as for centuries the tithe has been a tax upon property, and included in its price for sale or purchase, its abrogation would be robbing Peter to pay Paul, with a vengeance. It would present the amusing picture of Radical haters of the Landlord and the Church, taking from the latter to give to the former. Still, there might be found some better means of collecting and enforcing the payment of tithes where agitation—as in Wales—has made the process painful and obnoxious to a majority of the people.

The mission of the Church of England is a great one, and its opportunities for doing good are vast. The education of the people is its chiefest safe-guard; the moderate and well-considered extension of the Episcopate, a useful step to take. Prelates, like Ellicott of Gloucester and Bristol; Ryle of Liverpool; Wilberforce of Newcastle; Stubbs of Oxford; Carpenter of Ripon; Moorhouse of Manchester are a power in the land, and the diocesan influence of such men is very great. The lay element could be given more weight in the councils of the Church with advantage, and this is being more and more recognized every year. The parochial system will bear further extension, and the stipends of curates should be increased, while all the learning, organization, and traditional influence of the Church, should be exerted in pointing out the nature and value of a connection between Church and State, and in the proper presentation to the people, of an ideal, which is oft-times greater in theory than in practice. Given these factors in the coming struggle, together with others which have been referred to, and the Nonconformist character with all its record of zeal, courage, devotion, and conscience, will probably find the Establishment too strong for destruction.

After all, great masses of the population in England and Wales, who do not exactly belong to the Church of England, certainly do not belong to its opponents, or rivals. They do not dissent, but are simply indifferent. There surely is a great common ground for all Christians to work upon.

The probabilities, at present, are with the Church and against the Churches. A new proposal, made eight years ago, by the most powerful personality in the English-speaking world, and affecting a country across the Irish channel, has been, so far, shattered by the invincible and inherent conservatism of the English character. It is not likely, therefore, that a sweeping proposal of disestablishment and disendowment, even though nominally applied to Wales alone, will be permitted to disintegrate, and ultimately destroy, a National Church which has existed through good and evil repute, through internecine struggle and political storm and stress, for more than twelve hundred years.

THE ROUND TOWERS AND IRISH ART.

BY FRED. T. HODGSON.

THAT the golden period of art and architecture in Ireland existed from the fifth to the ninth centuries, seems established by the evidences transmitted us by the works of contemporary historians, and by ruins and specimens of handicraft and skill. It must be admitted, that for upwards of twelve generations, Erin was the nursery of all the then known sciences, and she furnished the world with schoolmasters in the arts of building, music, literature and law. It was in her courts of justice the great Alfred first received that knowledge of law and military skill which gave to the Anglo-Saxon race trial by jury and the end of Danish predominance. The Irish monks of that period were obliged to be, not only architects and artists, they were the masons, the carpenters, the plumbers, the smiths, the painters, the glass-makers, and sculptors as well, and nearly all roads and bridges were built or designed by them. There was scarcely a country in Europe that did not employ architects, artists, or workmen from Ireland, to design and construct their buildings of the better kind, as is attested by the many works executed by them, and of which we have authentic record.

The venerable Bede, who wrote in the seventh century, says: "Irish architects built a church for the Anglo-Saxons at Withem, A.D. 603." The same architect and artisans, "afterwards built old St. Paul's, in London, A.D. 610, on the site of the temple of Diana." This church was a great work in its day. It was destroyed during the great fire, and the present St. Paul's cathedral, built by Wren, stands on its site. We have the authority of Turner and other English historians, to the effect that, "Wilfred, Bishop of York, who built the church of Hexham, in A.D. 674, sent to Ireland for architects and skilled men to construct it." In fact, as Dr. Johnson remarks, "Ireland was then the school of the West in every art and science, and to her taste and authority, in matters of style, the Saxons of England, and Goths of Germany, cheerfully deferred."

In the Island of Hy (Iona,) on the western waters of Scotland, St. Columbkill and his Irish monks built that "famous college and church from which Scotland was instructed in architecture, literature and Christianity." Gallus, an Irish monk, built the celebrated college and church of St. Gall, in Switzerland, A.D. 660. Dichhuill, another Irish monk, designed and built the monastery of Tutra, and for this service, the French monarch, Clotaire the Second, gave him many grants (A.D. 650). St. Fursa, another Irish builder, erected, about the year 666, the college and church of Lagny, near the river Marne, in France, a monastery in England, and several abbeys on the continent. Fridolia, who was also made a saint, built a monastery and several churches along the German Rhine, A.D. 590. Prince Dagobert, of Strasburg, was educated in Ireland, and it is recorded that "he brought with him from Ireland many monks and skilled men, who built churches throughout his dominion." "The splendid Basall of Salzburg, was built by Virgilius, an Irishman of some renown, in A.D. 750." Charlemagne employed a number of "Irish architects and monks, brought from the abbey of St. Gall, to build churches and abbeys."

Many works in Spain, Portugal, and

Italy, about the eighth century, were executed by Irish artists, as the records show; yet, strange to say, very few of the buildings on the continent, or in England, known to have been

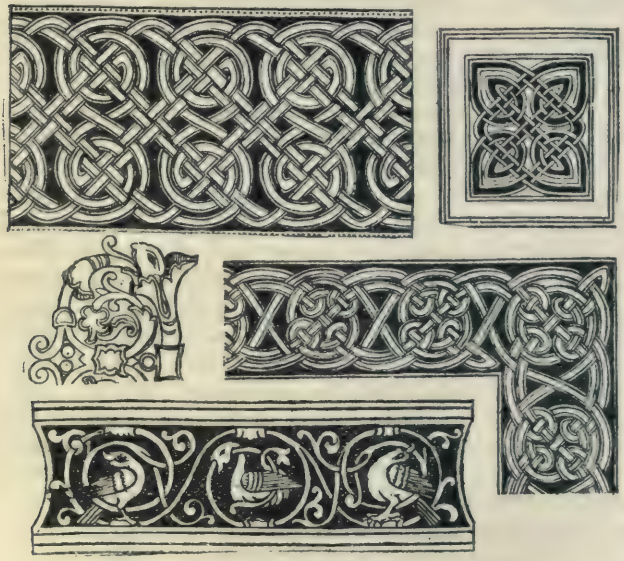
ROUND TOWER AT CARPEL.

erected by Irishmen, are left to testify of their existence; the remains of a couple of round towers, a number of crosses covered with Celtic ornament, identical with that found on the crosses at Monasterboice, Glendalough, Clonmacnoise, and several other places in Ireland, are about all that remain of the many Irish-built structures that dotted England during the Saxon period.

With regard to the round towers, their antiquity and uses, of which many opinions and theories have been formulated, it is generally conceded now, that they were the work of Christian architects between the 5th and 13th centuries. The investigations of Mr. George Petrie, published in his "Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland," "proves," Fergusson says, "beyond all cavil, that the greater number of the towers now existing were built by Christians, and for Christian purposes, and he (Mr. Petrie) has clearly shown that there is no reasonable ground for supposing the remainder to be either of a different age, or erected for different uses." There is but little variety to be observed in their construction. The doorways are placed almost invariably at a considerable distance from the ground, and appear to have been furnished with double doors. A flat projecting band, with a small bead moulding at the angles, is the usual decoration; but in some instances, a human head, sculptured in bold relief, is found upon each side of the arch. A stone immediately above the doorway of Antrim tower, exhibits a cross, sculptured in alto-relievo, and at Donoughmore, in the County of Meath, a figure of the crucifixion occupies a similar position, thus proving, beyond a doubt, their Christian origin. This style of decoration may have been much more common than is generally supposed, for in the number of towers remaining in the country, more than one third of the doorways have been destroyed. There are untrained imitations of Norman design in several existing remains, particularly in the towers of Kildare and Timahoe, where concentric arches and chevron mouldings occur. The windows of these towers are generally similar to those in contemporaneous churches, with this difference, that they never splay, and that the arch-head in numerous examples is of a different form upon the interior from the exterior. The structure was usually divided into stories, the floor of which were supported by projections of masonry, or by corbels. Each story, except the top one, was generally lighted by one small window; the top story generally had four larger openings. The roof is, in all cases, conical, and is formed of layers of stone. The tower at Monasterboice, near Drogheda, a very fine example, is one hundred and ten feet high, and seventeen feet in

TOWER AT CLOYNE.

diameter; the thickness of the wall is three feet six inches. The ancient church which is close to it, is now in ruins. In the church-yard are two very old and curious crosses; one about eighteen feet high, covered with sculpture, is called St. Boyne's cross, and is esteemed the most ancient religious relic now in Ireland. "Among the sculptures on it," writes an antiquarian, "is an inscription in Irish characters, in which the name of Muredach, who was king of Ireland, is plainly legible." According to the annals, Muredach died in 543, about one hundred years before St. Patrick arrived in Ireland. Tradition says,



CELTIC ORNAMENTATION.

"that the cross was sent from Rome by the Pope."

The round tower at Drumiskin, in Louth, is one hundred and thirty-three feet high, and eighteen feet in diameter. The walls of this tower are three and a half feet thick, and are built of fine, hard, white granite to about twelve feet from the ground. The tower at Kilkenny, which is only a few feet from the cathedral, the south transept of which appears to have been shortened in its original building, because of the tower being already there, is another fine example. The masonry of this is older in its general character than that in the cathedral, and of a better sort; though, I believe that recently some evidences of a previous building have been discovered on the site where the old cathedral now stands.

An ancient Irish MS. relates that these towers were used for the imprisonment of penitents; some writers name them *inclusoria, et arcti inclusorii ergastula*, the prisons of narrow enclosures; particularly the MS. of the life of Dunchad-o-Braoin, of whom it is said, "he betook himself into such a prison, wherein he died, Anno 987." The MSS. add, "that these penitents were placed in the uppermost story of the tower; where, having made probation, or done penance, such a limited time, according to the heinousness of their crimes, they then were permitted to descend to the next floor: and so on by degrees, until they came to the door, which always faced the entrance of the church, where they stood to receive absolution from the clergy, and the blessings of the people."

Two round towers in Scotland, one at Brechin, and the other at Abernethy, are evidently of Irish origin. The one at Brechin is about forty-eight feet in external circumference. On the front are two arches, one within the other, in relief. On the point of the outermost is a crucifix, and between both, towards the middle, are figures of the Virgin Mary and St. John, the latter holding a cup with a lamb. The outer arch is adorned with knobs, and within both is a small slit or loop; at the bottom of the outer arch are two beasts

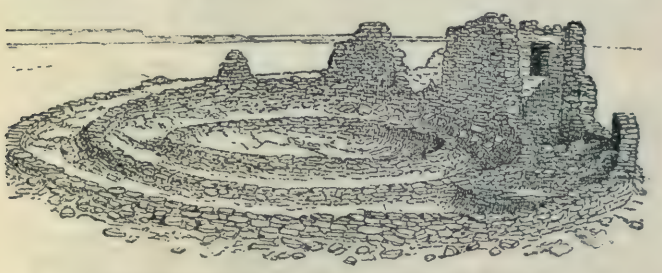
couchant; one of them, by its proboscis, is evidently intended for an elephant.

While the isolated round tower seems peculiar to Ireland, it is a matter of fact that it is found in many other places. Recent explorations in Mashonaland have brought to light a number of ruins, wherein the round tower formed a prominent feature. An illustration given herewith shows the remains of a circular tower, or *atalaya*, which is now standing in Colorado, on the bank of the San Juan River. The ruin, as it now remains, is about sixteen feet high. The base is concealed by an accumulation of débris, but the original surface, it can be seen, is a knoll that rises a few feet above the plain. Andre Matteson, writing of this tower on the spot, says of it: "The tower has an interior diameter of about nine feet, and has a single opening, some nine or ten feet from the ground,—which is greatly enlarged by a break in the wall —on the side towards the attached building. The stones are roughly fitted to the circle, and some understanding of the mason's art is shown in managing the courses." There are numbers of such towers scattered over Colorado, Arizona, Mexico, and Central and South America. The thickness of the walls of these towers varies about the same as it does in Ireland; the high towers having their walls about three feet six inches thick, while the lower ones vary from one and a half to two and a half feet. A number of double and triple walled towers are found in Central America, and in Colorado and Arizona, the uses of which are unknown. It will be noticed that the term *atalaya* is the name given to the watch-tower of the Arab-Moors, which is built in the same form. Fergusson says, "No attempt has been made to show whence the Irish obtained this remarkable form of tower, or why they persevered so long in its use, with peculiarities not found either in the contemporary churches or any other of their buildings. No one imagines it to have been invented by the rude builders of the early churches, and no theory yet proposed accounts for the perseverance of the Irish in its employment, at a time when the practice of all the other nations of Europe was so widely different. It must have been a sacred and time-honored form somewhere, and with some people, previous to its current adoption in Ireland, but the place and the time at which it

"ATALAYA," OR ROUND TOWER OF COLORADO.

was so, still remain to be determined." (*History of Architecture.*)

It is a well known fact that the early missionaries usually chose the sites of pagan temples for their churches, but it is not equally well known that the relics of pagan places of worship remain in close association with these towers, and even in the same churchyard; the pillar-stone of witness, the tapering sun-stone, the cromlac, the fire-house, and the holy spring of sacred water necessary in the mystic rites, all these have been found along with the tower, and the little ancient church within the same narrow boundary. These facts, along with the other, prove that in early pagan times the worship of Bel or Baal obtained in Ireland, and these structures—or their forerunners—may have been used as the points where the sacred fires were kept alive, the tower itself being an emblem of the sunbeam, or ray of heavenly fire.



RUINS OF TRIPLE WALLED TOWER, COLORADO.

Of the 107 round towers known to have existed in Ireland, several bear evidence of an Eastern origin, notably one at Devenish, which bears the singular ornament of an obtuse crescent, rising from a cone similar to the trident of Seeva. The tower at Ardmore, near Waterford, was ornamented with the same device, and several others bear ornaments having well-defined Oriental traces upon them. It is not long since Dr. Tristam discovered near Um Rasis, in the land of Moab, a tower that bears directly on th question. It is illustrated and described on page 145 of his work, "Land of Moab." This tower is somewhat like the one at Antrim, only that it has a square section. Like most of the Irish examples, it is situated on a knoll, and has its door about ten feet from the ground. There is no other opening, except one window in each face on the top. About three feet from the crown of the door arch is a cross in high relief, set in an ellipse. It has also the peculiarity that it stands free, but close to a small cell or chapel, as is the case with almost all the Irish towers. The one point in which it differs from the Irish examples is that its plan is square, instead of being circular. This does not seem so important as it at first sight may appear, seeing how many circular minarets were afterwards erected in the East, which must have had a model somewhere. Practically, therefore, this Moabite tower may be described, Hibernice, as "a square Irish round tower." Doubtless, the Tuatha de Danaans, a race which inhabited Ireland until the invasion of the Milesians about 1000 B.C., introduced these towers from the East, or probably from Egypt, where watch-towers were in use 2,500 years B.C., and succeeding generations, appreciating their usefulness, continued building them, until finally they became interwoven with the religious and civil customs of the country, and their original purpose became obsolete and forgotten. I am of the belief that the present generation of towers is the second or third, and that the foundations on which they stand have borne other and more durable ones than any now in existence.

It is by no means certain that all the towers in Ireland were circular, for the basement of Kells' tower is square, and the stones are of immense size. The towers of Killree and Agha-

viller, both in the county of Kilkenny, have circular plinths, fourteen inches deep, projecting six inches, and resting on a square base, built of heavy masonry. Either the builders changed their plans, or built the present towers on foundations where square towers had rested. The latter is the more likely solution. At Clondalkin, near Dublin; at St. Columbus' tower at Londonderry, and the tower at Oughterard, Kilkenny, the conditions are changed: the first rests on massive stone-work, on which a massive square tower may have stood at one time; in the two other examples, the towers proper spring from heavily-vaulted crypts, which rest on foundations well adapted to sustain a square-built superstructure.

ST. PATRICK'S BELL CASE.

(In Royal Irish Academy)

In modern art, the Celt is pre-eminent; for, as an excellent authority

states: "It is, perhaps, not too much to assert that without his intervention, we should not have preserved in modern times a church worthy of admiration, or a picture or a statue we could look at without shame." This is but just praise, for whatever strength of construction, and utility of design, the sturdy Teuton may possess, he has never been able to grasp that boldness and adaptability of enrichment which seems so natural to the Celtic mind. While Celtic art proper has a distinct and well-defined limit, it is somewhat difficult to the uninitiated to discover where the lines of demarcation begin, and where they leave off. The great peculiarity of Irish or Celtic—for the terms are equivalent—is the use of interlaced ornament, which was carried to great perfection in carving, metal-work, and illuminated manuscripts. The illustrations of Celtic ornaments and initial letters shewn herewith will convey to the reader some idea of this oddness of style, which is singularly at variance with the rest of the world, yet approaches the Byzantine, the Toltec, and to some extent the Moresque style of ornamentation. All the old Celtic MSS. were profusely ornamented, and in them are found the first use of ornamental initial letters, some of which were of gigantic size, occupying the greater part of the page, and ornamented in the most elaborate and beautiful manner. Many volumes of MSS. in the various museums, attest the beauty and fine workmanship of these initials, notably the "Book of Kells," and "The Four Masters." In all ornamentations in this style, there is an entire absence of foliage, or other phyllomorphic or vegetable forms. The classical acanthus and Egyptian lotus are entirely ignored; the pattern is intricate, and the details are minute, mostly geometrical, and consist of interlaced ribbon-work, diagonal or spiral lines, and strange monstrous animals and birds, with top-knots, tongues of odd shapes, and tails, twisting and interverging into endless knots and bows.

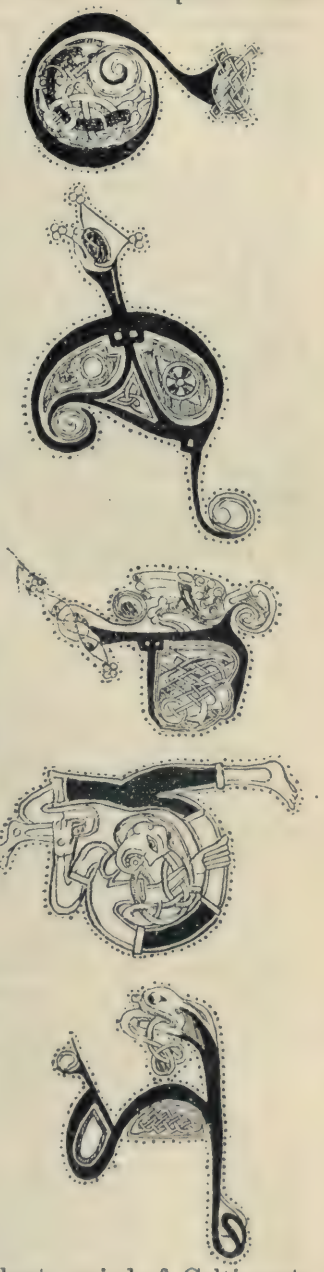
The so-called key pattern is another form of Celtic ornament. It resembles somewhat the Greek fret, but is thrown diagonally across the surface, to be decorated, instead of being square to the sides of the border. This style of Celtic ornament, and the interlaced work, are never found on Pagan Celtic metal-work, and they came probably from the East along with the Christian missionaries.

THE TARA BROOCH.

One of the most simple letter patterns consisted of red dots, and is one of the chief characteristics of Anglo-Saxon and Irish Celtic work. Some-

times these dots were formed into patterns. These various styles of ornament were in use in Great Britain and Ireland from the fourth to the eleventh century, and as they appear in their purest and most elaborate forms in those parts where the old Celtic races longest prevailed, the term Celtic has been given to them as a generic name.

It is fortunate for us that the custom of caring for the books, bells, and other reliquaries of the Celtic saints after death, obtained in the early days, for otherwise, few specimens of genuine Celtic art, apart from the monuments, would have reached us. These valuables were preserved in costly shrines or caskets, and became objects of superstitious reverence; being carried by the ecclesiastics in front of the armies in battle, to insure victory, and employed for healing the sick, and for taking oaths upon. Each shrine had its hereditary keeper, who was answerable for the safety of the relic, and the history of many of them may thus be traced back from the present day to the time of the saints to whom they originally belonged. The oldest *cumdach*, or book-shrine, now remaining, is that of St. Molaise's Gospels in the museum in Dublin. It is known as the "Soicel Molaise," and has an inscription upon it, showing that it was made for Cennfaelad, who was Abbot of Devenish, A.D. 1001 to 1025. The shrine was preserved up to 1845 in the family of O'Meehan, who for more than 500 years were the "Cemracbas," or representatives of St. Molaise. This shrine is oblong in form, and is made of bronze plates, and is ornamented with the symbols of the four Evangelists, and panels of interlaced dragons and knot-work. There are no less than seven bell shrines in existence, dating from the tenth to the fourteenth century. The finest is that of Armagh, called the "Shrine of the bell of St. Patrick's Will." It is now in the Royal Irish Academy Museum, Dublin. The bell itself is spoken of in the Annals of Ulster as being in existence in the year 552, but the present case does not date back beyond 1000 A.D. The brooch of Tara, which was picked up by an old woman near Drogheda, in 1850, is a fine specimen of early Celtic work, and it will be impossible to convey to the reader by words any adequate idea of the beauty and skilful rendering of the work on this precious relic. The ornamentation and character of work corresponds with that of the best period of Celtic art, such as the "Book of Kells," and the gold, silver, niello, variously colored



INITIAL LETTERS FROM "THE BOOK OF KELLS."

glass settings and enamels, are masterpieces of the jeweller's skill.

In speaking of the Celts and the Celtic art, the late James Fergusson makes the following tribute: "When a people are so mixed up with other races as the Celts are in Europe—frequently so fused as to be undistinguishable—it is almost impossible to speak with precision with regard to their arts or influence. It must, in consequence, be safer to assert that where no Celtic blood existed, there no real art is found; though it is perhaps equally true to assert that not only architecture, but painting and sculpture, have been patronized, and have flourished in the exact ratio in which Celtic blood is found prevailing in Europe; and has died out as Aryan influence prevails, in spite of their methodical efforts to indoctrinate themselves with what must be the spontaneous impulse of genius, if it is to be of any value."

What is true of the arts, is also true of lyric literature, for it is beyond question, that the great bulk of it is traceable to Celtic sources; for the art of wedding music to immortal verse, and pouring forth a passionate utterance in "few but beautiful words, the Celtic is only equalled by the Semitic race." The Celt is epigrammatic and brilliant, and more daring than the Teuton, but he does not shed that lasting light the man of the more sober race does; and while he may dazzle and please and help materially to make life worth living, his efforts are not cemented to the foundations of time with certainty of their remaining there forever; though it cannot be denied that the world would have been a much worse place to live in, had it not been blessed with the presence of the brave, thoughtless, and artistic Celt.

IN THE SUNSHINE.

Ah! we never miss the sunshine
Till the storm-clouds roll apace,
And we never miss the dear love
Till we see the cold, dead face.
And our hearts are seldom melted
Till the voice is hushed and still,
Of the lov'd one we have walk'd with
Up the pathway of life's hill!

Let us linger in life's sunshine
Till the last glad ray departs;
Let the twilight and the dawning
Link the closer trusting hearts,
That each morrow may be brighter
For the sunshine that hath been,
And life's burdens be the lighter
For the sympathy between.

Oh! to speak some words of kindness
In the ear of human woe,
Are like eyes to stony-blindness
Of the groping ones below.
Like the touch of tender fingers
On the throbbing brow of pain,
Is the sweet of life that lingers,
Ere we turn to earth again.

Toronto, Ont. JOHN IMRIE.

FAGE OR PHANTOM.

BY A. H. MORRISON.

I.

I, CHAUNCEY DARREL, Doctor of Music, and leader of the great orchestra at the Opera Wagner, Houffenburgen, do solemnly declare that the facts recorded in the following narrative, however strange and incredible they may appear to the skeptical mind, are most literally true.

Why should a middle-aged devotee and director of the divine art, long married, with several olive branches, and unmistakable signs of baldness, in whom the besetting sins of youth have long been dead, or at least dormant, seek to deceive an unwary and inoffensive public?

For I am no longer the wag I was, and have long since renounced as boon companions the reckless, buoyant, devil-may-care spirits of those charmed days, when three-and-twenty, and third violin in the theatre of a small English town, I made my fiddle discourse unutterable things to the visionary ears of sweet Clarissa Templeton—visionary, I say, as those pink and ravishing little organs were seldom, if ever, present in the flesh, to benefit directly by my musical dedications.

Who Miss Templeton was, and how she came to play a very important part in my own life's story, it is my province in the following authentic narrative to tell.

But first a word as to myself.

I was, I have said, three-and-twenty, and as dapper a little fellow as ever waxed bowstring, at least so all the girls said. They never said so openly to my face, but I read it in their eyes, and my looking-glass supplemented the unuttered commendation.

I was distinguished for three things in those far-away days—Ah, me! those far-away days—an overwhelmingly depreciative sense of my own worth, as will have been made manifest by the preceding paragraph; an all-engrossing love of music, of which I have been all my life a devoted student; and an intense liking for fun and practical joking, amounting almost to a disease or mania. When I further state that at the time this strange narrative opens, I was as poor as the proverbial church-mouse, and head over ears in love with the sweet Clarissa afore-named, I deem I have done all that duty at present demands in the way of self-depreciatory description and introduction.

II.

It was the early evening of the 30th March, 187—.

"Julia," said my aunt, looking up at the clock over her spectacles, "It is six o'clock, almost time they were here. You had better see that the kettle is boiling. There is nothing like a hot cup of tea after a journey."

Julia was my sister.

The speaker was my Aunt Mary—Miss Mary Darrell, spinster, sixty-five, and my father's only surviving sister.

My father had been dead many years, so had my mother. Aunt Mary, fortunately, was yet alive; at times, very much so, indeed.

My sister Julia was a tall, slender girl of twenty, just budding into sweet young womanhood. She always put me in mind of a blush-rose on its pliant, graceful stem—only there were no thorns about Julia, save the customary ones that held her ribbons and what-nots together. Her form, lithe and willowy, was still further en-

hanced by the soft, clinging things she always wore, and her face, to me at least, was like a flower with the dawn upon its cheek, and the soft moisture of the early morning in her azure, melting eyes. When she smiled, and she was always smiling, the world took upon itself a brighter radiance. And when her hair broke away from its bands, and it was always doing so, they were such refractory, curly, wavy, unruly, shimmering, rebellious, golden vagrancies, and fell in a shower about her face and shoulders, the very sunbeams seemed to slink away in envious displeasure and hide themselves, lest their lustre should appear at a disadvantage when compared with the siken, tumbled tresses of this young Aurora of the House of Darrell.

Aunt Mary was the very antipodes of her niece and favorite, Julia. She was diminutive and spare, with scanty hair, white as the driven snow, always becomingly arranged under a restraining cap as white, from which no tress was ever permitted to stray. There was nothing of the dawn upon her cheeks. They were more like those of a russet apple, that the winds of Time had roughened with the play of their petulant fingers, yet with a ruddy glow on them, too, suggestive of the last kiss the westering sun had imprinted there as farewell greeting to love and youth.

But if her eyes had lost the moisture of the early morning, there yet lingered in them the dews of a kindly sympathy for her fellows; dews that were ever ready to well up and over at sight or tale of distress; for hers was a nature at once quick, impulsive and compassionate; a trifle autocratic, yet tempered by good sense, the ready servant of a large and generous heart.

"You're right, Aunt Mary, and John Templeton is particularly fond of a good cup of tea, isn't he, Julia?" said I, with a meaning look in the direction of that young lady, who had risen to obey her aunt's behest.

"Yes, and Chauncey Darrell doesn't at all care about one himself, does he?" replied my sister, with a little ironical inflexion of her voice, and a slight pinch of the cheek administered in passing.

She disappeared through the kitchen doorway. Aunt Mary looked after her wistfully for a few seconds, ere she said: "I don't know what John will do for six months without her, I am sure."

"John will have to put up with the separation," said I, philosophically. "He must learn self-denial. These things *will* happen, you know, and we have all to undergo them."

"I wonder if somebody would be so philosophically stoical, if, say Miss Clarissa Templeton should disappoint us to-night, and not accompany her brother."

"Oh! don't aunt. The thought is too utterly depressing to be entertained for more than the space of time required to give it expression."

"If old Mr. Templeton should come instead," continued my aunt.

"Aunt Mary, if you say any more, I shall go away. I shall leave home—start for Germany instanter."

"Well, I won't then;" said aunt Mary, "for I don't wish to drive you to violent extremes. You had better stay at home. 'Out of sight,' you know."

I had been in love with Clarissa for eighteen months or more. I had never told my love.

"*But let concealment like a worm i' the bud,*" prey on my damaged heart, etc., etc., etc. It isn't quite a literal quotation, but it will do, It is near enough for a distracted lover, who is not supposed to have a good memory for minor things, when one living, divine object fills heart, mind, memory, and everything else.

Aunt Mary knew of my love for Clarissa, so did Julia, so did Clarissa's brother, John, the best fellow in the world, himself in love with Julia; so did Clarissa, a little, perhaps—young

ladies are quick, they say, at reading evidences of the tender passion in their lovers; so did not the old gentleman, her father, John Templeton, Esquire, the Elder.

He was a magnate, a rich man, clothed in purple and fine linen.

I was a pauper, a very Lazarus, sitting in the chill outside air of penury, full of sores—in my heart for Clarissa.

We were not well-off, you see. Aunt Mary had a small annuity left her by a younger brother. My sister Julia had £100 a year left her by my mother. I had nothing, left me by my father, who had been unfortunate, and a talent for the violin and organ, bequeathed me by the Great Father of all, the Master Musician, greater even than Bethoven, Orpheus or penury.

Than penury?

Ay, penury.

Its master fingers have struck out more wonderful chords upon the lyre of life, than ever did those of opulence or prosperity.

Anonymous is a great author.

Penury has filled the world with beauty of music, of poetry, of science, and of art.

Dr. Johnson wrote Rasselas for funds with which to bury his mother, and Gainsborough's famous Duchess of Devonshire, was sold at first for £15.

It is a good thing for the world that it has the poor always with it.

But I put my talent to account, and while, myself, a diligent student, earned something by playing in the orchestra of the little theatre, and by giving private lessons to young geniuses in abbreviated shirts and intellects, who, as a rule, desired to become accomplished players at sight, and aspired to an intimate acquaintance with the great masters, by an erratic course of dance music, of sixth-rate excellence, and no value whatever as exercise.

John Templeton, Esquire, the Elder, Magnate, did not like me. I read it in his look the first time we met,—the contempt of the soulless plutocrat for starveling genius—you see my humility will air itself.

"Nonsense," had said John Templeton, Junior." "It is all your fancy. You know, Chauncey, you're as proud as Lucifer, yourself, and the very self-knowledge that you are poor and he rich, would be a sufficient incentive to a sensitive nature like yours to raise barriers that really do not exist."

"All's very well," I replied. "If I were to ask him for the hand of Clarissa, you'd soon see where the barrier was."

He was a pompous, self-satisfied sort of man, with a pompous, protuberant stomach, a pompous, autocratic gait, and a pompous, dictatorial manner of speech, which had a certain metallic ring about it, as suggestive of the £. s. d., that lent it its imperative inflection.

How do such men have such divinities of daughters?

Clarissa was as sweet a maiden of nineteen summers as ever distracted the heart of male impecuniosity, or cheated an hour of its sorrows when in her chance companionship.

She was a little thing, with soft, dark eyes, like—no, they were'nt like anything else at all in creation—and soft, brown tresses, and soft, creamy cheeks, on which the blood sometimes mantled like the sun-flush under the down of a ripe peach, and lithe hands, that coquetted all sorts of quaint and dainty devices out of thread, with a crochet-needle; and little feet that were always tripping into all sorts of out-of-the-way nooks and corners, the tenements of the poor as well as the mansions of the rich.

So it came about, one day, they tripped, all unconsciously, into a very humble tenement indeed, the heart of Mr. Chauncey Darrell, the recorder of this true narrative.

It was a poor enough tenement.

My Aunt Mary sat and mused for a few moments ere she again spoke. Then, she enquired:

"Do you go to the theatre to-night, as usual, Chauncey?"

"Just as usual, aunt. A quarter to eight finds me in my place at the footlights, ready for the overture."

She heaved a little sigh, as she looked at me commiseratingly, and again relapsed into silence.

"I wish we were rich for your sake, Chauncey," she said, presently.

"Why, dear aunt, do you wish that to-night?"

"Oh! I don't know. It is a pity your very genuine and pronounced talent for music should not get a chance in a wider sphere than here. You should study under a great master. I am sure you would make a name and fortune."

"Perhaps I shall some day as it is. My pupils are paying pretty well on the whole. This summer I shall be able to go to Germany with the aid you and Julia have kindly offered me; then my chance will come."

"Poor boy! I wish I could aid you more."

"You aid me sufficiently, dear aunt. My wants, my physical wants, are few. I can live on a crust, if necessary, and, as for my wants spiritual, well, they do not need beef and bread and coats and shoes, and a tabernacle built of bricks and mortar. They lack but an opportunity, a discerning master and patron, and, *presto!* the name and the fortune—perhaps."

There are worse things in life than youth, self-confidence, and belief in a mission—perhaps; albeit, the worldly-minded and sordid of earth call the last two by an uglier name.

"John and—and—Clarissa are not going to stay here more than one day, I think, are they, aunt?"

"Only one day. They are going back the day after to-morrow, the 1st April, I believe."

"Cannot you persuade them to make a longer stay?"

"You know, dear, we could hardly get them to come at all. The firm is very busy in the spring and just before it, and, as John holds rather an important position in the office, and is not at all his own master, rather, I fancy, the reverse, for his father is a thorough martinet in his way, he cannot always do as he likes. It was only on Julia's making known her intention of spending the spring and early summer away from home, that they were induced to come just now. I don't know how John managed with his father."

"Sly dog! So we owe this visit to Mr. John, I suppose. He could not allow his inamorata to flit for a season without one parting assurance that——"

"Hu—sh!" was my Aunt's warning, as Julia re-entered the room, radiant as any Hebe of the tea-urn, and enveloped in a mist and aroma of young Hyson delicious to inhale.

"Is everything ready, my dear," interrupted Aunt Mary.

"Everything is ready, your ladyship. Only the guests are wanting," returned Julia, with a little mock obeisance.

"I trust," said I, "we may not be disappointed, and have to sally out to the hedges and by-ways, for the halt, the maimed, the lame, and the blind."

Truly, there will be some among the guests blind enough as it is, came the after thought, as a loud double-knock resounded through the hall.

III.

Never had the aroma of tea been more deliciously fragrant, or its flavor more suggestive of all sorts of dreamy, celestial delights, than on that particular evening of 30th March, at 7 p.m., in the little back room.

John Templeton, Junior, was in the best of spirits, and Clarissa was simply—herself.

John said and did all sorts of funny things, for him—he was rather a quiet fellow usually, although quite unlike his father, who could never see a joke until a day or two after the perpetration thereof, frequently not then—

and made us all laugh immoderately over the recital of a ghost story, a 1st of April trick, which had been played on a class-mate, in the jovial, reckless days of early college life. Clarissa did not say or do much, but I read volumes in her sweet, brown eyes, and, as she sat there near Julia at the head of the table, partially enveloped in the little blue-gray wreaths of vapor from the tea-urn, she looked like a second Venus being outlined into flesh and blood, not, indeed, from the foam of the sea, but from a substance as subtle, the product of the same elements.

But all good things end, and at half past seven I rose to go.

"Why, you are not going to leave us." cried John. "Surely you can let your old theatre go for one evening to spend it with your friends."

"Impossible, my dear boy! Why, the whole thing would crumble into fragments without yours sincerely, the third violin. That instrument is the main-stay of the house."

"The House of Darrell, I suppose you mean?" said John, with a great laugh.

"Well, there is something more of truth than poetry in that remark," said I, struggling into my great-coat, which Julia had taken down from its hook.

"Duty before pleasure, you know. You had better come along too," with a meaning glance at Julia.

"No, not to-night, thank you. I shall have an opportunity to-morrow of judging whether you have improved upon the violin; for the other part of the play, as for theatrical performances generally, I care nothing."

"Too practical," thought I. "He inherits that from his father." It was John's only fault. He cared nothing for poetry, the fine arts or the drama.

How he ever came to fall in love with Julia, I cannot say; next to Clarissa, she was the divinest product of Arch-poet Nature that had ever been written in the flesh.

"By the by, you are going to make a few days' stay with us, now you are here," said I, taking down my violin-case and preparing to go.

"Only one day, Chauncey. We must leave day after to-morrow. First train. Orders imperative. The Governor cannot spare me longer. I had hard work to get away as it was."

"Oh! you'll change your mind before the day after to-morrow. He can get along well enough without you for another day or two."

His reply, if reply he made, was lost as the door clanged behind me, and I stood alone in the outer gloom.

I flatter myself I played well that night in the orchestra of the little theatre of the good Town of St. Tibbets. Was there not inspiration in my theme? It was not that the score of *The Mikado*, from which selections for the overture had been taken, interested me more than usual, or, indeed, interested me at all. These repeated nightly strummings of popular airs, are apt to pall even upon the taste and ear of a musical enthusiast, and become, at last, altogether stale, flat and unprofitable, save as they affect the pocket; but from, through, and behind the score, looked out the soft, brown eyes of Clarissa. They actuated and permeated everything, —her eyes and her presence.

The play was some pretty, melodramatic thing, founded upon love's woes and crosses, yet ultimate triumph, with dire confusion to the villain, repentant forgiveness from the hard-hearted parent, and never-ending happiness, good fortune, and orange blossoms for the lovers.

When the curtain rose to slow music, and the first act came on, it was Clarissa that glided onto the stage, in soft, gauzy, gray mantlings, to enjoy a surreptitious interview with her lover, myself.

In Act II., it was Clarissa again who pleaded with the stony-hearted parent —John Templeton, Esq., the Elder, Magnate. I knew him by his stomach and his pomp, and his Pecksniffian

bald head—to little purpose, while I, concealed within a cupboard, heard my own doom pronounced, with my own ears—listeners never did hear good of themselves, anyway. "That poor devil! Why, he hasn't a penny in the world, not a coin to jingle on a tombstone, to wake the avaricious to life again. I command you to discard him at once, and marry your cousin, Tobias Goldensnuff,"—he was the villain—"He is fifty, but he owns a million, and a million, jingled on a tombstone, would not only wake the dead, but make the very tombstone melt itself with joy, to execute a *pas seul* in the moonlight of a millionaire's good pleasure."

In Act III., it was Clarissa, who, cloaked and muffled, stole out of the front door at midnight, and, stifling the deep-mouthed bay of the watchful hound with a whispered word and caress, hurried down the ancestral avenue of elms, bought at a fabulous price, five years ago, from the real ancestors, with the proceeds of a successful deal "on change," to meet her lover—myself—and to be bundled into a chaise and driven in frantic haste to the border, with the enraged parent in hot pursuit. How those enraged, stony-hearted parents always get an inkling of their daughters' midnight escapades, was always a puzzle to me, but they do, and there never was a runaway but there was always a hot pursuit.

Finally, in Act IV., it was Clarissa, who, sweet, blushing and forgiven, stood, attired in virgin white, before the parent, no longer enraged but very pacific-looking indeed, with more of blandness and less of stomach in his aspect than I had ever known him to harbor there before—and was given to me, to unworthy me, by that very parent, without a wink or a word of protestation, or a hint about the other prospective bridegroom of fifty with a million; for it had been discovered, by the merest chance, of course, that I was the direct heir to a baronetcy and an estate of *two* millions, and, well a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, and the old gentleman knew that we had been secretly married, so there was an end of it—"Bless you my children," etc., etc., etc.

I, being as before stated, an incorrigible wag, felt a violent inclination to jump up from my seat in the orchestra, and make some leading inquiries about the "poor devil" and the "tombstone," and, whether the devil alluded to, wasn't a devil still, only a rich devil; but prudence and the exigencies of "God save the Queen" forbade, for the curtain fell to a perfect ovation from "the gods," and the leader was already waving his baton frantically in my direction, as being half a bar behind in the instrumental rendition of "send her victorious," while the lights had been partially turned off to save expense, and the audience was streaming out, making for the doors, as though the plague, fire, or the devil himself were after them.

I replaced my violin tenderly in its case, and, having donned my great-coat, and bidden good-night to those of my orchestral companions who were not troubled with the chronic grumps ever attendant upon unrecognized and unremunerated genius, dived under the stage, and so, through the customary passages, to the side door and the outer air.

My first instinct was to look up towards the sky and inhale a big breath of fresh air. The atmosphere within had been anything but pure and undefiled.

Merciful heavens! What was it I saw?

Suspended apparently in mid-air, directly fronting me, was a face, a white, pallid face, with two hands before it, long, slender, attenuated. The face, pale and expressionless, like the face of the dead, seemed to be irradiated or lit with a phosphorescent glow, and was apparently disconnected from any semblance of a human body. There it hung in mid-air, the white

face, the skeleton hands, and nothing more.

I speedily brought my eyes earthward, wheeled to the right, and walked hurriedly away. There is nothing like a brisk walk for indigestion or its products, or for the effects engendered by an undue prominence given to the æsthetic or emotional over the practical and tangible. When I looked up again, the apparation had disappeared.

More than once, on my road home, did I stay my speed to look up and around, but there was no recurrence of the phenomenon.

Strange to say, with the appearance of the face, had entered my mind, almost simultaneously, an apprehension or conception of a number, the number eleven. It was not uttered, but simply registered in some silent, secret manner upon the tablets of my memory.

Eleven, eleven, it reiterated itself, throbbing itself, so to speak, through the recesses of the brain. What had eleven to do with me? Nothing I could think of. Yet, hold! Julia left for the south by the eleven train next day. Could it be a warning, a presentment of evil for her? Pshaw! Absurd. Indigestion, close air, over excitement, that accounts for the whole thing.

Another turn and I was upon the threshold of home.

I flung open the door—a stream of light, cheerful voices, and, under the kitchen clock, the bright, young face of Clarissa.

"Oh! You bad boy," said she, shaking her head. "Just look at the time."

"It is not twelve yet," said I, glancing at the clock.

"Not twelve! Just listen; and we have been expecting you for the last hour at least."

"Better late than never," said I. "And now that I am here, tell me what you were expecting me for."

IV.

At 10.45 o'clock next morning, we were at the station, awaiting on the platform the arrival of the 11 train, bound south.

We were all there except Aunt Mary. She had thought it advisable not to face the bleak March air and slight drizzle, half rain, half snow, altogether horrible, that had been descending since early morning.

Julia was to get off at the second station down the line, the little village of D——, about twenty miles away, where she had engaged to visit friends for a few days before she continued her journey.

John had expressed a strong wish to accompany her as far as the first stage, but had been dissuaded by the coy Julia herself. Maidens are circumspect, and there was to be a young and rollicking party to meet her at D——.

John was practical and patient and obedient withal—had he not been well disciplined in his father's office? Now, had it been myself ——

"You will be sure to write from D——," said Clarissa, holding Julia's hand under her cape, and looking into her face with that tender, caressing, pleading expression that always prompted me to throw my arms about her and hug her on the spot, "and every week afterwards, mind. Dear me, it will be six months at least before we meet again;" and the little mouth made a disconsolate, downward curve very pathetic to see.

John Templeton, Junior, did not appear in quite such good spirits as on the previous evening. He was dull, taciturn, gray, like the weather, not to say gloomy, with a downright tendency, one would have thought, had he not been a man, six feet, and practical—to drizzle.

The two girls stood silent for a while, hand in hand, while John eyed Julia lugubriously, ridiculously so, I thought, as she was to be away only

six months, and I looked at Clarissa hungrily, quite like a cannibal, so John thought, as he told me afterwards.

There was a faint stir at the farther end of the platform, a craning of necks, and grasping of portmanteaus; then a dull, strangling shriek came through the thick, moist air, and in another moment, round the curve, the train swung into sight that was to bear the fair Julia away from the arms of her family and lover.

Slowly it glided up, and at the bidding of the master hand stood still. quietly panting, as though out of breath with its headlong flight, yet anxious to resume it at the earliest possible opportunity.

"Good-bye, dear. Now, don't forget. Every week, mind, and I shall answer. Good-bye, John. Good-bye, Chauncey; take care of yourself and of Clarissa."

"All right. Go ahead!"

Another shriek, and they were away. Another curve, and they were out of sight.

"You will surely not leave us to-morrow, John?"

"Surely," was his response.

"We shall be so dull, you know, without Julia. Take pity upon us. You and Clarissa stay with us one day longer, until the 1st, just to cheer us up a bit."

"My dear fellow, if it was to cheer the whole town of St. Tibbets, I couldn't disobey the Governor's injunctions to be at my post to-morrow at noon. Why, it would be worth my place, almost, to absent myself. You don't know how hard he is in business matters. He'd disinherit me."

And I had not had an opportunity of saying a single word to Clarissa, of being alone with her for one brief half-hour. Nor should I have now, so far as I could see. Here was I, on the eve of a long absence Ah! how long! for in June I started for the Continent, determined to conquer or fall in that great arena, where had struggled and fallen so many young, aspiring gladiators—yet some had been successful!—and I might not be permitted to breathe into the ear of my beloved one word of my passion, or hear from her lips that which would make fame better worth fighting for, indeed, make it *all* worth fighting for. I should be engaged with pupils the whole day, till evening, impossible to put them off without notice, and then in the evening was the theatre; but to-morrow, Wednesday, I always took a half-holiday, had no pupils in the afternoon, and there would be my chance.

"Cheer up, old fellow," said a voice in my ear, accompanied by a sounding slap on my shoulder, "she'll be back again. Six months, though a long time, will soon slip away."

Yes, just like the selfish egotism of love! "Six months!" "Slip away!" *His* thoughts were all on Julia, and so, forsooth, he, Mr. Practical, deemed mine must be, too. But mine were all with Clarissa—and *our* enforced separation, alas! might be for six years.

Six years, and no word spoken!

Why the thought was horrible, too horrible. John Templeton should stay at St. Tibbets the morrow, even though twenty governors raved, and one hundred sons were disinherited.

Evening came, and found me in my accustomed place at the theatre. The overture to-night was "Pinafore," but it was a mere repetition of last night's programme. Clarissa animated the scene, Clarissa tripped on the stage, and Clarissa made her farewell obeisance to the fall of the curtain. and the plaudits of the *groundlings* up above.

At the appointed time, the audience streamed out in as great a hurry as ever, and ill-remunerated genius, grumpy, or otherwise, sought their great-coats, and the outer night.

I felt the fresh air on my brow, and instinctively cast my eyes upwards. Would it be there?

It was there sure enough.

Down through the murk of the night it loomed, enveloped in gray

mist and damp, a trunkless, ghastly thing, with the same white face, the same phosphorescent gleam, the same attenuate, upstretched hands before it; no body, no limbs, only the set, white face, framed in the sable setting of the night.

It was no dream, then, no figment of a disordered digestive apparatus, or diseased imagination, or overworked brain.

Haunted! I strode away, and had gone the length of two streets before I again looked up.

The thing had vanished, utterly disappeared. It was not before me, or behind me, or on either side of me. Above, nothing was to be seen but the dull, gray expanse of the sky, wind-swept and cloud-dappled, as with fleecings and mantlings of atmospheric crape. Below, were the sodden pavements and streets, reflecting the lamplight from their wet and shining faces. Around, were the silent houses, looking down with vacant, lack-lustre eyes upon the belated forms of a few chance foot-passengers, like myself, returning from club or party, or other place of engagement.

Upon reaching home, I related what I had seen. The first night, I had said nothing about the matter, but now, I made a clean breast of it, and told them of the apparition and its second appearance.

"Bless the boy!" said Aunt Mary, putting on her spectacles and looking at me as though I, myself, had been a ghost.

Clarissa said nothing at first, but huddled closer to my aunt.

John eyed me critically.

"You haven't been drinking, Chauncey, have you?" said he, presently. "I know you to be an abstemious youth, or I should certainly say you had taken a glass, just *one* glass too much. Another glass might have provided the body, yet another, the limbs, while a fourth would have instituted the ghost in hot pursuit."

I looked at him with contemptuous hauteur.

"Don't be a fool," I said shortly.

"Couldn't be that if I tried, you know. But, seriously, wasn't it the moon you saw?"

"John, how can you?" began Clarissa. "It is not a thing to joke about, if he did see it."

"My poor boy," broke in Aunt Mary, "You have been overworking yourself. These late hours, and these horrid pupils, and the strain of study, are too much for you. You need a rest and must have one."

"It was strange that that notion of the number eleven should have accompanied the appearance on both occasions," ventured Clarissa. "Julia left by the eleven train this morning, and we have heard before of such things as warnings and presentiments. I hope no harm has happened to her."

"Angel!" thought I; for I saw John start perceptibly, and change color ever so slightly.

For half an hour we sat and talked the matter over, but at the end of the time, the trio could make nothing of it. Aunt Mary maintained it was the hallucination of an overworked brain. Clarissa, tremblingly uttered forebodings about Julia. John pretended to pooh pooh the whole thing as a freak or a fancy or an odd coincidence, although I could see there was a something beneath, that belied the surface levity.

A-ha! Love, the traitor and rebel. Even discipline and the practical must succumb to thy potent influence!

I had become philosophically reticent and monosyllabic. I simply reiterated the statement of what I had seen. Could give no explanation, and therefore volunteered none, and finally subsided into drowsy, apathetic silence.

"John," said Clarissa, decidedly, "I shall not go home to-morrow. If you choose to go, you may go alone. I shall go to D—— to make enquiries about Julia."

"You may save yourself the trouble," said John. "You can stay here

and keep Aunt Mary company. I shall go myself. Yes, though the Governor storm for a week. Let's see, there's no train before eleven, is there?"

V.

The 1st of April dawned clear and bright for a wonder. The murk and drizzle of the previous day had disappeared as entirely as had the white face that had twice haunted me with its ghostly presence. The sun rose bathed in blue, translucent vapors, which presently melted before his ardent glances, and all Nature seemed to rejoice at his unaccustomed presence, smiling back his greetings from hill-side and valley, and shaking the moisture from tree and shrub and dripping eave, a very libation to the returning god of day and spring.

At 11 a.m., John Templeton, Junior, started for the little station of D——, Clarissa's parting injunction being that he was not to return without good news of Julia, if he were to follow her to the antipodes. I, for very obvious reasons, had declined to accompany him, pleading an engagement, which was literally true, though with a far different purpose from the one he had been led to suppose. I saw him to the station, however, waved him a last farewell round the curve, and then turned for the first, last throw of dice in the great game of love.

What would it be, double sixes, and the prize, or blanks and —— ?

Pshaw! There are no blanks at three-and-twenty, with a bright sun overhead, the fresh, young spring ready to burst at one's feet, and the last, sweet looks from beloved eyes lingering yet in memory, an appeal, a challenge, and a confession in one.

I had a pupil at half-past eleven, a forty-minute lesson. At half-past twelve we dined. At half-past one, I proposed a walk with Clarissa.

I had previously confided to Aunt Mary, from whom I had no secrets, that my future might depend upon the results of that walk. If I were successful in my suit, which I intended to press, I should renounce St. Tibbets, pupils, and third violin, to proceed to Germany at once. There would be no use in delaying any longer.

"Won't aunt be lonely?" suggested Clarissa, with a little hesitating appeal in the direction of Aunt Mary.

"No, my dear. Aunt won't be lonely at all. She never is lonely when she has herself for company," responded that lady in person. "Just you get on your things and go for a long walk. It will do you both good. Don't let me see either of you before five o'clock at least."

Dear old soul! She, too, had once been young. She, too, had once had a lover, young, brave, and beautiful; but he lay sleeping his last, quiet sleep beneath the cold, gray waves of storm-swept Biscay, where he and a gallant crew had gone down one awful night, to see, perchance, still greater wonders than those of the deep, on that last, long voyage, we all, one day, shall make.

"Good-bye, aunt dear," said Clarissa, stooping to kiss her.

"Good-bye Aunt Mary, for the present."

"Good-bye, Clarissa. Good-bye, Chauncey." For a moment she held my hand, looking wistfully into my eyes; then, with a sigh and whispered, "Success go with you dear, God bless you both," she relinquished it, and we were away.

We went out, side by side, into the golden sunlight, and strayed by many a well-remembered scene. We halted for more than an hour in the mellow afternoon by the bridge, where, years before, I had first taken my love, a little child. We came home, hand-in-hand, just as the purple veil of the twilight was being drawn across the sunset flush of hill and dale, and falling like a soft slumber over the quiet face of the wearied day.

Aunt Mary was waiting for us and watching.

She gave us a sharp, searching glance as we entered, and Clarissa, after saluting her, sped away to her chamber to take off her things.

I stooped and kissed the upturned face again, the beautiful, tender face, that had once been young, but now was wrinkled by the russet touch of age, from which the roses had been washed by time and tears.

"What luck, Chauncey, dear. Are you going to Germany?"

"Yes, aunt, I am going to Germany. And when I come back, she is coming to me."

John was later than we expected, but he returned jubilant. Of course, Julia was all right. A mere wild-goose chase. She had never felt better; and, from the extravagant way in which that practical young man behaved that evening, we all felt confident that he felt tolerably well himself.

The brother and sister returned home next morning. I know not what his fate was with the irate Governor, but mine was sealed.—Germany—Fame—Clarissa.

But the ghost haunted me no more, for the next day I had resigned my place as third violin in the Theatre Terpsichore, and a stranger reigned in my stead.

VI.

Twenty years had rolled by since I caught the last wave of that little white handkerchief at the curve just beyond the station, and many things had happened.

Aunt Mary was gone to join the brave and beautiful young sailor that lay sleeping beneath the sullen waves of Biscay. John Templeton, Senior, too, had departed, pompous in death as in life. It had been a magnificent funeral, they said, but I was not at it. John Templeton, Junior, had ascended the vacant throne, and with him had gone a gentle, blue-eyed queen, with cheeks like the blush-rose that the dawn had kissed, and tresses like unconfined sun-beams, shot with the lustre of red, red gold. Ah! those tumbling locks! Dear, dear Julia, they could never be made to look matronly. But then thy face will never be old, not older than thy heart, and that is ever young, sweet sister mine.

Clarissa is well and happy. Her brown eyes have not lost their tender shyness, nor has the sun-flush yet faded from her face, and her hair is soft and glossy as ever, albeit she is the mother of two girls, very Clarissas in miniature, and a brace of as handsome boys as can be seen between Houffenburgen and Kamptchatka—just like their father, too, folk say.

And I, ——, well, I was sitting in the gloom of the twilight, before the great organ in the cathedral of the royal city of Houffenburgen, and ever and anon, as my fingers strayed over the keys, responsive to their bidding, welled out the music to the twilight, the pillared aisles, the stained glass of the windows and the intricate traceries of the stooping dome above.

It was, at first, all in a minor key; plaint, unutterable, longing, unsatisfied desire, nascent love and hope. But presently, as the twilight deepened, and the stained light went out of the windows, and the shadows clustered yet more thickly under the mighty concave of the roof, the strain changed, and, jubilant, the tempestuous notes rolled forth, piercing the gloom, telling of life successful, of effort rewarded, of love triumphant.

Unconsciously, the strain had broken into a grand wedding march, *that* wedding march, when a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and turning on the bench, I saw John Templeton, Junior.

"Why, John, you startled me, old fellow. Are you alone? Where's Julia?"

"Quite alone. I left Julia for a talk over old times with Clarissa. They told me I should find you here at your favorite instrument. You were at the old wedding march, eh?"

"Yes, *the* wedding march, John. The one that was played at your wedding;

the one that played Clarissa and myself down the flowery aisle that morning we were made one forever.

John and his wife had but landed a week. The day before, they had burst in upon us suddenly, and taken us all by surprise, for we had received no notice of their intended visit to the Continent.

"I came here," said John, "to have a talk with you alone, about a theme you may have long forgotten; but some hints let drop to-day by Clarissa set me thinking about it again, and aroused my curiosity, and I want you to satisfy it. Will you?"

"Don't know. What is it about?"

"That ghost of yours. That face you twice saw when leaving the theatre at St. Tibbets."

Perhaps it was as well the twilight had deepened so as to render things indistinct, or the expression on my features might have intensified still farther John's very laudable curiosity.

"I thought everybody had forgotten that ghost," said I. "I am sure I had."

"Well, won't you tell us about it?"

"Yes; I think you deserve to know; for that apparition got me Clarissa, and I have a shrewd suspicion afforded you an opportunity to declare yourself to the fair Julia. Is it not so?"

"It is. I proposed to her the next day at D——, and was accepted."

"Just *my* fate, exactly. I proposed to Clarissa the next day, and was accepted. Not such bad April fools, after all, eh?"

"By Jove! it *was* the 1st of April, wasn't it?"

"It was indeed. If you'll just step behind the organ with me for a minute, I think I have yet sufficient influence with the occult world to recall that ghost, or, at least, a very presentable *locum tenens*. Come along."

He followed me, wondering. Arrived at the back of the loft, I threw open a little lancet window, that commanded a view of one of the main streets, and, close at hand, a clock-tower.

"Look out," said I.

He obeyed, evidently still wondering.

"What do you see?" I enquired.

"I see a street, and houses, and people."

"Nothing else?"

"I see sky and some trees."

"Nothing else?"

"A clock-tower."

"Ay. That's it," said I. "Now look closely at it."

"Yes."

"Do you see the ghost?"

"No."

"A white, pallid face. No body. No limbs. Two attenuated hands before it A phosphorescent gleam, a ——"

"Stop," he cried, seizing me by the arm. "You don't mean to say a—a—"

"It was—just—a—clock, in the turret of the old town-hall, with the light behind it," said I, deliberately. "Not a bad ghost, eh! John? And it didn't *tell* me it was eleven, but I *knew* by the hands. Well, I was determined that you should not go back to the governor before I had seen Clarissa. Now, will you forgive me?"

"Ha, ha, ha! Well of all the—. But you were always a practical joker."

"Yes, and it was the 1st of April, and I was so desperately in love. But what of the forgiveness?"

"Do you think you deserve it? Let me see. Yes, I think I shall accord it, on one condition, that you come back and play me *the* wedding march once more."

So I, Chauncy Darrell, Mus. D., Professor and Leader, led the way back through the gloaming to the bench, and seated myself before my second love.

But as the darkness deepened, and the organ notes swelled and soared under the shadows, every ghost was laid, and the only things disembodied were those triumphant pœans of sound, that floated out to the gloom, and the silent music from two hearts, that welled out with them, up, on, and forever, etherealized and glorified by the magic touch of love.

THE CLOWN IN TWELFTH NIGHT.

With some remarks on other Shakesperean Clowns and Low Comedy Characters.

BY WALTER TOWNSEND.

In considering the humor of Shakespeare, as indeed in considering every phase of that marvellous mind, it is the universality of his genius that strikes us with most amazement. He leaves no part of the vast field of humor unexplored. Nor is our amazement unnatural, when we consider that all attempts, even to define what in a universal sense is meant by the humorous, have invariably failed. To crystallize in so few words as to constitute to the world at large an intelligible definition of the humorous is impossible, and for this reason, that the definition would have to include all the causes of human laughter, and many of the causes of human tears. This would be a vast undertaking.

Man is the only animal that laughs at all, and the only one that weeps intelligibly. Some of the physical causes of man's weeping: bodily pain, the death of those dear to him, are common to other animals; but, why he should laugh at all, is a much more difficult question, and why, through certain effects on his emotions, he should sometimes dwell on the borderland of tears and laughter, is a subject that defies definition and analysis. Doctors, anatomists and physiologists, can tell us all about risible muscles, tear-ducts and the nerves that produce laughter or tears, but they can never explain the first cause, nor reduce to a formula, mirth and melancholy. King Theebau laughed with glee at a human holocaust, while we weep over the humors of my uncle Toby. It has been found necessary, however, as we cannot define humor as a whole, in order to write and converse intelligibly, to form out of the great subject, subdivisions, which, if not strictly definable, are so generally understood by all, that only a margin of difference exists between our various interpretations of them. Buffoonery, the comic, irony, sarcasm, satire, wit and humor: any man understands what another means by these terms, although different ideas may exist as to the limit of each subdivision, and as to the point where one trenches upon another. It has rarely been given to mortals to excel in the presentation, whether through the pen, the pencil, or the player's art, of more than one of these subdivisions.

Rabelais disguised scorching satire under the cloak of buffoonery, but I think that buffoonery was to him *sui generis*, and without it his satire would never have given rise to the inextinguishable laughter of mankind. The satire is dead; the best buffoonery the world knows, remains. As I have somewhere seen it suggested, "If the wit and wisdom of Rabelais were removed, and only the serious purpose left, he would be as dull as ditch water and rather dirtier." Of Aristophanes, I am not qualified to speak, but I think that, in a modified degree, the same remark applies to him. These two are supreme examples of the union of satire and buffoonery.

Cervantes in the first part of Don Quixote never descended from the high pedestal of the ironic, and buffoonery there may be, but only to introduce, to throw out more clearly, the tragic, yet humorous pathos of his great creation. In the second part, he stooped to the mere vulgarly comic, and by so doing, although he could never disrobe Don Quixote of his grandeur, he did what he could to

strip him of his antique armour. Many-sided is Cervantes' humor, but irony, presented in various forms, is its leading characteristic.

Swift, greatest of wits and humorists, is but a satirist writ large with the pen of a tortured and perverted genius.

Sterne alternated his exquisitely shaded and delicately touched etchings with broad sketches; so that we may call him a diluted Rabelais, or a tearful Yorick, according to the mood we find him in. But, he, too, delightful as he is, touched humor but on two of her many sides.

Our dear friend Chas. Lamb saw her only from the sweetly, tenderly didactic side—a little moral lesson, a pure reflection of men and manners, human, as all good things are, but with its limitations fixed.

Thackeray is generally called a satirist, but I consider him more a humorist and comic, than a satirist, his satire running too much in one groove; but whatever view we take of him, he cannot be said to cover more than a restricted area in the great field of humor.

Dickens, grotesque though he be, more nearly approaches the universal humorist, because he humorised types; but the unreality of many of his humoristic types and the unreality of his work as whole leaves him almost solely a comic.

Molière, perhaps, nearly, if not quite, possessed the genius that could deal with and present universal humor in its many aspects. His countrymen claim for him the world's pre-eminence in this, and it may be owing to the subtleties of the language that only his countrymen can be perfectly competent critics.

With the possible exception of this one great genius, there has been no humorist since the world began, except Shakespeare, who has shown us humor in every one of her many guises. And this, not in the opinion of his countrymen alone, but by the common consent of men of all nations and languages.

I have made these somewhat lengthy remarks in order to emphasize the fact that the clown and low comedy parts with which I am dealing, are but one subdivision of Shakespeare's universal humor. To treat even this small part adequately would need a volume; to treat his humor, as a whole, many volumes.

It has been said that the Fool in English drama is the descendant of the Vice in the old Moralities. There may be some foundation for this theory, but in any case, it is certain that he has a perfectly natural place there, apart from any question of ancestry, as in the Middle Ages, every court aud every great household had its professional jester. In Shakespeare's time, the custom was dying out, but it had not quite departed. Tarleton, the greatest jester of his age, died in 1588. The grave-digger in Hamlet says Yorick had been buried "this twelve year," and as Hamlet was written about 1600, it has been suggested, perhaps rather fancifully, that Yorick sprang from Shakespeare's recollection of Tarleton.

However this may be, Shakespeare was not only from tradition, but from personal knowledge, acquainted with the habits, status, mental acquirements, and disposition of the professional jester. Moreover, the sayings, talents, and jokes of the jester class, were in Shakespeare's time, matters of both oral and written record. Some thirty-five years ago, a modern reprint of an old book of jests, originally printed in Shakespeare's time, was published in England, and this contained, nay was probably entirely composed of, the collated stock in trade of the Court Fools. One of these jests, I remember, was reproduced verbatim in *Punch*, as original, and illustrated by Leech. I never heard or saw any comment on this, nor do I know if any one besides myself discovered it. It is certain, therefore, that Shakespeare and his

contemporaries knew accurately what the actual Court Fool was.

This gives rise to a curious reflection. Shakespeare generally makes his other characters speak of, and sometimes to his Fools, as though they were really wanting in intellect, or were in some way abnormal.

Rosalind, to whom Shakespeare, with rare insight, has denied any masculine sense of humor, calls the wise Touchstone a "clownish Fool," and comments thus on one of his best apophthegms: "Thou speaks't wiser than thou'rt ware on," and to cap the climax, actually slanders him as a "dull fool."

I will not cite other quotations in support of this view, as I think it will be conceded that the general bearing of Shakespeare's other characters to his Fools, is that of the consciously wise to the admittedly foolish. And yet we may be quite sure that when Shakespeare made some of his Fools the wisest of his characters, he made them so in accordance with truth, and as sublimated examples of the actual jester of the Middle Ages. My explanation of this seeming inconsistency is, that in a busy age, when strength and fighting, hard work and brawny muscles, were the factors of success, the idle man, who earned his living by his wits, was an anomaly. He was regarded as a curious creature—one outside the actual world—and in the Middle Ages all eccentricity was labelled as insanity. Shakespeare, therefore, made his fools show their own wisdom, but allowed his other characters to treat them and speak of them in the conventional way, as men set apart, as by defect of intellect, from their fellow-men. Only one of Shakespeare's Fools shews any derangement of intellect—the Fool in Lear—and he is not a comic, but an intensely tragic fool.

I do not hold with what I deem fanciful interpretations of alleged different treatment of character by Shakespeare at various periods of his life—interpretations too often sought to be proved by assigning arbitrary dates to his plays. I should be very sorry—indeed, it would be against my principles—to base any discussion of Shakespeare's characters on the supposed dates of his plays; but it is satisfactory to know that the character of Feste was conceived by a man young enough to "love cakes and ale," and relish ginger hot "i' the mouth."

For two centuries "Twelfth Night" was supposed to be one of Shakespeare's latest plays, (shewing how much the opinions of critics are worth), but in 1828, by the discovery of a manuscript in the British museum, it was proved to have been acted in 1601 or 1602, and then, certainly, not for the first time. "As You Like It," was probably a later play, and these two contain the greatest Fools of all time, Touchstone and Feste. They are utterly dissimilar—Feste, the rollicking, fun-loving jester, the singer and musician, the pleasure-giver pure and simple; Touchstone, the satirist, all his sayings tinged with melancholy knowledge of human nature and the futility of human endeavor—these two are the Alpha and Omega of the jester's book. Both Touchstone and Feste are used by the dramatist to some extent, each as a foil to another character—Touchstone to Jaques, Feste to Malvolio. Touchstone burlesques the theatrical sadness and cynicism of Jaques—his own a much more deeply rooted genuine melancholy than that of the exiled noble. Feste ridicules in Malvolio the nascent Puritanism which was, in Shakespeare's time, first rearing its head and preparing to spit forth its joy-killing venom. Malvolio was forerunner of the men who "objected to bear-baiting, not because of the pain it gave the animals, but because of the pleasure it gave to men." Touchstone's proper place was a court. He says, "I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three

tailors; I have had four quarrels and like to have fought one." And this is not all satirical—his manners bear out the description. Feste, on the other hand was much more at home in the Buttery Bar with Sir Toby, than in the great hall with Olivia. Briefly, Touchstone was the cynical, yet kindly-hearted philosopher; Feste, the boisterous, reckless jester who would risk a whipping on the upshot of a joke. In respect of one quality, however, Feste is far above Touchstone. When the pages in "As You Like It," sing, "It was a lover and his lass," Touchstone's comment is "The note was very untuneable," and he "counts it but time lost to hear such a foolish song." Feste, on the contrary, is *par excellence* the Musical Fool. His name is said to have been borrowed by Shakespeare from that of a composer of the time, rumored to have set some of Shakespeare's songs to music. "No pains, sir," he says, "I take pleasure in singing," and his songs were no mere jester's songs. The exquisite lyric attuned so sweetly to the Duke's melancholy mood,

> "Come away, come away, Death,
> And in the sad cypress let me be laid,"

and the charmingly tuneful catch, ending

> "Then come kiss me sweet and twenty,
> Youth's a stuff will not endure."

shew that his music was the poetical quality in the Clown; and we may be sure that without some tinge of poetry, no man can be a humorist, not even one of the rollicking order. The nameless Clown in "All's Well that Ends Well," who is some extent a foreshadowing of Feste, sings also,

> "Among nine bad if one be good,
> There's yet one good in ten."

but he was, after all, as much philosopher as musician, and foreshadows Touchstone as well as Feste. Our Clown could never have said, "I am for the House with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for Pomp to enter; some that humble themselves may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire." Alas! poor Fool! his sadly tender reflection brings him reproof and dismissal, and the curt remark, "a shrewd knave and an unhappy." Not so our Feste; no sad reflections on the hereafter for him; no unhappiness; no care or thought but to make his little world merry, and line his own purse out of its merriment. What a glorious quartette!—Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, Maria and the Clown. See them, as they come laughing and shouting along Olivia's Halls! separated from their mistress' ears, you may be sure, by thick and friendly walls; Sir Toby, reeling a little perhaps in his first cups—just enough aboard to stimulate his quick and ready wit; Sir Andrew, the natural Fool, sane enough to be amusing instead of repellent; the Clown, shrewd and observant, but making fun out of them or allowing them to make fun out of him, with equal goodwill, so long as it *is* fun; and then Maria—the glorious Maria—what a twinkle in her eye, how infectious her laughter, what a "*bonne Camarade*!" Would you not like to spend a morning with them, or, better still, an evening?

Sir Toby is too generally set down as a drunkard and sot, *et præterea nihil*. He was a man of gentle birth, of parts, of great natural wit, a man of courage, and, in the degraded station be had chosen, a man of action. His two great vices, drunkenness and love of the company of his inferiors, rendered as naught his natural fine qualities. He led the servants' hall instead of being an honored servant in the halls of the great. He was one who chose rather to "rule in hell than serve in heaven." In spite of all, we can never utterly condemn him, and although we must despise, we need not harshly judge.

Maria is unique, not only in Shakespeare, but in the world's dramatic

literature. Intriguing maids we have by scores and hundreds in the dramas of every age and every language, but only one Maria. She is the only instance in dramatic literature of a woman with a perfect sense of humor, with a keen and pitiless power of criticism, and who is at the same time possessed by the demon of fun, and the overpowering love of intrigue. The only woman of Shakespeare who bears any resemblance to Maria, is Margaret, in "Much Ado about Nothing," and she was much more the conventional, intriguing waiting-woman, whose broad indiscretions of speech are used for the purpose of emphasizing her mistress's modesty. Margaret was sharp of speech, and foolish at most—an echo of Beatrice. Maria was witty and wise, and was no woman's echo. She was human, too; she loved Sir Toby, and cleverly brought him to book, as of course she would do; she was clever enough to do anything. The Clown says to her, "If Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria;" but what the Clown thinks so impossible—a sober Sir Toby—I will engage Maria brought about after marriage, if she wished to do so. More probably however, they caroused together.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek differs but little from Slender, and other absolute Fools of Shakespeare. He is absurd in himself and the stalking horse for the fun of others; but characters only one remove from idiocy call for little comment. It has often occurred to me, however, that Sir Andrew Aguecheek has done one generation a good service. Had Shakespeare not conceived him, I doubt if we should ever have laughed over his saner successor, the valiant Bob Acres.

I have, so far, written almost entirely of Shakespeare's low comedy as exemplified by his professional jesters. Their wit, while in no case artificial or strained, is obliged to be so, from the circumstancee of their being "made up," so to speak. I mean by this, that they knew what they said was expected to be funny, and so they never were unconsciously funny. Their nature came out in their fooling—Shakespeare took care of that—and to this extent they were natural; but they never talk to us as men pure and simple, always as men under the guise and subject to the restrictions of professional jesters. They form, therefore, a complete contrast to Shakespeare's genuinely human and natural low-comedy characters—those who were funny, not because they wished or tried to be so, but because they could not help being so, and were themselves absolutely unconscious of the fact. There is no humor in literature so simple and direct as Shakespeare's in such characters as Dogberry, Verges, Bottom, the Gravediggers, Shallow, Slender; but if I enumerate, where shall I stop? The words they utter, in any situation in which they are placed, are so obviously the only natural words for them to utter, that at times we almost wonder why they are so intensely humorous. The reason is not far to seek. It is in their characters and in their surroundings, not in their speech, that the humor lies, whereas in the Clown parts, it lies not in their characters or surroundings, but in their speech. Shakespeare never leads up to, nor forces, any jest by means of his natural low-comedy characters. Neither Bottom nor Dogberry ever makes a joke consciously, unless in the speech of Dogberry: "The most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him shew himself what he is, and steal out of your company;" and, if Shakespeare really intended to play upon the word steal, for once he made a mistake. I think it was in particular reference to the playing of such parts as these, that Hamlet said to the players: "And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them." This has been generally taken to refer to his real Clown characters, but I am sure he would have objected less to an actor gagging

in the part of Feste than in that of Dogberry or Bottom.

I cannot, within the limits of my space, pursue further the comparison between Shakespeare's natural low-comedy characters and his Fools. I can but hint at their differences, which may be summed up thus: the sane people are humorous by reason of their folly; the Fools are humorous by reason of their wisdom. They, wherever they are, or whatever they do, are pre-eminently sane.

There can be no better proof of this than Feste himself. Sanity has been defined, and I think truly, as the perfect apprehension of all things one to another in their exactly proper proportions, and insanity as a failing in this perfect apprehension, either partial or total—the last being pure madness. If this be strictly applied, perhaps no man can be perfectly sane, as probably no man is perfectly healthy; it must be largely a question of degree. I think I dare make good the proposition that with possibly one exception Feste is the sanest of the characters in *Twelfth Night*. The Duke is a sentimentalist pure and simple; his first speech, containing some most beautiful lines,

> "That strain again; it had a dying fall:
> O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
> That breathes upon a bank of violets,"

strikes the keynote of his character. Amiable, cultured, prince-like though he was, he was unbalanced by his passion for Olivia. I will not allege against him what dramatic necessity called for—his rapid transition to Viola—but rest my case on the fact that a man who will send a stranger to do his wooing to an unwilling lady cannot be deemed a very strong-minded specimen of his sex.

Olivia's exaggerated grief for her brother makes her almost ridiculous, and her instant and uncontrollable passion for Viola marks her as belonging to the ranks of the hysterical. Not among these ranks is perfect sanity found. Viola, herself, the pure and modest, possessing the self-restraint wanting in Olivia, fell in love with the Duke almost before she had seen him—not a certain characteristic of a perfectly balanced mind. Malvolio I need say little about. His vanity, superadded to his stern and pleasure-hating nature, made him, although the possessor of noble qualities of mind, appear as a veritable madman. Certainly *he* did not see things or persons in their true proportions. Sir Toby was sane enough for perhaps two hours in the morning—never longer,—and not even for that time if his potations of the preceding night had been extra deep. I think he may fairly be counted out of the argument.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek is, as I have said before, the fool pure and simple, wanting in wits, and just so far short of a babbling idiot as not to be repulsive. Even the lively, witty, exquisite Maria cannot be acquitted of folly in that she loved and plotted for a toss-pot like Sir Toby. She neither valued her own worth nor realized his degradation; her madcap nature destroyed her sense of proportion. Sebastian allowed himself to be married, not against his will certainly, but in a manner approaching the forced, to a lady of whom he absolutely knew nothing, whom he had seen once before his marriage!—not a very striking instance of a calm, well-ordered mind. Antonio had some sound, good sense, but even he gave his purse and entrusted his life to a youth almost a stranger, because he had an unreasoning affection for him. Still his was a fine character, and I am content to share the perfect sanity of the play between him and Feste. But to Feste belongs the greater share. He accurately apprehended his purpose in life, the means at his disposal to carry out that purpose, and of these means he made the best and sanest use. He lived to make fun for himself and others, and by the making, to

line his own purse, to live high and to sleep soft. Not a high ideal, but, I think we must allow, a distinctly sane one. He could carouse with Sir Toby at night (never, I suspect, exceeding himself), sport with him during the day, lay dare-devil plots with him, or Maria, and always keep his own skin whole, and be ready to accept Sir Andrew's sixpence or the Duke's gold pieces with equal safety and satisfaction. How craftily he kept free from all responsibility in the outrage on Malvolio! how well he managed the letter! No one thought of blaming him, and although he was the head and front and chief executant of the plot, Fabian is the one who confesses "Myself and Toby, set this device against Malvolio here." Surely this was a sane man of the world, living among high-strung, irrepressible creatures.

There is one remarkable feature in Shakespeare's literary conception of Feste that I must point out, and that, the unmistakable mark it bears of the influence of Rabelais. We must all, of course, have noticed the open imitations of Rabelais: "Pigrogromitus and the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus," "impeticos thy gratillity," but above and beyond these there is a distinctly Rabelaisian flavor about Feste. His equirogues, as Rabelais calls them, such as when Sir Andrew says, "I am dog at a catch," and Feste replies, "B'yr Lady, Sir, and some dogs will catch well"—his occasionally fantastic sayings are, to my mind, echoes of Rabelais. His conduct of the dialogue in the great prison scene is thoroughly Rabelaisian. "The old hermit of Prague," "the will of King Gorboduc," the celebrated question as to Pythagoras, might all have proceeded from the lips of Panurge himself. Shakespeare must have recently revelled in the works of the great Frenchman, when he wrote *Twelfth Night.*

I can, in concluding, only repeat what I wrote in beginning—Shakespeare, in humor, as in all else, is universal. I have not been able to shew the brilliancy of even one small facet of the myriad-cut Koh-I-Noor of his genius. I have only endeavored dimly to suggest that his apparent Fools are, in his inscrutable and unerring wisdom, among the wisest of his characters. Fools, like the poor, will be always with us—a plentiful crop—but not, alas! the fools of Shakespeare; and to all who think themselves wise, I can only commend Feste's saying, which sums up the philosophy of Fools:

> "Well, God give them wisdom that have it;
> And those that are fools, let them use their talents."

QUAY OF VERA CRUZ.

GLIMPSES OF MEXICAN LIFE.

BY H. S. GRANT MACDONALD.

ALL normal things of similar origin resemble one another, yet no two are identical. All Mexican towns bear such a family likeness, each to each, as renders their kinship unmistakable, yet each possesses such obvious individuality as makes it absurd to say that when one has seen one he has seen all. There is indeed a variety of distinct types included among them, types dependent upon natural position, whether on the sea coast, the plains, or in the mountains; whether in an agricultural, a forest or a mining country; dependent upon facility of communication with the outer world and the modifying influences exercised by railways and steamship lines, or upon the race of inhabitants, varying from the cosmopolitan capital to remote and well nigh inaccessible Indian towns, said still to be ruled by their own native chiefs, in the fastnesses of the mountains. Every kind has its own peculiar advantages, and, it must be admitted, its own particular drawbacks.

The city of Mexico, for example, with its dry, clear, glorious atmosphere, and its elevation of over seven thousand feet, remains undrained, constraining the wary householder to hang a red lantern from his window or balcony at night to ward off the typhoid devil. Vera Cruz, on the other hand, while exposed to the stewing atmosphere of a tropical seaport, boasts an extensive drainage system. Yes, in spite of the weight of evidence against us, we lay our handkerchiefs upon our noses and make solemn declaration that Vera Cruz has a drainage system. For there, in every street, visible to all eyes, is the drainage current flowing uncovered, over its stone bed at the centre or side of the roadway, down to the sea wall, through which it trickles into the all-cleansing ocean at high tide, into the much absorbing sand at low.

But the cleansing of the town is not left entirely to this exquisitely simple method. In addition, a large scavenger staff of turkey buzzards is kept constantly busy removing all refuse of an edible character. When unoccupied, these sombre fowls perch in black rows along the edges of the housetops, but no sooner is any pest-breeding matter thrown into the gutter, than, with a few hoarse cries, they settle down by clumsy flight to the repast. Among the most ungainly of nature's creatures, moving with noisy flapping and awkward motion on the wing, with grotesque hops and lurches on the ground, unsightly in their dull and scanty plumage, with voices less melodious than a crow's, these melancholy birds are yet so highly esteemed in the coast towns that special laws have been enacted for their protection, making it a grave offence not only to kill them but to frighten them away. As a consequence, they are possessed of an impudence unequalled even by the self-asserting sparrows of our Canadian streets. Twenty or thirty of them will settle at once in almost solid mass on the dust-cart going its rounds, crowding up to the back of the driver, who sits placidly in the front without once turning to shoo away his uninvited guests.

Back from the sea, Vera Cruz has its stone-paved streets bordered with one or two storied plastered houses of various tints, with shallow balcony at every window, whence the coy maiden may watch that pleasing sport, "playing the bear," whenever fortune shall send a daring young bruin her way. This fierce-sounding pastime is the Mexican substitute for love-making. As, according to national etiquette, bachelor and maid may hold no private intercourse, the aspiring admirer takes this truly heroic mode of testifying his devotion to his lady. In the face of all the world, he paces slowly up and down before her window for hour upon hour, looking at it. That is all. Her acceptance of such touching attention is shown by her watching patiently from behind her balcony. Whether, when twilight falls, and the house has but one story, this stately distance and silence is still maintained, we leave it to human nature to decide. Such, however, would be according to the Mexican sense of propriety.

These things Vera Cruz has in common with her sister cities throughout

A WATER CARRIER.

the republic. But even in this part of the town her individuality may be noticed in little things. As we stop before the open front of a carpenter's shop to watch the brown-skinned craftsmen fashioning coffins and linen chests, we notice woods being handled very different from any we had seen seven thousand feet above, richer in color, closer in grain and with a higher polish. These Hot Lands are reputed to abound in ornamental wood of excellent quality for cabinet purposes.

Some of those before us bear out the report. On seeing our interest, the master steps forward and offers us, at from five to eight dollars, plain heavy mahogany arks, with brass lock and

A MATTING SELLER.

handles, for our stores of linen. That is, at half that sum in Canadian money. Several childish traits in the Mexican character have already struck us; but the carelessness with which these workmen smoke at their bench, throwing their matches about without so much as looking where they fall, inspires us with an impulse to go and call their nurse to come and look after them. They, however, rest content in the security offered against the spread of fire, by mud walls and floor, and tile roof; and experience seems to justify them.

It is, however, from the line of the plaza and the promenade, with its stately double row of cocoanut palms down to the water's edge, that the real character of the seaport shows itself. The street population is a motley race of tars of all nations. Swarthy Portuguese, yellow-haired Germans, square Dutch, and lithe Frenchmen, burly British salts and hereditary seamen from the New England coast, roll with lounging gait along the narrow streets, in and out of the eating-houses and saloons, and out of the finest shops, too, where unclassified displays of miscellaneous goods from all corners of the earth tempt Jack ashore to speedily empty his pockets of the cruise's earnings.

A few turns through these thoroughfares, where the bulky crowd the slender off the sidewalks, and the burros crowd them back again off the road, and a few strides over open drains, bring us into the market. Fruits, vegetables, and grains; grains, vegetables, and fruits, piled in profusion on wooden dressers, neatly sorted and stacked in centavo ricks on pieces of matting, heaped confusedly together on the bare ground. One man deals exclusively in beans—red beans, blue beans, black beans, white beans, round and flat, large and small, plain and parti-colored. No one ever dreamed of such a variety of beans No one ever even had a nightmare of them. Another devotes his chief attention to peppers. All shapes and sizes of peppers he sells, green and red. He and the bean man do a flourishing business.

There seems no limit to the variety of fruit. Fine oranges, citrons, pine-apples and cocoanuts, fruits of rather aristocratic rank, according to our preconceived ideas, rub about in the same stalls, with strange and most questionable-looking vegetables, things which we mistake for second-class potatoes, but which turn out to have a very palatable layer of pudding between their coarse rind and the great seed, fully half as large as the whole fruit. Chicos, the common people call these little fellows. They have some larger

brethren, with a similar rind and a pair of seeds of like proportion, but whose flesh is as red as a brick. These fruits, the chirimoya and the butter-fruit, are of about the consistency of cream cheese. When cut, they leak as much juice as a banana, and are too rich for more than experimental tasting by the ordinary northerner.

We have strayed to the edge of the fruit market on our prospective trip. Here our attention is directed to a group of pottery merchants on its outer rim. The pottery, basket, and matting sellers, generally have their booths close together. Here also a difference from the capital is noticeable. There the pottery offered in the market is dull red, ornamented with black, and very rudely glazed. Here many of the utensils are coated with a finer, bright green glaze, while other brown jugs and dishes are decorated with raised patterns of fruits and flowers. The matting and basket work does not show any striking variation from those of the higher regions. A kindred manufacture, viz., the straw sombrero, shows, however, a marked increase, usurping almost entirely the ostentatious place held by its felt rival on the plateau. Even the women here wear the high-pitched hats. while, above, the blue reboso seems to be considered sufficient protection.

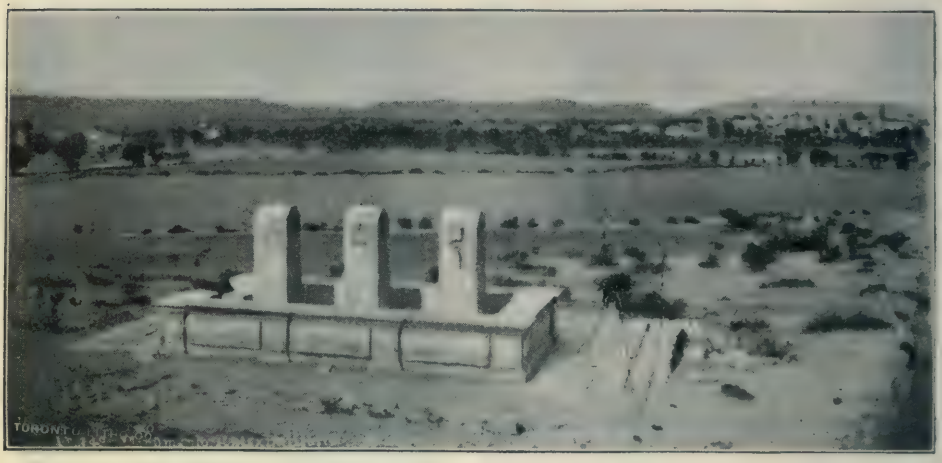
Leaving the market, and passing under a broad arch to the left of the Customs House, we find ourselves upon the landing pier. On the right stretches an expanse of sandy beach, where the bald turkey-buzzards are about their business. To the left are bathing houses and a couple of long, low, open boats, rigged with a single brown lateen sail, putting out to sea. Behind is the town, with its dirt, its foul smells, and its human interest; before, the Gulf of Mexico, its waters dancing in the tropical sunlight, and its keen, salt breath blowing straight in our faces. All sorts of craft strew its surface, great passenger steamers from Europe and the United States, sailing vessels for slower freight carriage, down to the row boats waiting for a fare out to one of the Atlantic liners, or over to the state prison, rising from a reef among the biggest ships. A stern place is this prison. Those who enter it as prisoners, bid good-bye to the world. Their sentences are usually for life, a shorter term than it sounds, for rarely, it is said, does the healthiest man survive a second year's exposure to its deadly climate. Escape is hopeless. The sea combines with the law to render it impossible, by supplementing the state warders with a corps of watchful guardians under water. The few poor

A FRUIT SELLER.

wretches who have sought to swim to land have never been seen again; the sharks do their duty too faithfully for that.

A refreshing contrast to the heat

and vapors of Vera Cruz is found at Jalapa, nearly five thousand feet above the level of the Gulf. Built upon the face of a steep hill, this charming little town boasts not one level stretch of road beyond the immediate vicinity of the railway station. The tram which meets arrivals by the train, and conveys them to the hotels, is drawn by six mules, whose combined strength is hardly equal to the task of drawing their car up to the plaza. This square follows the invariable plan; gardens, band stand, and seats in the centre; on one side, the church; on another, the public buildings, state, as in this case, or municipal, according to the importance of the town: on the third, one or more hotels, and on the fourth, such shops as can be crowded in. The colonnades in front of the secular buildings form a shady lounging place in the heat of the day.



WHERE MAXIMILIAN WAS SHOT.

There is one architectural feature which will always tell when the edge of the divide has been turned from the crest to the Atlantic slope. That is the angle of the roofs. On the plateau, roofs are invisible from the street; but, once over its edge, they are steeply pitched, whether of wood, iron, tile or palm thatch. In Jalapa, the steep-tiled eaves spread out almost as broad as the sidewalk below, and the road between curves to a river bed in the centre, where, during a rainstorm, the water, sweeping in sheets from the house tops, rushes, with the roar of a torrent, under the stone bridge crossings, down to the valley. These bridges about the streets are not the impediment to driving that might be expected, for there is no driving. The only wheeled vehicles seen are the tram cars. Their tracks are especially laid to avoid these obstructions Backs of horses, mules, donkeys and men do the rest.

Turning up hill from the plaza along the narrow flag-stone sidewalk worn to a groove in spots with the passing of many feet, we leave behind us the market, where the usual bartering is industriously going forward; and, climbing up beyond the variegated, plastered houses, through whose open doors glimpses of stone-paved, flower-decked courtyards are visible, we pass the less pretentious adobe cottages, and come out upon the open mountain side. Turning here, the little town seems to be slipping down the steep descent below us. Nothing

but roofs and tree-tops is visible; and these so closely overlapping that the eye can scarcely distinguish one building from another, or one garden from a neighboring one, fifty feet lower. Far down, a narrow line in the valley marks the mule car track to Coatapec, six miles away, in the midst of banana and coffee plantations. Beyond its yellow seam, the hills rise opposite, pile beyond pile, green with pine and cedar forests, purple beyond with distance and cloud shadows, swelling higher, frowning darker and darker, with fierce, rugged outlines, till, from their black, encircling bondage, the peak of Orizaba springs, like a freed spirit, snow-white, dazzling, into the pure upper air.

We wander along the hillside, between hedges and ploughed fields, to the head of another street, which pitches even more precipitately than the latter, between uncemented stone walls, down amongst the houses below. Even the burros have to treble their distance in zig-zags up its cobble-paved roadway. We find difficulty in keeping even a downward course until presently arrested by the most welcome sight in Mexico, an abundant spring of water. At one end of an open square, a full, clear column pours out of a plastered wall, beneath a shallow, open shrine. It falls upon a minute water shed, whence the stream, flowing one way, runs through a ponderous brick trough into a circular basin, and thence on to wash the street from here to the lower edge of the town. At the trough, the thirst of man and beast is quenched. The basin fills the ewers and barrels brought all day to its edge for the supply of households far and near. The other division is carried off to the side of the square, where a double row of brick and stone basins, sheltered by a red tile awning, serves the women of Jalapa for a public laundry. A dozen or more are there now, rubbing on their stone washboards, rinsing in the brick hollows, or spreading their dripping garments on the ground to bleach. We stop to watch them, in the shade of the tile roof, when the four nearest at once begin to address a lively harangue to us. For ourselves, we speak Spanish only by signs; but that does not concern our voluble entertainers, who chatter on to us with much laughter and gesticulation, pulling out stocking or apron stoppers from the escape pipes of their basins, to show how the water runs off, or otherwise demonstrating their meaning by very intelligible gestures.

Returning by a circuitous route, ending in a flight of stone stairs at the head of one narrow street, we find ourselves in the plaza again Opposite rises the high semi-circular flight of steps which tries in vain to prop up its end of the church to a level with the further, for, even with this elevation, the stone-paved floor of the nave still slopes, like an inclined theatre entrance, from the doors up to the chancel. Worshippers come and go with an independence of the order of service seen only in Roman Catholic churches. Towards the upper end, a kneeling group of men and women seem, indeed, to be following the ceremony, but, even here, the outer fringe is in constant motion. Workmen, with the tools of their trade, or idlers from the street, join the devout congregation for a few moments. Spreading their handkerchiefs upon the floor, they kneel behind the more settled worshippers, deposit tools or sombrero at their side, crossing themselves hastily, and, pulling a rosary from their bosom, run through a rapid roll of prayers, cross themselves hurriedly again, gather up their belongings, and glide out on noiseless, bare or sandled feet. Women, with an armful of market stuff, or a basket packed with their husband's dinner, sit upon their heels, their burdens hidden under the loose end of their reboso, and offer up short petitions. Some, regardless of the service in the chancel, turn their backs upon their fellow-worship-

MINES AT GUANAJUATO.

pers, and pay their homage at some side chapel before the shrine of a favorite saint. Under the shadow of the gallery, at the lower end of the building, kneels an old man alone. His colored zarape is spread under him, upon the stones. His thick hair and beard look startlingly white in contrast with his brown face and his chest, from which the loose shirt has fallen back. He kneels bolt upright, his head thrown back and both arms raised above it, the hands open and palms turned upward. He preserves this attitude as long as we watch him, his eyes closed and his lips moving rapidly. The figure is a striking one, and, in its white clothing, is thrown into strong relief against the dark wooden doors. All the while, the choir, hidden behind the high altar, keeps up the strangest chanting. One could almost imagine it to date from Aztec times, so unaccustomed, even barbarous is it, yet not altogether unpleasant. Every voice seems to begin when it likes, to leave off when it pleases, and to sing what it wishes, provided it does not exceed three notes in compass in any one passage. The effect is rather like wailing or calling than singing.

As we turn to leave, the old man near the door again attracts our attention. He is a splendid figure, tall and stalwart, with magnificent muscles, and well-cut, regular features, not the ordinary, mixed-race type. At the moment we look towards him, his arms drop, the hoary head bends down, and, kissing the floor, he rises. A little lad steps from behind a pillar, gathers up the old man's hat and zarape, gives them to him, and, taking his hand, leads him from the church. His eyes are still closed. He is blind. We look at him with double interest. Blind, and not a beggar! a strange phenomenon near a Mexican church. Its steps and doorways always have their complement of blind and maimed waiting for the alms of benevolent worshippers.

Jalapa, and other towns of its kind, fix themselves upon the mountains for the same reason that barnacles glue their shelly villages to rocks, because they find it a convenient situation

from which to carry on the ordinary business of life. Their purpose is honest. Others, however, like some insidious parasites, fasten upon their rugged sides for the sake of the rich nourishment they can drain therefrom. Such a greedy guest is Guanajuato. At first, a little unpretending cluster of huts, built of the surface scrapings of the valley, in a spot where its narrow channel widens out for a short space; it throve on the silver juices sucked from its monstrous victim, growing till it touched, with one long arm, the neighboring village, Marfil, and overflowed upon all its surrounding slopes.

The town is reached by a line of mule cars, running from the railway station in Marfil through that village, and out along a continuous street, formed by its extension and that of Guanajuato, through the bottom of a narrow ravine, for a distance of three miles. These mule trains are a part of the Mexican Central Railway system, and, like it, include first, second, and third-class passenger coaches, to say nothing of special cars, for the exclusive and official, besides a combination baggage, express, and postal car. A military guard accompanies the latter when treasure from the mines is being carried.

For the greater part of its course, the line runs along the bank of a feeble stream, whose scant waters are used over and over almost to exhaustion by the succession of reduction works along its opposite boundary. No conventional red brick parallelograms, these mills. Like the haciendas of the plains, they have rather the effect of mediæval fortresses, than of the strongholds of modern utilitarianism. Though plainly visible one above another from the road, owing to the abrupt incline on which they are built, all the buildings of each establishment are enclosed by a high, substantial wall, rendering approach impossible, except through the one appointed and guarded gateway. It is a dull-hued scene. Dull drab color is the dry hill side; scarcely distinguishable the shade of the mud walls. Grey ore is being washed by brown Mexicans in dirty cribs, ranged along the slope below the refineries; and grey and thick is the stream which supplies their pittance of water. Rows of blind-folded, brown mules, in a long dim shed, trudge monotonously round and round with the great stone wheel to which each is attached, grinding ore, every ounce of which is brought from the surrounding mines on the backs of dusty animals. But all this dullness, like the proverbial dark cloud, is silver-lined. It is from the dirty mass which fills the vats, is spread out in the *patios*, and fouls the brook, that comes the wealth to erect the gorgeous villas, carved churches, and handsome new theatre, with its front of fluted "loza" columns.*

The method employed in the Guanajuato reduction works is the same as that used by the Spaniards three hundred years ago. In vain does foreign invader or foreign-trained native seek to introduce newer systems. The Mexican of to-day feels that he has been three hundred years learning his own method. Why should he waste those centuries of apprenticeship; throw away the result of those generations of application, to begin the study of some newfangled mode, that may itself be superseded in another couple of hundred years? It fares as ill with the mill director who would substitute steam for mill power, or quicken chemical processes of cleansing for the old washing and bleaching, as it did with the enterprising farm manager who insisted on introducing modern steel ploughs upon his land, and found, after the first using, that his Mexican ploughmen had carefully cut off one handle from each implement, and were complaining that his new kind did not balance as well as their own old wooden ones.

* Loza is the name by which the pale blue stone is known.

Past the long row of reduction works, the valley widens out for a little distance, and in the bowl thus formed, the principal part of the town is situated. The business and official portions occupy the bottom of the basin. Here, besides the ordinary array of workshops and places of refreshment, are a number of caravansaries, through whose narrow doorways the passer-by catches glimpses of a confused medley of pack animals crowded together in a yard, and solemnly enjoying their well-earned siesta, until the next journey to the mines. There are also found here one of the mints which the republic delights to keep handy to the source of supply, and a prison, associated with the two extremes of Hildago's career, his brief triumph, and his destruction. Within these walls the Spanish garrison shut themselves in 1810, when the rebel forces, under command of their warrior priest, pitted its plastered front with bullet marks which have not yet been effaced. The insurgent troops, exposed on the mountain side to a galling fire from the protected Spanish muskets, and without artillery, were unable to make any serious impression on their enemies, till one of them, accustomed, as so many of his countrymen still are, to carry enormous weights upon his back, had a stone slab, large enough to protect his body from the bullets, hoisted upon his shoulders. Thus shielded, he advanced upon the prison door, set fire to it, and laid open a passage to the interior. The furious Mexicans were quick to avail themselves of the opportunity, poured into the building, and butchered the garrison without mercy. The slaughter was barbarous, and the retribution no less so. Within nine months, Hidalgo's forces were broken, himself and three comrades captured, executed by the Spaniards at Chihuahua, and their heads sent to Guanajuata, where four iron spikes, on the four corners of the prison, still show the level on which Spanish civilization and native barbarism met.

SCENE IN THE CATACOMBS AT GUANAJUATO.

Up the main ravine, following the course of the stream, runs the principal residence street, shaded by drooping pepper trees. On the left, high

stone embankments hold back gorgeous gardens from slipping into the crease of the valley. A backward glance shows almost a bird's-eye view of those lying a few steps behind, while beside, and above, only the purple-blossomed vines trailing over the terrace wall hint of the luxuriant growth it supports, so steep is the road at times. On the right, the stream runs in its natural cutting, many feet below the road, or is dammed back to its level in needful reservoirs. Each of these ponds becomes the excuse for a tiny park. Houses, trees, and seats border it on the hither side. Across it, the garden of some wealthy mine-owner is terraced to its edge. A rustic bridge thrown across its outlet gives access from the high-road to his gayly tinted villa. The highest of these lakelets is held back by a massive wall of red porphyry along whose top runs a parapet and row of stone seats, approached at either end by a flight of steps. From this elevation one turn of the eye brings into view the work of nature in her sternest mountain mood, bare, sombre, harsh, perhaps, but strong and enduring as the earth itself; and, in flippant contrast, the gaudy, transient, exotic trimmings wherewith man has striven to hide the sternness above. A wild glen twists up towards the right, losing itself at the second turn behind a rough shoulder of rock. On either hand, bold crags, projecting from their common bed, cast delusive shadows on the cliff faces below them. Close-crouching herbs and mosses are the only plants which venture into the rocky chasm. The proud hill crests rear themselves, without one softening shadow of leaf or blossom, against the sharp sky-line. The whole is stern reality. Below, smoothness, verdure, bloom. The rocky pathway filled in and levelled to an easy carriage drive, the ragged cliffs hidden under flowers, the bald heights screened by interlacing tree-tops—a graceful sham.

So much for the upper valley. It is the habitation of the upper crust of Guanajuato. The filling occupies the basin. On its right slope caravansaries and workshops, gradually giving place to painted dwellings with iron railings and sun-blinds at every window. These, in turn, dwindle away into rows upon rows of adobe cabins, unplastered and unglazed. The occupants of these, also, draw their living from the mountain depths. At early dawn they turn their steps yet higher up to the nearest mines, recognized from across the valley by their gray-green dumps of waste, or else their course lies downward to the reduction works. Guanajuato is fed by mines from many miles about; but only comparatively few miners live within its limits. The more distant mines have their people settled in little villages close to them. There are plenty of reduction mill hands, however, to occupy the mud cottages on these lofty outskirts. Down they come daily to their business at the works. Down they come to the markets and the stream, to the churches and the plaza; and when their work and bartering, their church and concert-going are over forever they are carried down the hill once again, across the valley and up the opposite side to the summit. Here the walled churchyard receives them for a five years' siesta into its soil, perhaps, more likely into its honey-combed walls. Just why a spot of land should have been been selected for interment so small that the sleepers in it have to be disturbed every five years, to make room for more, it is difficult to imagine, with all that extent of unoccupied mountain adjacent. But so it is; and a characteristic feature of the Guanajuato cemetery is a long subterranean passage for the storage of the bones of past generations of miners. A peculiar gruesomeness is imparted to this sepulchral corridor by the fact that a number of bodies, disinterred from a certain portion of the cemetery, have been found to have been wither-

ed and preserved complete, instead of undergoing the ordinary process of dissolution. These ghastly figures are arranged upright along the walls of the vault. There they stand as steady as figures of wood, an uncanny crew, but peon Guanajuato is very proud of them.

ADIEU.

One evening in bleak December,
I said farewell
In accents smothered and tender.
Her eyelids fell;

Her sweet lip quivered in silence;
Her eye was wet;
The grasp of her hand was the cadence
Of mute regret.

She gave me a sunny ringlet
Of nut-brown hair;
I folded it gently and kissed it,—
A treasure rare.

And oft in the fading twilight,
Before the dream,
I hold it up in the moonlight,
Whose silver beam

Encircles the silken ringlet
With softened light,
And whispers a message lovelit,
By angels dight.

I may not hold thee, my dearest,
Unto my heart:
The worst is the worst thou fearest—
That we must part.

Thou art sadly and wearily waiting,
In mute regret;
And my heart, my beloved, my loveling,
Is with thee yet.

E. A.

JOSEPH HOWE.

BY HON. J. W. LONGLEY, ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF NOVA SCOTIA.

II.

THE letters which Mr. Howe addressed to Lord John Russell were extensively published; nearly all the newspapers in British North America published them *in extenso*, and they were afterwards printed in pamphlet form, and sent to every member of the British Parliament. Mr. Howe had secured the passage of resolutions in the popular branch of the Legislature against the old Council of Twelve, which sat with closed doors, and performed Legislative and Executive functions without any regard to the popular will, and, also, against the failure on the part of the Governor to carry out the more generous and liberal system of popular government which was embodied in the despatches from the Colonial Office after Mr. Howe's letters. The Governor, Sir Colin Campbell, paid no heed to these representations; but, instead of going into rebellion, Mr. Howe simply proceeded another step in the strict constitutional course. He moved and carried an address to the Queen, asking for Sir Colin's recall, and the appointment of a Governor who would give effect to the popular will.

This brought matters to a crisis, and the Governor-General, Mr. Poulett Thompson (afterward Lord Sydenham) was deputed to visit Nova Scotia, to inquire into the troubles which were agitating the Province. On his arrival, the Tory element immediately flocked around him, and, to show him how absurd were the contentions of Howe and the Liberals, they gave him a copy of the pamphlet containing the letters to Lord John Russell. His Excellency sent for Mr. Howe and began to question him upon his principles, whereupon he took his pamphlet and began to read it, inviting Mr. Thompson to ask for explanations on any points upon which he had doubt or difficulty. And thus the hours sped, Mr. Howe unfolding the great principle that responsible Government was just as practicable in Nova Scotia as in England, and that it was the only remedy for the manifold grievances of which all the Colonies in British North America complained. He evidently made a convert of the distinguished statesman, for, in a short time, Sir Colin Campbell was recalled, and Lord Falkland arrived in September, 1840, and was sworn into office.

Lord Falkland, in order to give effect to the more liberal views of the Colonial Office, proceeded to reconstruct the Executive Council. Up to that date it contained four members, who held no seats in either branch of the Legislature. These were relieved of further service. Mr. Howe was invited to a seat in the Government, which he accepted upon the condition that he should take in a colleague in sympathy with him, and that more Liberals were to be taken in as vacancies occurred. It cannot be possible that Mr. Howe regarded this arrangement as either satisfactory or permanent. Doubtless, he accepted it as a temporary expedient—a step in the direction of responsible government. But it was, indeed, a long way short of our ideas of a responsible Cabinet. Lord Falkland's policy was to have an Executive Council composed of men prominent in both the political parties which divided the Province. Tories and Liberals were to be about his

person, in order that he should be advised fairly in regard to the views and wishes of each.

This was a vain and impossible system. If one thing has been more conclusively demonstrated than another, it is that, under the British system of Cabinet government, the Council must be absolutely homogeneous. Differences and squabbles *inside* the Executive Chamber there may be—indeed, must be. But when once a policy has been determined on, either through the forceful character of the Prime Minister, or by the regnant sentiment of the Council, then every Minister goes out into the world upholding, defending, and glorifying that policy. Or, if this involves too much, then any Minister who cannot take this course must resign.

The Executive Council, as constituted by Lord Falkland, contained at the start seven Tories and two Liberals—Mr. Howe and Mr. McNab. Afterwards, Mr. James B. Uniacke was taken in, which gave the Liberals three. But as soon as the Legislature met, it was manifest that no cohesion existed. In the Assembly, Mr. Howe and his colleagues declared that they recognized their responsibility to the House, and that they must resign as soon as satisfied that they had lost the support of the popular Chamber. But in the Legislative Council, Mr. Johnston, who was the Solicitor-General and the leading spirit, and afterwards the unchallenged leader of the Tory party, made a statement quite at variance with the views of his colleagues in the Assembly. Another member of the Council, Hon. Alex. Stewart, was even more emphatic in repudiation of his colleagues' ideas. His words on this occasion are interesting as illustrating the crude notions then existing as to what Parliamentary government really was, as, also, the common horror lest anything which savored of popular rule would lead to most disastrous consequences. To allow the people to govern themselves, according to Mr. Stewart, would inevitably lead to independence. How opposite has been the result!

"No change had been made in the constitution of the country, and the principle of responsibility had not been conceded. Responsible government in a colony was responsible nonsense—it was independence. If the responsible government aimed at elsewhere, supposing the debates were reported correctly, were granted by a minister, he would deserve to lose his head. It would be a severing of the link which bound the colony to the mother country. The recent changes infused a principle into the government which conveyed, by practical operation, privileges not hitherto enjoyed by the people. It was not responsible government, however."

Mr. Howe struggled along for about three years in his new position, trying to give loyal aid to the Governor; but the preponderating power was with his political enemies, and matters reached such a crisis that he, in company with Uniacke and McNab, resigned. Then ensued one of the greatest struggles in the history of colonial government. Throwing up all his offices, titles and emoluments, Mr. Howe went back to the editorial chair of the *Morning Chronicle*, the chief liberal organ, and devoted himself for three years to the work of completely establishing responsible government in Nova Scotia. His first leading article, as he returned to the editorial desk, illustrates his wonderful power to go straight to the hearts of the people. Most of our public men have only the power to utter certain sentiments with clearness and force, but Howe had a touch of nature and a warm heart, and when he spoke to the masses it was to evoke idolatry. Here is an extract from the editorial:

"Hardly had we taken our seat upon our old acquaintance, when we fancied that ten thousand ties which formerly linked our name and daily labors with the household thoughts

and fireside amusements of our countrymen, aye, and countrywoman, were revived as if by magic. We stepped across their thresholds, mingled in their social circles, went with them to the woods to enliven their labors, or to the field to shed a salutary influence over their midday meal. And we had the vanity to believe that we would be everywhere a welcome guest; that the people would say: 'Why, here is Howe among us again; not Mr. Speaker Howe, nor the Hon. Mr. Howe, but Joe Howe, as he used to be, sitting in his editorial chair, and talking to us about politics, and trade, and agriculture; about our own country and other countries; making us laugh a good deal, but think a good deal more even while we were laughing' Such is the reception we anticipate, homely but hearty; and we can assure our countrymen that we fall back among them, conscious that there is no name by which we have been known of late years among the dignitaries of the land that we prize so highly as the old familiar abbreviation; and no field of labor more honorable than that which we formerly cultivated with so large a share of approbation, and upon which we are entering again."

By dint of official patronage the government, composed practically of Tories, were able to carry their measures in the popular branch by one majority, and Howe's mission in the meantime was to stir up the popular mind and ensure a Liberal victory at the next general election. To this end he rode all over the province on horseback at leisure times, addressing public meetings, and organizing and giving vitality to the Liberal forces. He was the object of the most bitter hatred of the powerful clique that nestled and toadied around Government House, but he was more than a match for them in the arena of newspaper controversy, and the whole coterie, from the Lieut-Governor downward, were pelted with pasquinades, and lampooned in prose and poetry. Lord Falkland started out for a tour of the province, thinking that his exalted position would evoke expressions of regard from the people generally; but he was coldly received, and Howe followed, holding picnics, addressing meetings, and receiving unmistakable tokens of popular sympathy. His speeches on such occasions were simply inimitable. No efforts in these days compare with them. They were brim-full of humor, and lit up with a glowing imagination which set the people wild. Besides all this, there was the personality. I have seen Howe at a political picnic at a later date, and from the moment of his arrival upon the ground he was the centre of everything. At the political picnic in these days the party leaders appear in a sort of solemn form, and, standing in some conspicuous place, they are formally presented to some of the leading men. But Howe would fly about in the crowd, shaking hands with everybody, and especially devoting himself to the women. He was completely devoted to women, and they were equally devoted to him. He would be seen in the course of an hour walking arm-in-arm with a dozen different women, and all the while lighting up every place where he moved by his warm greetings, his sparkling humor, and his pleasant repartee. Everybody felt free to speak to him in the most familiar manner. To most of the men who knew him he was "Joe." Nobody ever thought of saying that they had seen Howe or Mr. Howe; it was always "Joe Howe." And yet his familiarity with the people was not of that vulgar type which simply invites equality. He commanded perfect respect because he evoked love. In person he was finely built, with a very distinguished face, always absolutely beardless. The secret of his power to command popular affection was in his warmth of heart and kindly instincts. He loved the people, and every friend with

whom he came in contact felt that he could repose his all in Howe's care.

At these political demonstrations, when he was fighting Lord Falkland and his government in the most bitter and desperate manner, he would speak fully on the political issues, and then his fancy and good nature would get the better of him, and he would launch forth into some beautiful description of scenery about them, or dilate on the charms of the women. At one of those meetings in Hants County he delivered the following outburst:

"God, in His infinite providence, scatters over every country the intellect required to develop its resources, administer its affairs, and secure to its inhabitants that measure of happiness which they are fitted to enjoy. But God is no respecter of persons; the blessings He bestows are common blessings, in which all have an interest, and in the enjoyment of which the humblest of His creatures may be permitted the most largely to participate. The river which sparkles along the vale stops not to inquire whether the fields it refreshes or the hearts it gladdens belong to the rich or to the poor. The flower sheds as sweet a perfume in the widow's scanty garden as in the marble-railed parterre. So it is with that sacred fire which men call genius —that quickening principle that animates and governs human society. A castle may frown upon a cliff overlooking half a county; the lord of that vast domain may revel in every luxury which can pamper the senses or stimulate to a wide range of intellectual activity; the armed retainers may tread the massive wall, or make the court-yard a mimic school of war; the wise and the brilliant may stroll 'neath old ancestral trees, or enliven the festal hall with the flashes of wit and the hoarded treasures of experience; a long line of sages and warriors, looking down from the walls of that stately pile, may lure to elevated thought and high achievement—and yet the children born within that castle, thus furnished and endowed, may scarcely possess enough of intellect to fold sheep upon the hills. But far down in the valley, beneath the shadow of that castle, the peasant's cot may offer to its inmates a scant return for unremitting toil; and yet from the loins of that poor peasant may spring the youth whose ardent soul, fired by divine inspiration, may point to noblest aims and achieve the highest triumphs."

At another, in King's County—one of the most beautiful agricultural and fruit-growing sections, he concluded by proposing "The Ladies of King's County," remarking:

"That sculptors and painters of old stole from many forms their lines of beauty, and from many faces their harmonies of feature, and sweetness of expression; but, from the groups around him, individual forms and single faces might be selected, to which nothing could be added, without marring a work, that, if faithfully copied, would stamp divinity upon the marble, or immortality on the canvas."

He reverted again to this pleasant theme. He had seen other countries, and admired their wonders of nature and of art. Germany had her Drachenfels, and Scotland her mountains, France her vineyards, England her busy marts, and Ireland her depth of verdure,—each and all had some peculiar charm, some native characteristic, that Nova Scotians must be contented to admire, and satisfied to want; but when he came to contemplate that first best gift of God to man, he could place the girls of his own wild country beside those of any portion of the globe, and thank providence that those who were to lie in our bosoms and beautify our homes, were their equals in personal loveliness, in tact, and virtue.

The general elections at last came in August, 1847, and, after a terrible fight, the Liberals won by a handsome majority. When the House met in 1848, a resolution of non-confidence was carried, the Tory government

resigned, and a Liberal government was formed. Although the victory was Howe's, and all the glory belonged to him, yet he magnanimously allowed his old friend James B. Uniacke to lead the new Government, while he himself took the office of Provincial Secretary. From that day to this no one has conceived the possibility of any government retaining office a day after it had clearly ceased to have the support of a majority of the people's representatives. In every province in Canada a responsible government has everywhere been recognized, and it was achieved in Nova Scotia without the loss of one life, or one drop of blood.

After the election was over, Mr. Howe, tired out by his incessant labors, went back to his home in Upper Musquodoboit, a rural settlement in the eastern part of Halifax County, whither he had removed his family two years before. He was received with ovations and addresses by his neighbors in East Halifax, and at last reached his own door. He has himself described his life there:

"For a month, I did nothing but play with the children, and read old books to my girls. I then went into the woods and called moose with the old hunters, camping out night after night, listening to their stories, calming my thoughts with the perfect stillness of the forest, and forgetting the bitterness of conflict amidst the beauties of nature."

While up to his eyes in political conflict, Mr. Howe was always intimately associated with the social life of the province. He lectured often and on various topics. He was an active member of the Mechanics' Institute at Halifax, and whenever any event was to be celebrated in which Nova Scotia was specially interested, he was usually foremost in promoting it. Halifax was founded by Lord Cornwallis, in 1749. Its first centenary was celebrated in June, 1849. Mr. Howe contributed a patriotic song on the occasion. It is familiar enough in Nova Scotia, and doubtless has often been read by many in the Upper Provinces, but most people may never have seen it, and it seems so full of patriotic ardor that it may well be reproduced.

SONG FOR THE CENTENARY.

Hail to the day! when the Britons came over,
And planted their standard, with sea-foam still wet,
Above and around us their spirits shall hover,
Rejoicing to mark how we honor it yet.

Beneath it the emblems they cherish'd are waving,—
The Rose of Old England the roadside perfumes;
The Shamrock and Thistle the north-winds are braving;
Securely the Mayflower blushes and blooms.

In the temples they founded, their faith is maintained!
Every foot of the soil they bequeathed is still ours.
The graves where they moulder no foe has profaned,
But we wreathe them with verdure and strew them with flowers.

The blood of no brother, in civil strife pour'd,
In this hour of rejoicing, encumbers our souls!
The frontier's the field for the patriot's sword,
And cursed is the weapon that faction controls!

Then hail to the day! 'tis with memories crowded,
Delightful to trace through the mists of the past;
Like the features of beauty, bewitchingly shrouded,
They shine through the shadows time o'er them has cast.

As travellers trace to its source in the mountains,
The stream which, far-swelling, expands o'er the plains,
Our hearts, on this day, fondly turn to the fountains
Whence flowed the warm currents that bound in our veins.

And proudly we trace them. No warrior flying
From city assaulted and fanes overthrown,

With the last of his race on its battlements dying,
And weary with wandering, founded our own.

From the Queen of the Islands—then famous in story,
A century since, our brave forefathers came;
And our kindred yet fill the wide world with her glory
Enlarging her empire and spreading her name

Ev'ry flash of her genius our pathway enlightens,
Ev'ry field she explores we are beckoned to tread;
Each laurel she gathers our future day brightens;
We joy with her living, and mourn with her dead.

Then hail to the day when the Britons came over,
And planted their standard, with sea-foam still wet;
Above and around us their spirits shall hover,
Rejoicing to mark how we honor it yet.

During his whole life, Mr. Howe was incessantly promoting the industrial and commercial well-being of British America. In this line it is not too much to say that his efforts and achievements exceed those of any Canadian, living or dead. He was one of those active, restless spirits who can never be indifferent to progress. His eye was always on the alert for something that would develop and build up the country. He saw, like all bright men, where most persons were blind; not an incident in his journeyings was lost upon him.

In 1838, Mr. Howe made his first visit to England. The trip lasted from April to November, and included an extended tour to France, Belgium and Germany, in company with Judge Haliburton ("Sam Slick"). He went to England, as was customary in those ante-steamship days, on a man-of-war, the *Tyrian*. During the passage, their ship was overtaken by the steamer *Sirius*, which, against the judgment of most persons, had made a trial trip to America, and was then on her return. The Captain of the *Tyrian* sent his mails on board of her in order that they might the sooner reach their destination. After the mails had been delivered, the *Sirius* steamed off, and was soon out of sight, while the ship was rolling about in a dead calm. Such an object lesson was not lost upon Mr. Howe. Others, no doubt, were impressed by the incident, but it never occurred to the ordinary person to do anything. But the incident at once suggested to Mr. Howe the idea of securing for his own country steam communication with England. He therefore conferred with the owners of the *Sirius*, and then, in conjunction with Mr. William Crane, of New Brunswick, he addressed a very able letter to the Colonial Secretary, Lord Glenelg, urging that the British Government take measures to insure direct steam communication between Great Britain and Halifax, by means of subsidies. As illustrating the broad and far-seeing qualities of Mr. Howe's mind, an extract or two from this letter may be given. These will be of peculiar interest at the moment that Canada is urging a fast line service.

"Since the undersigned left the colonies, and after the close of the legislative session, the successful voyages made to and from England and New York have solved the problem of the practicability of steam navigation across the Atlantic, and rendered a revision of the system of packet communication between Great Britain and her North American Provinces extremely desirable, if not a measure of absolute necessity. Assuming that no reasonable doubt can any longer be entertained that the commercial and public correspondence of Europe and America may now, and to a vast extent will, be conveyed by steam, the question arises whether the line of packets between the mother country and the important Provinces of North America should not be immediately put upon a more efficient footing? This question, for a variety of reasons, is beginning to press itself

strongly upon the minds, not only of the colonists generally, but of all those who in this country are engaged in commercial relations with them, or are aware of the importance, in a political point of view, of drawing them into closer connection with the parent State.

* * * * * * * *

"If Great Britain is to maintain her footing upon the North American Continent; if she is to hold the command of the extensive sea coast from Maine to Labrador, skirting millions of square miles of fertile lands; intersected by navigable rivers; indented by the best harbors in the world; containing now a million and a half of people, and capable of supporting many millions, of whose aid in war and consumption in peace she is secure, she must, at any hazard of even increased expenditure for a time, establish such a line of rapid communication, by steam, as will ensure the speedy transmission of public despatches, commercial correspondence, and general information, through channels exclusively British, and inferior to none in security and expedition. If this is not done, the British population on both sides of the Atlantic are left to receive, through foreign channels, intelligence of much that occurs in the mother country and the colonies, with at least ten days, in most cases, for erroneous impressions to circulate before they can be corrected. Much evil has already arisen from the conveyance of intelligence by third parties not always friendly or impartial; and, from the feverish excitement along the frontier, the indefatigable exertions of evil agents, and the irritation not yet allayed in the Canadas since the suppression of the late rebellion, it is of the highest importance that a line of communication should be established, through which not only official correspondence but sound information can be conveyed. The pride as well as the interests of the British people would seem to require means of communication with each other second to none which are enjoyed by other States."

The result of these efforts was that in a few months the Imperial Government asked for tenders for carrying the mail by steam. Mr. (afterwards Sir) Samuel Cunard, an enterprising merchant of Halifax, seized the opportunity and obtained the contract. This was the foundation of the great Cunard line. The founder secured fame and fortune by his business enterprise, and afterwards secured the honor of knighthood. Let it be borne in mind that Mr. Howe's words were written thirty years before Confederation, when British America was simply a few thinly-settled provinces, quite detached from each other. But he had sufficient breadth and capacity to see the future, and to speak words which seem progressive even now, with sixty years of steady progress intervening.

A DECADE OF THE HISTORY OF NEW FRANCE, 1660-1670.

An Administrative and Social Sketch.

BY T. P. BEDARD.

In dealing with the events which occurred during the period covered by this sketch, that is to say, from 1660 to 1670, it is not my intention to enter upon a complete historical work.

I shall, therefore, confine myself to what may be termed the domestic and anecdotal history of New France, in so far as the government, the judicial system and the social life of the colony were concerned, and I acknowledge beforehand that if I perform my task badly, it will not be because I have not been in a singularly favorable position to discharge it to the satisfaction of my readers.

Charged by the government with the duty of making an analysis of the proceedings of the Supreme Council (*Conseil Souverain*), and instructed at the same time to annotate this work with the assistance of the old annalists and the public archives, I have, in my researches, apart from the leading facts of general history, run across strange judicial proceedings altogether unknown at the present day, curious practices, interesting details, the whole well adapted to give a pretty correct idea of a society which has disappeared for more than two centuries.

I have preferentially chosen the starting-point of my official labors as the subject of this sketch, because, without desiring to relegate to oblivion what the Abbé Ferland has so well termed "the heroic days of our history," I consider that it was during this epoch that the colony was established on a solid and durable basis.

In the first place, I beg to introduce the two great dignitaries of New France, the Vicomte de Voyer D'Argenson, Governor-General, and Mgr. de Laval, Bishop of Petrea, Vicar Apostolic in Canada.

D'Argenson has been ruling the colony since 1658. Brave, virtuous, and sincerely devoted to the colony, he has nevertheless been left without help to defend it against the ever threatening inroads of the Iroquois. "He is a man of great virtue, and without reproach," says Mother L'Incarnation. He implores the King to recall him, because, says he, of the heavy expenses which he is obliged to incur, of the inadequacy of his salary, of his growing infirmities, and of the opposition which he daily meets with. Mgr. François de Laval is a descendant of the Montmorency family; the name alone indicates his high birth. As a type of the most illustrious nobility, it has passed into a proverb, for, do we not still say in our own day, "as noble as a Montmorency." He is still young, his age being only 37, but it is rather his great piety than his birth which has caused the Jesuits to designate him to the choice of the King for the exercise of the episcopal functions in Canada. To a very exalted piety, the Bishop joins a singular spirit of mortification, and an extraordinary zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

But a holy and austere life does not necessarily imply perfection; consequently, historical truth compels me to add that if Mgr. de Laval had his virtues, he also had his faults, and that, at the outset of his episcopal career, he was of a quarrelsome and domineering turn of mind, which led him to untimely interference in different affairs, and to encroachments on

the civil power. A bishop can do what he pleases, said he, according to d'Argenson, and the latter adds that excommunication was his regular threat. An alteration which he made in the constitution of the nuns of the Hotel Dieu is noted with bitterness by Mother Juchereau, and, Mother L'Incarnation speaks regretfully of notable changes in the constitution of the Ursulines.

"Mgr., our prelate," she writes on the 13th September, 1660, "has caused an abridgement to be made of our constitution. He then added to it what he pleased, so that this abridgement, which would be better suited to the nuns of Calvary, or to Carmelites, than to Ursulines, effectually ruins our constitution. . . . We do not say a word, in order to not embitter things, because we have to do with a prelate who, being of a very great piety, if he is once persuaded that the glory of God is in question, will not retreat." And she adds as a corrective: "I attribute all this to the great zeal of the very worthy prelate, but, in the matter of rules, all speculations should yield to experience."

But it is especially in his relations with the representative of the King that he manifested his spirit of domination. Not only did he dispute the Vicomte d'Argenson's right to the honors, which, according to the episcopal ceremonial, he was entitled to receive in the church, but he claimed precedence over him in purely civil gatherings; however, on this point the King cut the Gordian knot of the difficulty by assigning the second place to the Bishop.

But, as long as the dispute was unsettled, the perplexity was great, especially at the Jesuits' college, where orders had been given to the pupils to salute the Bishop first, whenever the two dignitaries appeared together on the scene. One day two of the pupils forgot themselves. "Charles Couillard and Ignace de Repentigny, incited and seduced by their parents," says the *Journal des Jesuites*, "did quite the contrary, and saluted the Governor first, which greatly offended the Bishop whom we tried to appease, and the two children were whipped next day for disobedience."

Let us hasten to add that in the different disputes which afterwards occurred between the civil authority and Mgr. de Laval, the latter always had justice, morality and right on his side.

But to return to our subject.

The Vicomte d'Argenson at last got the successor whom he had been asking for for two years. He was the Baron Dubois d'Avaugour, who arrived here in 1661.

The Bishop of Petrea had hurled the thunders of excommunication against all engaged in the brandy traffic with the Indians, and was sustained by the new Governor, who, by an ordinance, had issued a similar prohibition under very severe penalties; but one day, a Quebec woman, having sold them a bottle, was put in prison for the offence. Through charity, Father Lalemant wanted to intercede for her with the Governor, but the latter, acting upon a resolution quite opposed to his ordinance, told him abruptly that, inasmuch as the brandy traffic was not to be punishable in the case of this woman, it would be no longer punishable in any one, and that in future all should profit by it.

As soon as the inhabitants learned that the traffic was permitted by the Governor, they did profit by it, and the disorders soon became very great. Mgr. de Laval deemed it his duty to renew the excommunication against the traders; but, with a prudence which cannot be too warmly commended, he had previously taken care to consult the Sorbonne; and the decision of the eminent theologians of that institution, dated at Paris on the 1st February, 1662, concludes: "that the prelate may forbid under pain of excommunication, *ipso facto*, the sale by Europeans of such liquors,

and treat as excommunicated the disobedient and refractory."

The liquor trade being free, brandy flowed like water among the Indians and the Canadians to such an extent as to aggravate the disorders during the remainder of the year, until at last it seemed as if an angry God had determined to vindicate His majesty by sending a scourge, which, without affecting the colonists either in their persons or their property, was calculated to inspire them with a salutary terror. I refer to the great earthquake of 1663.

With regard to this event, I shall merely cite the *Journal des Jesuites*, which, in its brevity and simplicity, says more about it, and speaks more eloquently on the subject than any other writing of the time. "The two days before Lent," says this journal, "were marked among other things by a frightful and surprising earthquake, which began half an hour after the end of the benediction of the Sacrament on Monday, the 5th February, namely, towards half past 5 o'clock, and lasted about two *misereres*, then during the night and the following days and nights, on different occasions. This harmed certain chimneys, and caused other slight losses and damages, but was a great good to souls, seeing that on Shrove Tuesday and Ash Wednesday one would have said that it was Easter Sunday, so frequent were the confessions, communions and other devotions. This lasted to the 15th March, or thereabouts, in a pretty marked way."

However, important changes were in store for the colony. The Baron Dubois d'Avaugour had been recalled, on complaint of the Jesuits, says a royal letter, and M. de Safray Mezy appointed Governor, on the recommendation of the Jesuits. Lastly, according to the formally expressed will of the King, the company of the Hundred Associates had given up the ownership and management of New France, which thus returned to the royal domain. The first act of possession performed by the King was to create a council, which he named the Supreme Council (*Conseil Souverain*), and which was to be composed of the Governor and of the bishop, or first ecclesiastical dignitary, who should conjointly and together select the other members, five councillors, an Attorney-General and a clerk. According to the edict creating the council, which was promulgated in April, 1663, it was to take cognizance of all civil and criminal cases, to judge them finally, and to proceed therewith as far as possible according to the forms of the Parliament of Paris. The King reserved to himself the right to change, reform and cancel the laws passed and the sentences rendered. The council had also the power to commission, at Quebec, Montreal and Three Rivers, persons to decide in the first instance, with right of appeal to the council, suits between private parties, and to appoint clerks, notaries, bailiffs and other officers of justice.

The first councillors named by the Governor and the Bishop, pursuant to the royal edict, were Louis Rouer, Sieur de Villeray; Jean Juchereau, Sieur de la Ferté; Denis Joseph Ruette d'Auteuil, Sieur de Monceau; Charles Le Gardeur, Sieur de Tilly, and Mathieu Damours, Sieur Deschanfour. Jean Bourdon was named Attorney-General, and Jean Baptiste Peuvret, Sieur de Mesnu, clerk of the council. The council generally met once a week, and on that day a mass was said for its benefit.

On the 18th September, 1663, the council held its first meeting, and everything went well for some time. As there were no judges, the council had to decide a great number of cases, and give its attention to the minutest details of administration. It leased for three years, for a sum of 30,000 francs, the trading post of Tadoussac to Aubert de la Chesnaye, prohibited the sale of liquors to the Indians, imposed a tax of 10 per cent. on im-

ports by the merchants, and permitted them to sell their merchandise at an advance of 65 per cent. on their invoices. It reappointed de Maisonneuve Governor of Montreal, and de Sailly as judge; named P. Boucher, Governor of Three Rivers, judge at the same place, and issued commissions to the notaries Gloria and Aubert, etc.

But the good understanding between the Governor and the Bishop did not last long; as early as the 13th Feb., 1664, war broke out between the two powers, and this is how it was precipitated. The company of the Hundred Associates had sent out a special agent to Canada, and had chosen for the purpose Peronne Dumesnil, an advocate of the Parliament of Paris, and a sly, cunning personage, who, on coming into contact with the Canadian agents of the same company, de Villeray and Bourdon, had quarrelled with them, and cherished towards them a groundless animosity.

Dumesnil insinuated himself into the confidence of the Governor, and persuaded him that these men, who formed part of the council, were dishonest, and entirely sold and devoted to the Bishop.

De Safray Mezy, to whom, as his predecessors, and perhaps even more so, the authority and influence of the prelate gave umbrage, allowed himself to be easily persuaded, and came to the resolution to dismiss those persons from their offices. He notified the Bishop of his determination by a writing, in which it was stated, that "they had been named at the instance of the said Sieur de Petrée, who knew them to be entirely his creatures, requesting the said Bishop to acquiesce in their interdiction, and to be pleased to proceed, with the advice of a public meeting, to a new nomination of councillors in the place of the interdicted." This writing was read and placarded on the public post to the sound of the drum.

To this writing the Bishop replied with moderation and dignity. "Setting aside," said he, "the offensive and insulting expressions, I reply to the request of Monsieur the Governor, that neither my conscience or honor, nor the respect and obedience which I owe to the wishes and commands of the King, permit me to do so until the accused have been convicted of the crimes with which they are charged."

Here I am perfectly at my ease in

JEAN TALON.

justifying the attitude assumed by the bishop, and his refusal to acquiesce in the Governor's demands. I rest my case on two irrefutable reasons.

The first is, that by the edict creating the supreme council, the King had ordered that the selection of the councillors should be made *conjointly and together* by the Governor and the Bishop; therefore, the former could

not dismiss councillors without the latter's consent. The second is, that in wanting to leave the choice of the councillors, in the place of the interdicted, to popular suffrage, or, in other terms, to election, the representative of Louis XIV was acting in flagrant and absurd contravention of the ideas of his sovereign, an absolute monarch, and one so jealous of his authority that he used to say, "L'Etat c'est moi." (I am the state.) Let us imagine, for example, a governor of a French province wanting to have public officers elected by the people. The great king, in his wrath, would have quickly shut him up in the Bastille to punish him for his insolence and rashness.

However, the great broils, as the *Journal des Jesuites* terms them, between the powers, subsided; the Governor abandoned his dismissals; there was a truce which I shall call the Easter truce, and order seemed restored.

But on the expiration of the councillors' year of office, that is to say, in September, the Governor summoned the Bishop in writing, to change them. The latter would not agree to do so, and stood out for the maintenance of the same councillors in office until, as he wrote to the Governor, the Marquis de Tracy, who had been appointed Lieut.-General of all the French possessions in America, should arrive at Quebec. The Governor would not consent to this delay, and, at a regular meeting he informed de la Ferté, d' Auteuil, de Villeray and Bourdon that they were no longer members of the council. Bourdon protested insolently, says the text of the minutes; the Governor had him ejected by force, and ill-treated by his minions, and on the 24th September, 1664, acting on his own proper authority, he reconstituted the council by retaining de Tilly and Damours, and by swearing in as councillors, Nicolas Denis, Jacques Cailhaut, Sieur de la Tesserie and Peronne de Mazé, son of Peronne Dumesnil. He named de Lotbinière Attorney-General, dismissed Peuvret de Mesnu from his office of clerk, and gave it to Notary Filion.

Mgr. de Laval protested, in writing, against these nominations, but did so in vain. On the 25th of September, de Safray Mezy caused a notice to be affixed to the church door announcing the establishment of his council, without mentioning the Bishop's opposition, and on the 5th of October he published, to the repeated tap of the drum, a volley of insults to the Bishop and others, says the *Journal des Jesuites*, which adds, that the Governor complained everywhere that he had been refused confession and absolution. In the space of twenty-four hours, he had de Villeray and Bourdon arrested by his guards and conveyed on board a vessel about to sail for France.

The new council, although illegally formed, continued to sit regularly, Towards the close of the year, the Governor fell ill of the malady which was to carry him to the grave, and finally became reconciled to the church, as appears by the following passage in the *Journal des Jesuites:* "Monsieur, the Governor, having fallen seriously ill, an effort was made to facilitate his reconciliation with the church, which was finally effected in the beginning of March (1665), when he confessed and received communion on St Joseph's day and on Easter Sunday, mass being said in his room." He died on the 5th of May, after having written a letter to the Marquis de Tracy, in which he said: "Before my death I begged M. de Tilly to give you the information with the notes I had written to the King relative to what happened between the Bishop, the Jesuits and myself. . . . I do not know, however, if I did not make a mistake in allowing myself to be too much persuaded by the reports made to me."

In his last will he asked to be buried in the cemetery of the poors of the Hotel Dieu, and bequeathed his

heart to the Capuchin monastery at Caen.

On the 30th of May, 1665, Alexandre de Prouville, Marquis de Tracy, Lieutenant-Governor of the King in his possessions in America, arrived at Quebec with four companies of the regiment of Carignan. The councillors had built a galley, and gone as far as the Isle au Coudres to meet him.

On landing, the marquis was conducted to the church where the Bishop of Petrea solemnly received him, and a *Te Deum* was sung with organ and choral accompaniment, according to a statement of a memoir of the time. M. de Tracy was a fine old man of 60 years, a *grand seigneur* in all the force of the term, and loving show and display. When he went out into the streets of Quebec, he was always preceded by 4 pages and 24 guards wearing the King's livery, while six lacqueys followed him, and he was always accompanied by several officers. "M. de Tracy," writes Mother L'Incarnation, "arrived with a great train. I believe that he is a man sent by God for the solid establishment of these countries, for the liberty of the church, and for order and justice."

"Shortly after the arrival of the Marquis de Tracy," says the Abbé Ferland, "several ships arrived from France, and among the first passengers to land from them was Attorney-General Bourdon, in charge of some girls chosen by order of the Queen. But what caused great joy among the inhabitants, and lively astonishment among the aborigines, was the disembarkation of 12 horses, sent out by the King to Canada. With the exception of one given nearly 20 years previously to M. de Montmagny, these were the first animals of the kind seen in the country, and the Indians were astonished at the fact that the moose deer of France (as they termed the newly arrived horses), were so tractable and so obedient to the will of man. Towards the middle of August, two other ships entered the harbor of Quebec, each having on board 4 companies of the regiment of Garignan. With these troops was M. de Salières, the colonel of the regiment. In September, three ships brought out eight more companies, M. de Courcelles, the new Governor, and M. Jean Talon, Intendant; at last, on the 2nd of October, arrived from Normandy a vessel with 130 workmen, all in good health, and 82 girls, of whom 50 were from the Hotel Dieu of Paris. The number of persons who came from France during that summer season was nearly as large as the whole French population actually resident in Canada."

The regretted and learned historian is perfectly right, as in 1663 the population was estimated at about 2,500 souls, and as, according to the census of 1666, the first made in New France, it was established that it then numbered 3,215 souls.

The Marquis de Tracy and the Governor Courcelles soon engaged in a war with the Iroquois, which ended in the defeat of those terrible enemies of the colony.

By order of the Marquis de Tracy, the council suspended its sittings from the 23rd of September, 1665, to the 6th of December, 1666, when it was reconstructed by the nomination of de Villeray, de Gorribon, de Tilly, Damours and de la Tesserie; the Attorney-General, Bourdon, and the clerk, Peuvret, were reinstalled in their offices. As may be seen, this was a striking reparation of the injustice committed by de Safray Mezy.

During the suspension of the council, it was therefore solely on the shoulders of Talon that the administration of the colony rested, and, indeed, his powers were sufficiently extensive to permit, at need, of his carrying it on alone, as they embraced that of Intendant of Justice, Police and Finance; but except in an amiable way, he did not exercise judicial functions, according to the King's recommendation in his instructions, a part of which reads as follows:—

"The Intendant must be well aware that justice is established for the happiness of peoples, and the accomplishment of the King's principal intentions, and let him see that it be rendered by the council with integrity, without collusion and without expense. Lastly, although the Intendant has the power to decide alone, supremely and finally, the civil cases, it is well that he should use this power only seldom, leaving their liberty to the established judges. He should create a good police to control the administration of the public moneys, the cultivation of the lands and the organization of manufactures." * * *

"The Intendant must see to the preparation of lands and dwellings for each of the new families, at least thirty or forty dwellings yearly. In fine, the King, regarding all his subjects in Canada as his own children, the Intendant shall see how to keep them in all things, and to stimulate them to work and trade, which alone can support them in that country. And as nothing can better contribute to this than entering into the details of their homes, it is advisable that he should visit all the dwellings, to note how they are, and further, that he do provide for all their necessities, so that in performing the duties of a good father of families, they may have the means to subsist and even to extend their operations.

"He shall see to the establishing of manufactures and to the attracting of artisans for the most needful things the raw materials of which are abundant in the country."

If ever Colbert was happy in the choice of an officer so important as the Intendant of the colony, it was when he chose Jean Talon. He was a first-class administrator; Talon was everywhere, he saw and provided for everything, and if Champlain was the founder of the colony, it may be truly said that it was Talon who established it in a solid and lasting manner. Agriculture, trade, and industry were the objects of his solicitude and his care. He encouraged wheat and hemp culture, established manufactures of linen and he built a market hall, a tannery, and a brewery.

The colonial government took particular care of the material interests of the colonists, but their education devolved upon the clergy and the religious orders. At Montreal it was left to the Sulpicians and the nuns of the congregation, and at Quebec, to the Jesuits and the Ursuline nuns.

However, Mgr. de Laval wanted to attach to his grand seminary a minor seminary, to receive pupils intended especially for the priesthood. On the 9th of October, 1663, the feast of St. Denis, he solemnly opened his minor seminary. Its origin was very modest, but it was destined to attain the highest rank among the educational institutions of the country.

Mgr. de Laval has found in the priests of the seminary of Quebec, who have succeeded each other down to the present day, worthy and zealous aids in the continuation of his immortal work; and it is to their eternal glory that it has also to be said that they founded Laval University, the profound science and safe doctrines of whose professors the educated public and the church are agreed to recognize.

A most extraordinary feature of this epoch, was the litigious spirit which pervaded the colony, and above all, the jurisdiction of Quebec; and yet, all considered, it was not surprising. A large proportion of our ancestors came from Normandy, whose people, from time immemorial, have enjoyed a reputation for love of litigation; and in that Normandy so dear to all our hearts, if we are to credit the legend, the Lord's prayer is followed by this prayer, less Christian, if you will, but more suited to the inclinations: "My God, I ask no goods from you; only place me alongside somebody who has them." Consequently, our forefathers of the district of Quebec, went heart and soul into the busi-

ness. We have a court at hand, said they, and then we have nothing to do during the winter; let us go to law; and they did go to law to such an extent, that from the 26th of September, 1663, to the 23rd of April, 1664, there were not less than 325 law suits at Quebec, to a population of 1,500 souls.

The arrival of an intendant so zealous as Talon put an end to these disorders. He was not satisfied with amicably adjusting the differences at Quebec, but, in travelling from Quebec to Montreal, he stopped in all the centres to hear the complaints of each one, to settle quarrels and terminate suits without resorting to the forms of justice.

COLBERT.

The penal legislation relating to murder and rape only applied to the French colonists, and it required a special ordinance of the supreme council to extend to the Indians the same penalty, which was death. This ordinance, which bore the date of the 23rd of April, 1664, created unbounded astonishment among the Indians, in whose primitive notions of morality, homicide through revenge, and rape, were not crimes. Consequently, it was with no little surprise that an Algonquin Indian, named Robert Hache, accused and convicted of rape on the person of a Canadian girl on the Island of Orleans, found himself condemned to death. To not show too much severity, the council assembled the chiefs of the friendly tribes to communicate this legislation to them, and to let them know that rape was a hanging matter. The chief of the Algonquins returned the following sharp reply to the council: "We did not know that rape was punishable by death, but, if our young men have not known how to behave themselves well on some occasions, and have given cause for complaint, neither have the French young men been free from fault." The Governor granted a full and entire pardon to Hache.

The office of public executioner was not a sinecure, for many offences were punished by the pillory, the wooden horse, the whipping-post, branding the *fleur-de-lys* with a red hot iron on the shoulder, and, lastly, hanging. His yearly salary was thirty francs, and he was lodged, besides, at the government's expense, but in the case of capital executions he received an additional gratuity of ten francs for the erection of the gallows; so that the office was little coveted.

Let us turn back to Tuesday, the 15th of February, 1667. It is a marked day, for, in virtue of police regulations, Tuesday and Friday are the days fixed for the sale of their produce by the farmers. Wheat is selling at four francs per bushel, at which price it is a legal tender, that is to say, that according to an ordinance of the su-

preme council, a debtor can tender it to his creditor in payment of his debt; pork, 6 sous, beef, 8 sous per lb.; bread, 10 sous per 4 lbs., for it is the custom with farmers to bring that article to the market; a hundred of eels for half a crown,—and the lowness of this price is not surprising, for eels were so abundant at and above Quebec that one *habitant* in the seigniory of Platon caught as many as 3,000 in a single tide.

It is ten o'clock in the morning, and the hangman appears on the scene leading a culprit. The executioner is an old servant of Councillor Denis, whom he had robbed with so much effrontery and aggravating circumstances, as to merit sentence of death, which would have been carried out if he had not preferred to accept the charge of hangman, then vacant, and which had been offered to him. The culprit has committed a petty larcency from the king's stores. He is placed on the wooden horse, a sort of instrument of torture, closely resembling our sawyers' wood-horses, but larger, He bears on his back and breast placards containing these words: "For having robbed the King;" a 6 lb. weight is attached to each of his feet; and in this position he remains during an hour, exposed to the jeers and ridicule of the crowd.

The first colonists who settled in Canada, from Champlain's time, were single men; complete families, husbands, wives, and children, were few; so that when the king determined to establish his colony of New France on a solid and permanent basis, he resolved at the same time to establish conjugal society by sending out marriageable girls. The first of these arrived in 1665, and were all snapped up in a few days. They had landed on October 7th, and on the 29th of the same month, Mother L'Incarnation wrote: "The hundred girls whom the King sent out this year have hardly arrived, and, lo! they are nearly all provided for. He will send two hundred next year, and others again in proportion the following years. He also sends men to furnish the marriages, and this year there arrived 500,not to speak of those composing the army, so that it is astonishing to see how fast the country is peopling up and multiplying."

The King kept his word, and continued to send girls annually, as well as new settlers In general, the girls were the daughters of peasants, strong, healthy, and accustomed to field work. Colbert caused them to be selected with great care by the bishops and parish priests.

On November 10th, 1670, Talon wrote to Colbert, "All the girls sent out this year have been married, with the exception of about fifteen, whom I have distributed among well-known families. If His Majesty has the goodness to send out others, it would be well to recommend that those intended for this country should not be in any way afflicted by nature; that they should be strong and sound. Three or four girls of good birth, and distinguished in quality, would perhaps serve a useful purpose in binding to the country by marriage the officers who are only attached to it at present by their appointments." And he concludes with the statement that all the girls sent out in the spring of the previous year had been married off, and that all of them either had borne children, or were on the point of bearing them, a proof, he adds, of the astonishing fecundity of this country.

Not satisfied with sending the necessary elements to increase the population, Louis XIV., by an edict of April 1st, 1670, ordered the Intendant to pay to the young men who married at the age of twenty years and under, and to the girls of sixteen and under, twenty francs each, on the day of their weddings. This was termed the King's gift. He further granted to the inhabitants with ten living children a pension of 300 francs, and to those who had twelve, 400 francs. By the

same edict it was prescribed that in all the towns and villages, the inhabitants who had the most children should be given the preference for all titular offices; and further, that all fathers should be punishable by fine who did not marry off their boys and girls at the ages of twenty and sixteen years respectively.

Stimulated by all these facilities and encouragements, marriages increased, and consequently the births. The colonists married quickly and early, the girls especially; young couples, whose united ages amounted to only thirty years, were not rare. Even the widows dried their tears before long, in obedience, no doubt, to the royal will. Dollier de Casson, in his history of Montreal, relates that a young widow,—very consolable that one,—was wedded again before her deceased husband was interred.

Families of 8, 10, and 15 children were not rare a few years afterwards. Mother L'Incarnation gives us an insight into the way in which these large families subsisted. "It is astonishing," she writes, "to see them (the children) in such large numbers, very pretty and well made, without any physical deformity except through accident; a poor man will have eight children and upwards, who go bare-footed and bare-headed all winter, and who live only on eels and a little bread, and yet for all are big and fat."

To give an idea of the rapid increase of the population:—the census shows that in 1666 there were 3,215 souls, and that in 1668 there were

Families - - - - - - -	1,139
Individuals composing them	5,870
Men able to bear arms - -	2,000

"It will be observed that in the present list are not included the 412 soldiers who have become inhabitants to the country this year, nor the 300 of the four companies who remained in Canada." (*Mns. of the Historical Society of Quebec.*)

It will be asked, perhaps, if living at that time was easy. To this question I may answer, that the case was pretty much the same then as it is to-day; the lazy and the incapable lived in hardship, but the industrious and skilful earned a good livelihood; laborers received 40 sous a day, tradesmen half a crown to three francs, and there was no want of work either in town or country. Moreover, they could always turn their hands to agriculture; and then this is what happened—it is again Mother L'Incarnation who tells the story. "When a family begin to make a home," she writes, "it takes them two or three years to get enough to feed themselves, furniture, and an infinity of little things essential to the maintenance of a home; but, when once these difficulties are overcome, they commence to be at their ease, and if they have good behavior they become as rich in time as it is possible to be in a new country like this. At the outset, they live on their own grain, their own vegetables, and their hunting, which is abundant in winter. And to procure clothing and other domestic utensils, they make boards to cover the houses, and cut building timber, which they sell very dear. Having thus secured the necessaries, they begin to haste, and in that way get in by degrees."

As for the nobles and seigneurs, they lived by trade and the cultivation of their lands. For the last time, I shall cite the incomparable annalist to whom I have been so much indebted. Speaking of the forts on the Richelieu River, the Venerable Marie de L'Incarnation, writes as follows: "The forts which have been built on the Iroquois trail have remained with their garrisons; a good deal of clearing is being made, especially at the forts of Chambly and of Sorel. These gentlemen" (speaking of Captains de Chambly and de Sorel) "who are very honest people, intend to establish French colonists. They have oxen, cows and poultry; they have fine lakes, abounding in fish as well in winter as in summer, and

game is plentiful at all seasons. Roads are being made to communicate with each other, because the officers are putting up very fine houses for themselves, and doing well through the alliances which they have contracted with the families of the country."

To be truthful, I should here state that the nobles and seigneurs lived in much less comfort than the workmen and the farmers, because, either through pride or incapacity, they would not or could not turn their hands to farming, and because in general, they had little or no means.

There were a few exceptions, however, who courageously devoted themselves to the cultivation of the soil; even the ladies of their families helping them in their labors. "I have seen," wrote the Governor de Denonville, "two of the Misses de St. Ours working at the crops, and holding the handles of the plough."

Now, a parting souvenir of social life in Canada, and I close; it applies more particularly to the fashionable world. M. Chartier de Lotbiniére, wanting no doubt to celebrate his appointment to the office of judge at Quebec, gave a ball a month afterwards, and the *Journal des Jesuites*, which records the event, says on the subject: "On the 4th February, 1667, the first ball given in Canada was held at the Sieur. Chartier's. May God grant that there shall be no worse consequences."

From the foregoing rapid sketch of the government of the colony at the epoch which we have been considering, of the administration of justice, and of social life in Canada, several conclusions may be drawn:—

In the first place, it is unquestionable that, notwithstanding some faults, the governors, the intendant and the supreme council managed the affairs of New France with wisdom, prudence and zeal.

The law courts were as well organized as they could be, and let me note the fact, with honor to them, that justice was rendered with impartiality, and without costs. In extending my conclusions, with the assistance of my long and scrupulous researches, I can state that I have gone through the judicial registers of the country, and that I have ascertained from the criminal trials, taking the population into account, and comparing with the judicial statistics of our own days, that the moral standard of the early colonists was about the same as that of the present French-Canadian population of the Province of Quebec—one of the most moral peoples on this continent.

Quebec.

GABLE ENDS.

LITTLE KOSH-SHE-SHE-BOG-A-MOG.

Several times in the autumn of 1868, in our trips in the enchanting Muskoka region around Trading Lake, and in the neighboring rivers, we had seen in the distance a canoe containing an old Indian, and what appeared to be a little boy in the bow. We noticed, however, that as we approached, the old man would paddle away in a different direction, and in order to elude observation would hide himself behind some point of rocks in a bend in the river, or behind a clump of trees on the shore. His disinclination to come into contact with any member of our hunting party was so marked that we thought it right to respect it, and though now and again we observed him in the distance, we never got a near approach to him. Some of the guides surmised that he was the old chief of the remnant of the once famous tribe then dwindling into nothingness at Rama, on the banks of Lake Simcoe, and if this were so, doubtless the child with him was his great grandson, his lineal descendant, and named Kosh-She She-bog-a-mog. We were told that there was a great mystery attached to the birth and existence of this child, because rival factions and families in the tribe were from selfish ends interested in his being put out of the way, so that the large reservations of timber lands, granted to the tribe, might be sold, and that the Government bounties should be diverted from the rightful owners to pretenders or usurpers of the real chieftain's birthright.

The story attracted and added interest to the old man's movements, and especially to an incident that occurred one stormy evening just as darkness was setting over the lake. In the distance, across the water from the point on which we were encamped, we could see the old man bending vigorously at the paddle, shoving his canoe before the wind down the lake as fast as he could go. So late at night, in weather so threatening, and waves likely at any moment to submerge his frail craft, with wasted strength and a helpless child in the canoe—these were conditions that startled even the reckless guides; and the conjecture that something unusual had happened to justify such a journey by the old chieftain seemed well founded. He was soon lost to view in the distance, attempting to cross the lake to our side several miles below us. As we turned toward our great camp fire, which illumined the interior of the tent with a warm glow, and we imbibed the delicious odors of the sizzling bacon and trout that was being cooked for supper, we thought of the lonely old man, probably without food, and the hungry little boy that accompanied him.

"Some one has said that 'Comparison is the bottom of all philosophy'" remarked our sage President, "and surely the comparison between the lot of that old man and the young chief to-night, and the comforts we enjoy, ought to bring to us the philosophy of content."

It was a sententious remark, and set us all thinking, as we sat down to our bountifully spread table, in front of the tent and before the camp-fire. Soon we forgot the old Indian and his young ward in the comfort and satisfaction of our meal, and the incident of the day passed away, as in idle talk, song and story, we were grouped around the glowing embers, smoking the pipe of peace. It was nearly nine o'clock, and we had already begun to feel a delicious tendency to stretch on our hemlock beds, when suddenly one of the party exclaimed:—

"Hist boys, don't move 'till I get my rifle. There's a panther or a wild cat right in the trees above us. Don't move or you'll drive him away; and I can draw a bead on him, if I can get out my rifle."

Looking upward among the leaves illuminated by our camp-fire, sure enough a dark object could be discerned in the big maple tree. It was animate, for we could see it slowly moving, and our hearts were in our mouths for fear it would make a spring upon some of our party. While we were trying to make out its shape and size, our friend who had first discerned it, put his rifle to his shoulder and was about

to fire. Suddenly a gleam of light revealed to me a human face among the brilliant leaves, and with a sudden grasp of the rifle barrel, its aim was directed sideways amid the trees.

In an instant, at the loud report of the rifle, our astonishment was extreme to see the object let go its hold and fall headlong at our feet. What was our dismay to discover, that instead of being a wildcat or young bear, it was nothing less than a little Indian boy! His life had been saved by a miracle.

Gathering himself together, he raised himself to his knees, and stretched out his hands, exclaiming in tremulous tones: "Oh! no shoot more! Oh! no shoot more! I come down! I come down!"

One of the guides at that moment rushed forward, and said: "As sure as you live, it's little Kosh-She-She-bog-a-mog! I know by the scars on his neck which, it is said, are the marks of his uncle's fingers trying to choke him when he was a baby. How in thunder did he get here, and in that tree above the camp, without being seen?"

"I runned away from my grand-dad," exclaimed the little Indian. "He had no bread and no fish. I was hungry. I saw your fire on the shore and thought I could get some food. I ran long edge of de river, and when I got here was frightened at de dogs. I climbed de big hemlock with branches near the ground, and got from limb to limb, till I was over the fire. Oh! do not shoot again. I am hungry!"

That was an appeal that did not go to our hearts in vain. We gave him some bread and bacon, a cup of warm tea, for the water was being heated for our bedtime toddy, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing our guest taking on an expression of content that only a hungry child perfectly satisfied assumes.

We tried to engage him in conversation, and even to get his name, so as to make sure of his identity, but to everything we asked him, the response was: "Me do not know!" or, a grunt of satisfaction at anything we showed him. We sang a lot of songs for his amusement, and a hymn or two that we knew was familiar to the Indians, and he was greatly interested; and finally urging him to sing, he broke out in a plaintive little monotone, something like the following:

"I go,—I go
To my home,—To my home,
I know,—I know
He will come,—He will come."

Repeating this in a comfortable corner of the tent, he dropped to sleep; and covering him up with a blanket and letting the flaps of the canvas fall, so as to protect him from the midnight air, we all turned in to dream of the strange and weird incident of the day. My last thought was one of gratitude that the aim of my friend with his rifle had been wide of its mark, for we might have had on our hands the blood of the future chief of the Chippewas.

Waking early in the morning for a deer hunt, we were surprised to find our little guest had fled, having crept out unobserved, and doubtless by this time was with his old guardian, perhaps being soundly berated for his escapade.

Curiosity prompted further enquiry regarding the young scion of the headship of a once influential tribe of men and warriors, and it was found that a feud really existed regarding the proprietorship of lands, valuable because of the timber limits thereupon; and that, to save the rightful heir from the machinations of his enemies, the old Indian chief had kept him concealed for two summers in the far-away woods of Trading Lake.

Years after, in Ottawa, the seat of the Dominion Government, it was my good fortune to be invited to witness a conference between representatives of Indian tribes and that prince among noblemen, Lord Lansdowne. A group of Indians had come to talk to the representative of the great Queen about being transferred to fields less civilized, with more game and better adapted for Indian life. Among the speeches made on that occasion by the red men, that which attracted attention by its eloquence and pathos, was from the young chief of the Chippewas. A lithe and handsome Indian, of perhaps twenty-five summers, was pointed out to me as the eloquent pleader for his race, and going up to him, I held out my hand. He took it slowly, looking into my face in a reserved and stern manner. But when I said, "You are Kosh-She-She-bog-a-mog. I covered you with my blanket one

night at Trading Lake, when you narrowly escaped being shot," he grasped my hand, and said, "Good. I never forgot. The great Father saved me, to save my people. When we get to our new hunting grounds, come to us, and you shall have the best in the hut of Kosh-She-She-bog-a-mog."

ERASTUS WIMAN.

Staten Island, N. Y.,
October, 1894.

BOOK NOTICES.

Popular Natural History. By W. J. Gordon, author of "Our Country's Birds," "How London Lives," etc. London: The Religious Tract Society; Toronto: The Copp Clark Co., Ltd. 256 pp.

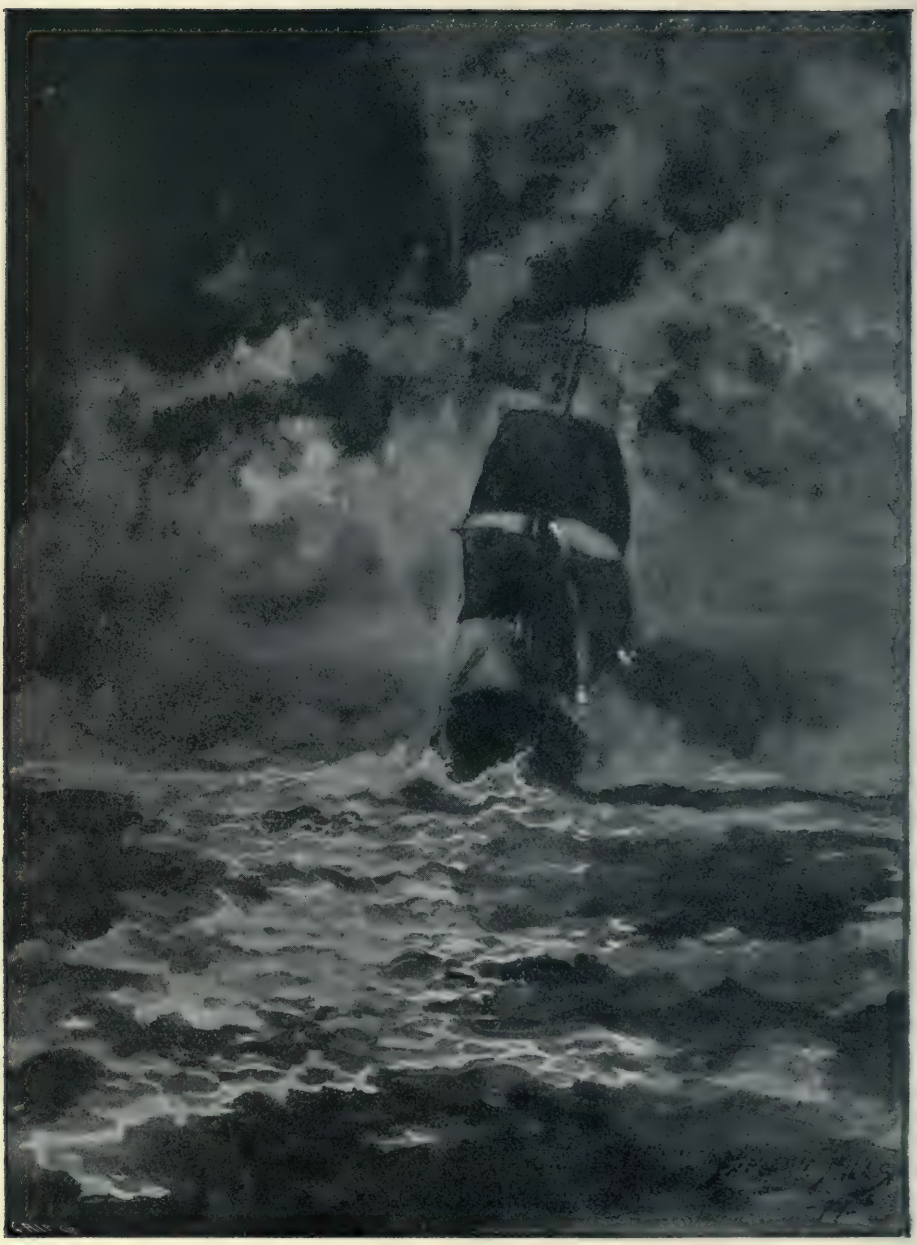
This admirable treatise is modestly described by the author as a work on popular natural history for boys and girls; but even the most cursory glance through its pages suffices at once to show that its character is such as will make it both interesting and instructive in a high degree to that large class of intelligent and cultivated people who, while interested, as most people are, in natural history, have not given the attention to it which a special student of the subject invariably gives. Even to those who have made at some time or other a special study of zoology, the work is valuable for reference at least. and perhaps, too, as containing much that is new and up to the most recent discover es in zoology. In fact, the work is popular in the highest degree, while at the same time it fulfils all the demands that in such a work could be made for methodical treatment of the subject The general plan of the work is comp ehensive and this comprehensiveness is shown in every page. The author not only deals with great perspicacity with the relations of one species to others of the same family, but connects the particular living representatives with allied species of past geological ages. Mingled with the science in a happy manner are incidents and stories relating to the habits or intelligence of different animals, and the interest to the reader, young or old, never flags. The work is handsomely printed and bound, and is illustrated with eighty-six excellent plates. A glossary of scientific terms used in the work is also given. M.

With what pride would James Lick, were he alive, regard Volume III. of the publications of his Observatory! This volume which is now being distributed throughout the world, is certain to become a classic, at least in so far as regards lunar and spectroscopic work, very material portions of its contents being given up to these subjects. Profusely illustrated by the heliogravure, phototype, autotype and lithographic processes, it is a work of high art as well as a record of discovery and results attending upon expert observation and photography. Fifteen of the plates (some of them of the most exquisite character) are from negatives of the Moon taken with the 36-inch telescope. From these and other negatives, drawings, on various scales, of portions of the lunar surface have been made by that eminent astronomer and most excellent artist, Professor Weinek, Ph. D., Sc. D.. of Prague, to whom the originals were sent by Dr. Edward S. Holden, the Director of the Observatory, under whose immediate supervision they were made. The volume contains views of The Mare Crisium, the Apennines, and Mountains Langrenus, Vendilimus, Petavius, Archimedes, Arzachel, Copernicus, Tycho, Capella and Taruntius (c). The portion relative to spectroscopy is contributed by Professor James E. Keeler, D. Sc., Director of the Observatory at Allagheny. Pa., and for some years a member of the Lick Staff. Professor Keller's paper is of absorbing interest, and will long remain a monument to the patience and skill with which he conducted his spectroscopic observations of planetary nebulæ, observations which made him famous by the discovery of the motion in space of nebulæ in the line of sight, a motion in many instances which he was able to determine in miles per second. Altogether, the volume is a vindication of the founding of the Observatory and the placing of its interests, and the reputation it was to make, in the hands of Dr. Holden. G. E. L.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

The chief astronomical event to occur in November is the transit of the Sun's disc, on the 10th, by the planet Mercury. So far as the Earth is concerned, the only planets which can cross the solar line of sight are Venus and Mercury. The transits of Venus, which are comparatively rare, and occur in pairs at regular intervals, possess a scientific value of a high order. The transits of Mercury occur much more often and at irregular intervals, and possess little value, though they are carefully observed at every astronomical station from which they are visible. There have been already thirteen transits during the century, but the one on the 10th will be more interesting, in s me respects, than most of those which have preceded it. This will be largely due to the fact that, instead of crossing a small portion of the solar face, as sometimes happens, Mercury will transit very near to the solar centre, so that the planet will be on the Sun nearly five hours ; and to the further fact that, weather permitting, the whole of the phenomenon will be visible from all parts of the American continent. At the time of the transit, the diameter of the Sun will be nealy thirty-two and one-half minutes of arc, while that of Mercury will be nearly ten seconds of arc, or 190th that of the Sun, so that the planet must be looked for with a telescope of some power, though, if the conditions be extremely favorable, it may be visible as a minute round black spot even in ordinary spy-glasses. Every one who can should try at least to catch a glimpse of the planet, as the coming transit is the last that can occur before November, 12th, 1907. The times of contact have been especially calculated for Toronto by Mr. Thomas Lindsay of The Astronomical and Physical Society, as follows: first external contact, 10.55'43" a.m. ; first internal contact, 10.57'22" a.m. ; last internal contact, 4 11'50" p. m. ; last external contact, 4 13'29" p. m. Those who have the instrumental means of determining the positions, should point their telescopes at that portion of the solar limb which is 98 degrees from the North point towards the East, or 116 degrees from the vertex towards the left for the direct image. However, as astronomical eye-pieces will, in most instances, be used, and as these invert the image, it may be added that observers should keep their eyes directed to a small arc about 20 degrees below the centre of the upper right-hand quadrant of the solar limb. Mr. Lindsay's calculations are based upon the elements found in the British Nautical Almanac, which gives results nearly thirty-seven seconds later than those predicted in the American Nautical Almanac Observers should have their time-pieces correct to the second, if possible, and should take the instant something is seen to touch the sharp edge of the Sun. We say "something" because the planet itself will not be visible until it begins to encroach on the solar limb. The time of external contact means the instant the edge of the planet shows on that of the Sun ; the time of internal contact means the instant the whole of the planet is within the edge of the Sun. It is important that these instants should be noted with absolute accuracy. *Popular Astronomy* suggests that astronomers should "watch carefully to see if, as it enters upon and leaves the disc of the Sun, the planet is encircled by a ring of light, and if, when fully on the disc, it is surrounded by a narrow dusky fringe. These, if seen, would be evidence of an extensive atmosphere upon the planet." Also, "The best way for most to observe it (the transit) will probably be by projecting the sun's image on a white screen. Such a screen may be made of white card-board and fastened a foot or more back of the eye-piece by means of a wire-frame. By proper focusing, a very sharp image of the Sun, from six inches to a foot in diameter, may be obtained even with a very small telescope or spy-glass."

During November, Mars and Jupiter will be the most interesting planetary objects. Both already afford opportunities for many hours of profitable study. G.E.L.



MOONLIGHT ON THE THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE.

THE

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HENRY DAVID THOREAU*

BY GEORGE STEWART, D.C.L., LL.D.

THOUGH thirty years have passed away since Henry Thoreau died, his books are still largely read. New editions are constantly called for, and since his death we have been favored with four posthumous volumes, in the shape of extracts from his journals. The last of the series, entitled "Autumn," has only recently appeared, and, like its predecessors, "Spring," "Summer" and "Winter," it contains much of the author's personality, and is, in a word, autobiographical. In 1877, I published a tract on the writings of Emerson, in which, by the way, there were some allusions to Thoreau, which the Seer of Concord felt were not altogether just. He wrote me that the estimate which I had formed of his friend pained him, and he added:

"Thoreau was a superior genius. I read his books and manuscripts always with new surprise at the range of his topics, and the novelty and depth of his thought. A man of large reading, of quick perception, of great practical courage and ability,—who grew greater every day, and, had his short life been prolonged, would have found few equals to the power and wealth of his mind. By the death recently, in Bangor, Maine, of his sister, Miss Sophia Thoreau, his manuscripts (which fill a large trunk), have been bequeathed to H. G. O. Blake, Esq., of Worcester, Mass., one of his best friends, and who, I doubt not, will devote himself to the care and publication of some of these treasures."

Four years after this, Mr. Blake began the publication of these manuscripts, the first volume being concerned with Early Spring in Massachusetts. The book at once made its way, and the editor felt encouraged to add the other seasons to the list.

Thoreau was descended from an ancient French family. His father, a maker of lead pencils, emigrated to America, from the Island of Guernsey, early in the present century. Henry was born in Concord, Mass., on the 12th of July, 1817. He went to Harvard University, was graduated there, but failed to take a degree, or earn any especial distinction as a scholar. After leaving college, in company with his brother, he taught school.

*1 Thoreau's Works, including Extracts from his Journals.
2. Excursions by H. D. Thoreau, with biographical sketch by Ralph Waldo Emerson.
3. Thoreau: His Life and Aims; by H A. Page. (Dr. A. H. Japp.)
4. Henry D. Thoreau; by F. B. Sanborn.
5. Thoreau: A Glimpse; a paper read before the Unity Club, Ann Arbor, Michigan.
6. Thoreau; by James Russell Lowell.
7. A Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson; by James Elliott Cabot
8 Transcendentalism in New England; by Octavius Brooks Frothingham.

But teaching was distasteful to him, and he entered his father's establishment, and applied himself diligently for a while to the art of making lead-pencils. He believed in his own mind that he could make a better lead-pencil than was then in use, and he actually proved as good as his word. He took his work to Boston, showed it to the chemists there, obtained their certificates as to the value and excellence and quality of his pencils, and then he returned home, not to make more of them, but to renounce the craft altogether. His friends rallied around him, and told him how fortunate he was, and what a fine prospect in the way of money-getting lay before him. But Henry astonished them all by saying that he would never make another pencil as long as he lived. "Why should I," said he; "I would not do again what I have done once." So it was, and he left the factory, and went on with his studies, which were of a miscellaneous sort, and took long walks in the silent woods. He loved solitude for its own sake, and when he wanted a companion, he preferred an Indian. The nature of the man forbade intimacy. He was often invited out, and dinner-party invitations were frequently sent to him, but he declined them all. He would not go to dinners because he imagined that he would be in somebody's way, and he failed to see how he could meet the guests to any purpose. "They make their pride," he said, "in making their dinner cost much; I make my pride in making my dinner cost little." Once or twice he yielded to pressure, and accepted the invitation to dine. When asked at table what dish he preferred, he answered, "the nearest." Of course, such a man was better alone, or with his good Indian, roaming through the forest and communing with nature. He never used tobacco, but in his youth he sometimes smoked dried lily stems—this in his æsthetic days, and long before he was a man. Afterwards, in speaking of these lily stems, he said: "I have never smoked anything more noxious."

The first number of the *Dial*—Margaret Fuller's paper, and the organ of the Transcendentalists,—was published in July, 1840. It was a quarterly, and its aims were high, and its policy was independent and courageous. The initial issue contained contributions by Emerson, Miss Fuller, George Ripley, C. P. Cranch, Bronson Alcott, John S. Dwight, afterwards editor of the *Journal of Music*, Theodore Parker, W. H. Channing, and Thoreau. The latter wrote for it his poem on "Sympathy." Among his other contributions to this serial, were the papers on the Natural History of Massachusetts, and translations from Pindar and Æschylus. He was a good Greek, and his renderings are creditable to his scholarship and poetic skill. In the first volume of the *Dial* there appeared three of his pieces; in the second, he published two; in the third, sixteen, and in the fourth, five. Thoreau may be said to have made his first appearance as a writer in the pages of this magazine. He was only 23 years of age when "Sympathy" came out, and it was promptly recognized as a poem of singular beauty. His first prose production, and reprinted as the first paper in "Excursions," was originally published in the third volume of the *Dial*. The fourth volume contained his "Walk in Winter," one of his masterpieces. Emerson encouraged Thoreau to write, introduced him to literature, and gave him charge of the third number of the third volume of the *Dial*. The two friends met in 1837, and the death of Thoreau, in 1862, only closed the friendship. In 1841, Thoreau became an inmate of Emerson's home, and remained there two years. They worked in the garden together, and Thoreau grafted the trees of the orchard. In 1847, during Emerson's absence in England, he kept the homestead at Concord.

Cabot, in his memoir of Emerson remarks; "Thoreau had a grave measured way of speaking, and a carriage of the head which reminded one of Emerson, and seemed like unconscious imitation. And in his writing, there is often something that suggests this. Emerson always denied the imitation, and declared Thoreau to be the most independent and original of men. Yet the coincidence in manner, perhaps, interfered with his doing entire justice to Thoreau's peculiar quality. In his biographical sketch he extols Thoreau's practical abilities, his accomplishments as a naturalist, surveyor, and woodsman, praises his wit, and has a good word for his poems, but says not a word of that by which he will be remembered,—that flavor of the wild woods, or at least of unkempt nature, which he imparts."

And, says Emerson: "I told H. T. that his freedom is in the form, but he does not disclose new matter. I am familiar with all his thoughts; they are mine, quite originally dressed. But if the question be what new ideas he has thrown into circulation, he has not yet told what that is which he was created to say." In a somewhat cynical way, Lowell describes Thoreau as "a pistillate plant kindled to fruitage by the Emersonian pollen." But, of course, it was no easy task to resist the overpowering influence of the greater mind, which controlled Margaret Fuller and Nathaniel Hawthorne, strong-headed as those geniuses were. George William Curtis thought that Thoreau's knowledge was original. "He has a fine ear, and a sharp eye in the woods and fields; and he added to his knowledge the wisdom of the most ancient times and of the best literature." It was, perhaps, Thoreau's misfortune as well as his advantage, that he lived as the contemporary and associate of Emerson. He learned to think like him. They talked of the same themes. They read the same books, and they rambled together through the same haunts. The Emersonian color tinges many of the writings of Thoreau, consciously or unconsciously. Lowell, in his "Fable for Critics," shows how public opinion ran in the year '48, though it must be confessed that Lowell was not a sympathetic guide. He wrote:

"There comes—for instance; to see him's rare sport,
Tread in Emerson's tracks with legs painfully short;
How he jumps, how he strains, and gets red in the face,
To keep step with the mystagogue's natural pace!
He follows as close as a stick to a rocket,
His fingers exploring the prophet's each pocket.
Fie, for shame, brother bard; with good fruit of your own,
Can't you let neighbor Emerson's orchards alone?"

The great event in Thoreau's life occurred in 1845, when he seceded from the world, and went to live by the shores of Walden Pond, and built himself a frame house, with his own hands. For two years he lived in solitude, devoting himself to study, the investigation of the habits of animals, natural history pursuits, and the performance of such labor as he deemed necessary. The story of that adventure is curious. He had nothing when he began it, save a borrowed axe, which he obtained from Alcott, and a few dollars in money. He was a squatter in every sense of the word. He settled on somebody's land, cut down a few pines, hewed timber, and bought an old shanty, for the sake of the boards, from James Collins, an Irish laborer on the adjacent Fitchburg Railroad. At the raising of his house boards, he was assisted by Emerson, George William Curtis, and other friends. He began building in the spring. By the opening of winter, as the result of his own labor, he had secured a tight, shingled and plastered house, 10 feet wide by 15 feet long, and 8 feet posts, with a garret and a closet, a large window on each side, two trap doors, one door at the end, and a brick fire-place opposite. The cost of this establishment is thus set down by the builder himself, and his remarks on the same appear in the margin:

Boards	$8.03½	—Mostly shanty boards.
Refuse shingles for roof and sides	4.00	
Laths	1.25	
Two second-hand windows with glass	2.43	
One thousand old brick	4.00	
Two casks lime	2.40	—That was high.
Hair	0.31	—More than I needed.
Mantle tree, iron	0.15	
Nails	3.90	
Hinges and screws	0.14	
Latch	0.10	
Chalk	0.01	
Transportation	1.40	—I carried a good part on my back.
In all	$28.12½	

Rather a moderate price for a house, and, adds the builder, "these are all the material, excepting the timber, stones, and sand, which I claimed by squatter's right. I have also a small small wood-shed adjoining, made chiefly of the stuff which was left after building the house."

Now let us look a little into our hermit's family expenses, or housekeeping account, to speak more correctly. His wants were few, and he lived economically, but how many of us would be content to go and do likewise? This is the record which he has left:—

By surveying, carpentry, and day labor of various other kinds in the village, in the meanwhile, for I have as many trades as fingers, I had earned $13.34. The expense of food for eight months, namely, from July 4 to March 1, the time when these estimates were made, though I lived there more than two years—not counting potatoes, a little green corn, and some peas which I had raised, nor considering the value of what was on hand at the last date, was:—

Rice	$1.73½	
Molasses	1.73	—Cheapest form of Saccharine.
Rye Meal	1.04¾	
Indian Meal	0.99¾	—Cheaper than Rye.
Pork	0.22	
Flour	0.88	—Cost more than Indian Meal, both money, and trouble.
Sugar	0.80	—All experiments which failed.
Lard	0.65	
Apples	0.25	
Dried Apples	0.22	
Sweet Potatoes	0.10	
One Pumpkin	0.06	
One Water Melon	0.02	
Salt	0.03	

Yes, I did eat $8.74, all to'd; but I should not thus unblushingly publish my guilt, if I did not know that most of my readers were equally guilty with myself, and that their deeds would look no better in print. The next year, I sometimes caught a mess of fish for my dinner, and once I went so far as to slaughter a wood-chuck which ravaged my bean-field,—effect his transmigration, as a Tartar would say, and devour him, partly for experiment's sake; but though it afforded me a momentary enjoyment, notwithstanding a musky flavor, I saw that the longest use would not make that a good practice, however it might seem to have your wood-chucks ready-dressed by the village butcher.

Clothing and some incidental expenses within the same dates, though little can be inferred from this item, amounted to	$8.40¾
Oil, and some household utensils	2.00

So that all the pecuniary out-goes, excepting for washing and mending, which, for the most part, were done out of the house, and their bills have not yet been received, and these are all and more than all the ways by which money necessarily goes out in this part of the world, were:—

House	$28.12½
Farm, one year	14.72½
Food, 8 months	8.74
Clothing, &c., 8 months	8.40¾
Oil, &c.	2.00
In all	$69.99¾

I address myself now to those of my readers who have a living to get, and to meet this, I have for

Farm produce, sold	$23.44
Earned by day-labor	13.34
In all	$36.78

which, subtracted from the sum of the out-goes, leaves a balance of $25.21¾ on the inside,—this being very nearly the means with which I started, and the measure of expenses to be incurred—and on the other, beside the leisure and independence and health thus secured, a comfortable house for me, as long as I chose to occupy it.

His life at Walden Pond was very pleasant to him, and he made the most of it. Every natural fact which he discovered, and he found out very many, was a constant source of delight. "He was no pedant of a department," writes Emerson, "his eye was open to beauty, and his ear to music. He found these, not in rare conditions, but wheresoever he went. He thought the best of music was in single strains; and he found poetic suggestion in the humming of the telegraph wire." And Alcott says of him, about this time: "He united the qualities of the sylvan and human in a more remarkable manner than any whom it has been my happiness to know. Lover of the wild, he lived a borderer on the confines of civilization, jealous of the least encroachment upon his possessions. He came nearer the

antique spirit than any of our native poets, and touched the fields and groves and streams of his native town, with a classic interest that shall not fade." And again, says the same writer: "His presence was tonic, like ice water in dog days to the parched citizen pent in chambers and under brazen ceilings. Welcome as the gurgle of brooks and dipping of pitchers, —then drink and be cool! There was in him sod and shade, wilds and waters manifold,—the mould and mist of earth and sky. Self-poised and sagacious as any denizens of the elements, he had the key to every animal's brain, every plant; and were an Indian to flower forth and reveal the scents hidden in his cranium, it would not be more surprising than the speech of Sylvanus." William Ellery Channing thus describes his personal appearance: "In height he was about the average; in his build, spare with limbs that were rather larger than usual, or of which he made a longer use. His face, once seen, could not be forgotten: the features quite marked, the nose aquiline, or very Roman, like one of the portraits of Cæsar (more like a beak, as was said), large overhanging brows above the deepest set blue eyes that could be seen—blue in certain lights, and in others, grey—eyes expressing all shades of feeling, but never weak or near-sighted; the forehead not unusually broad or high, full of concentrated energy and purpose; the mouth, with prominent lips, pursed up with meaning and thought when shut, and giving out when open a stream of the most varied and unusual and instructive sayings. His hair was a dark brown, exceedingly abundant, fine and soft, and for several years he wore a comely beard. His whole figure had an active earnestness, as if he had not a moment to waste. The clenched hand betokened purpose. In walking, he made a short cut if he could, and when sitting in the shade or by the wall-side, seemed merely the clearer to look forward into the next piece of activity. Even in the boat he had a wary, transitory air, his eyes on the look-out; perhaps there might be ducks, or the Blondin turtle, or an otter, or sparrow. He was a plain man in his features and dress,—one who could not be mistaken, and this kind of plainness is not out of keeping with beauty. He sometimes went as far as homeliness, which, again, even if there be a prejudice against it, shines out at times beyond a vulgar beauty."

Thoreau quitted his hut in two years' time. He exhausted its special advantages, and then abandoned it to its fate. By living as he did, he proved certain things, made discoveries, and studied fresh subjects. These aims accomplished, he turned his back on the hermitage, and went home to civilization and taxes. He went to Walden Pond because he was ready to go. He left it for the same reason. The little odd house can no longer be seen. It has disappeared entirely, and the site is now occupied by the sumac and the pine. Of course, the locality remains historic, and the Concord people still love to escort visitors to Thoreau's old haunt, and tell the quaint story of his wilderness life at "blue-eyed Walden."

He returned to town in 1847. One day he received a tax-bill. He did not like it. He found fault with the way in which the public funds were being administered and expended, and he told the tax-gatherer that he could not conscientiously pay a tax which was obnoxious to him. Emerson hastened to the prison as soon as he heard of the arrest of his friend, and called to him from the cell-door: "Henry, Henry, why are you here?" And from the darkness issued the response: "Why are you *not* here?" John Burroughs, who finds much in Thoreau's character to admire, thought poorly of this episode in his career, and called his conduct "grotesque and melodramatic." But the hermit was in real earnest, and believed firmly in the position which he had taken. A

friend, much against Thoreau's will, paid the tax-bill, and the prisoner was turned out of jail. The friendly act caused much annoyance to the naturalist, and he did not scruple to say so. But there was no help for it. He had spent one day and one night in durance. The experience, we find recorded in his book. He writes:

"As I stood considering the walls of solid stone, two or three feet thick, the door of wood and iron, a foot thick, and the iron grating which strained the light, I could not help being struck with the foolishness of that institution which treated me as if I were mere flesh and blood and bones, to be locked up. I wondered that it should have concluded at length that this was the best use to put me to, and had never thought to avail itself of my services in any way. I saw that if there was a stone wall between me and my townsmen, there was a still more difficult one to climb or break through before they could get to be as free as I was. I did not for a moment feel confined, and the walls seemed a great waste of stone and mortar. I felt as if I alone, of all my townsmen, had paid my tax. They plainly did not know how to treat me, but behaved like persons who are underbred. In every threat, and in every compliment, there was a blunder, for they thought that my chief desire was to stand on the other side of that stone wall. I could not but smile to see how industriously they locked the door on my meditations, which followed them out again without let or hindrance, and they were really all that was dangerous. As they could not reach me, they had resolved to punish my body; just as boys, if they cannot come at any person at whom they have a grudge, will abuse his dog."

When he entered the prison, he found his fellow-prisoners enjoying a social chat. Salutations were exchanged between the new-comer and the jail-birds, and soon after this, the turnkey said pleasantly: "Come, boys, it is time to lock up." The men and half-grown lads filed off to their cells, and Thoreau was introduced to his room-mate—"a first-rate fellow and a clever man," as the jailor called him He appeared to be at home in the place, and kindly pointed out to the hermit the peg on which he might hang his hat. After a while, the two became very friendly with each other, and the man told Thoreau he had been put in the "lock-up" on the charge of burning a barn, but that he was innocent of the deed. "I pumped my fellow-prisoner as dry as I could," says our author, "for fear I should never see him again, but at length he showed me which was my bed, and left me to blow out the light."

His further impressions are thus detailed:

"It was like travelling into a far country, such as I had never expected to behold, to lie there for one night. It seemed to me that I had never heard the town clock strike before, nor the evening sounds of the village, for we slept with the windows open, which were inside the grating. It was to see my native village in the light of the Middle Ages; and our Concord was turned into a Rhine stream, and visions of knights and castles passed before me. They were the voices of the old burghers that I heard in the streets. I was an involuntary spectator and auditor of whatever was done and said in the kitchen of the adjacent village inn—a wholly new and rare experience to me. It was a closer view of my native town. I was fairly inside it. I had never seen its institutions before. * * * * In the morning our breakfasts were put through the hole in the door, in small, oblong, square tin pans, made to fit, and holding a pint of chocolate, with brown bread, and an iron spoon. When they called for the vessels again, I was green enough to return what bread I had left, but my comrade seized it, and said that I should lay that up for a lunch or dinner."

In this light and airy fashion, he goes on, and tells the whole story of his incarceration, and explains, by the way, that there was no particular item in his tax-bill which he had refused to pay. He had never declined to pay the highway tax, because he was as desirous of excelling as a good neighbor, as he was of appearing before the authorities as a bad subject. Next year, the question came up again. Thoreau firmly declined to pay the tax, and the good offices of a friend were called into requisition. The same performance was enacted for some years after this, when, finally, Thoreau, who probably saw that his spirit of independence did not quite harmonize with the line of conduct he was pursuing in the matter, and fearing lest he was becoming in earnest a burden to his friends, ceased to offer resistance to the law, and paid the tax.

If he had lived in England in Hampden's and in Wilkes' time, he would probably have sided with those men in their views. He was an extreme radical, and an uncompromising opponent of every form of government.

He had as much fight in him as Wendell Phillips had in his young and

lusty days, and was never so happy as when arrayed against strong men and stronger isms. In our time, when radicalism has become a force, and is no longer regarded as a crime; when its leaders have developed into administrators of departments in the public service, and have helped to carry on the great affairs of State in the government of countries, Thoreau, even with modified opinions, would not be looked upon as an attainted man. In his day, he was an Abolitionist, and sternly opposed to all tariffs, and every variety of slavery, political as well as human. The traffic in the black man, which disgraced his country, was an abomination which he could not denounce in terms of sufficient severity. He joined the anti-slavery party, when to do so was to incur the bitter hatred of many good men. Thoreau did not care. He felt a burst of sympathy tugging at his heart when old John Brown succumbed to the tap of authority on his shoulder. The hero was arrested, and Thoreau felt the mad, radical rebellious blood in his veins, warming every pulse and fibre and burning into his brain like a flame. He sent out notices to nearly every house in Concord, and told the people that he would speak on the great question in the public hall on Sunday evening, and he invited all to come and hear him. Even the Abolitionist Committee trembled at his daring, and the Republican Committee felt a sinking at the heart. They put their heads together, and advised Henry Thoreau not to be too premature in the matter. It was not advisable to speak publicly of John Brown and his character and condition. The time was not ripe, they thought, just yet. They counselled delay; wait, they all said. But Thoreau, roused to white heat, said no. Not speak next Sunday night, and the people mad to hear the story of John Brown? And so he sent to the trembling committee men this message: "I did not ask you for advice, but announced that I would speak." And speak he did, and the hall had never before held such an audience as he addressed on that memorable occasion. The crowds came from far and near, and Thoreau's earnest eulogy of the old martyr of Harper's Ferry was listened to with a sympathy and a respect which surprised the Abolitionists themselves. Some of them took courage from this exhibition, and Thoreau's speech was the first gun fired in Concord in behalf of the black man's cause.

Among other things which he said on that night, were these: "I am here to plead his cause with you. I plead, not for his life, but his character, his immortal life; and so it becomes your cause wholly, and not his in the least. I see now that it was necessary that the bravest and humanest man in the country should be hanged. Perhaps he saw it himself. *I almost fear* that I may yet hear of his deliverance, doubting if a prolonged life, if any life, can do as much good as his death." And, after John Brown had been hanged, Thoreau said, feelingly and tenderly:—

> "On the day of his translation, I heard, to be sure, that he was hung, but I did not know what that meant; I felt no sorrow on that account; but not for a day, or two did I even *hear* that he was *dead*, and not after any number of days shall I believe it. Of all the men who were said to be my contemporaries, it seemed to me that John Brown was the only one who *had not died*. I never hear of a man named Brown now—and I hear of them pretty often,—I never hear of any particularly brave and earnest man, but my first thought is of John Brown, and what relation he may be to him. I meet him at every turn. He is more alive than he ever was. He has earned immortality. He is not confined to North Elba nor to Kansas. He is no longer working in secret. He works in public, in the clearest light that shines in this land."

Thoreau lacked geniality and sunniness of disposition, charms which never fail to win friends and lovers. He had too much acid in his nature, and he did not always succeed in keeping the acid out of his books. He was a bookish man as well as a naturalist. The animals of the brush possessed more of his heart than the men he met in the streets, or the women at whose homes he dropped in now and then,

for a talk. Yet, cold as he was to people, he contrived to be happy. "I love my fate to the core," he used to say. Even when he lay dying of that dread disease, consumption, he feebly murmured to one at his bedside: "You ask particularly after my health. I *suppose* I have not many months to live, but, of course, know nothing about it. I may say that I am enjoying existence as much as ever, and regret nothing."

As a writer of books, Thoreau must always occupy an acknowledged place in American letters. He wrote a dozen medium-sized volumes. They show a wealth of observation, some satire, a certain dry humor, much force of character, and a clear insight into human affairs and nature. He wrote pretty much as he talked, thought often while on his feet, and some of the acutest things in his works were composed during the long walks which he took in the country. "The length of his walks uniformly made the length of his writing," as was once said. Some of his writings are rather extravagant in tone, and he measured everything by a rule of his own which recognized Concord as the centre of the universe. A pleasant book of his is *The Week*, which is really a record of a journey along the banks of the Concord and Merrimack rivers, which was taken by the author and his brother in the month of August, 1839. They sailed about in a boat which was built by themselves after a model of their own design, and at night they camped out on the shore. The book is full of their adventures, by land and water, and contains many excellent bits of descriptive writing, strengthened by philosophical dissertations and interesting studies in botany and in literature. *Walden*, which treats of life in the woods in an enjoyable and reflective way, ranks next. It tells the story of Thoreau's own career in the woods, and on that account, as well as from its value as an authority on certain aspects of New England civilization, it is likely to be oftener read and quoted than any of his other books. *A Yankee in Canada* is worth dipping into, though it does not exhibit Thoreau at his best. He failed to get much of himself into it. Still, it has humor. The author visited Canada in 1850, and the greater part of the journey was made on foot. His luggage consisted of a small parcel, containing a few articles which were indispensable to his comfort on the way. *Excursions*, *The Maine Woods*, *Letters*, *Cape Cod*, and the four volumes of *Journals*, complete the list of Thoreau's writings. He had the feeling and the imagination of the poet, and was familiar with the English singers from Elizabeth's time to the Victorian age. Milton he read with great affection, and, as we have said, a pleasure of his was to translate gems from Simonides, Pindar and Æschylus, One poem of his own, on "Smoke," Emerson said, suggested Simonides, though it was better than any poem of Simonides. Sanborn, Thoreau's biographer, lets us into the secret of his hero's manner as a poet. "It was his habit to compose a couplet or a quatrain, or other short metrical expression, copy it in his journal, and afterward, when these verses had grown to a considerable number, to arrange them in the form of a single piece. This gives to his poems the epigrammatic air which most of them have." But few of his poems remain, most of them having, at Emerson's request, been destroyed.

Since St. Francis of Assisi's time, the animals and fish have had no warmer friend than Thoreau. The fish swam to him at a sign, allowed him to take them from the water, and often they lay in the palm of his hand, as if asleep. Snakes coiled about his legs, and caressed his arms, all the while showing evidence of their affection and friendliness. The woodchucks permitted him to pull them out of

the holes by their tails, and the frightened fox sought his help from the pursuing huntsmen. Fuller used to say of Butler, that "either he had told the bees things or the bees had told him." Of Thoreau, the same may be said. He was on confidential terms with the whole animal kingdom. He knew so much about plants that he could tell at a glance how long such and such a specimen had been in bloom, and the precise date on which the others near at hand would yield their flowers. He kept a diary, and in it he carefully jotted down certain data regarding the various plants round about, and often he used to read from its pages the names of those that would blossom on such and such a day. He had so much confidence in his knowledge of this department of culture that he thought that if he should at any time awake suddenly from a trance in the swamp he knew so well, he could tell by the plants what time of the year it was, within at least two days. He knew perfectly all the notes which the birds uttered, and his memory was so good that, as rapidly as the twitterings sounded over his head in the trees, he named the author without hesitation. He would sit still for hours on a rock, waiting for the reptile, the fish, and the bird, to come back and resume the habits which had been interrupted by his dropping in among them. He never went for a stroll without his old music-book under his arm to press plants in. He always carried his diary and pencil, his spy-glass for birds, his jack-knife, ball of twine and microscope. His outfit comprised, usually, a straw hat, a pair of stout shoes, a pair of strong grey trousers, a thick shirt, and a coarse coat. "If you have any enterprise before you," he was wont to remark, "try it in your old clothes." He lived mostly alone, never married, never went to church, never voted, ate no flesh, drank no wine, and scorned the use of tobacco. He was abstemious to a fault, eschewed the use of a gun, and never used a trap in his life. He was, like Emerson, an idealist, though he went further than the philosopher in most things. He cared nothing for money, loved hard work, and abhorred idleness. He was often aggressive and self-assertive. He had few wants to supply, and his habits were thrifty. He built boats, planted, grafted, made fences, and surveyed, working when he had to work, and in his leisure hours studying nature, after the manner we have described.

"I shall leave the world," he said to Alcott, not long before he died, "without regret." When death came he was ready to meet it. On the 6th of May, 1862, he passed quietly away, amid general sorrow, and was buried at Sleepy Hollow, the village cemetery of Concord.

ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE D'ARLES, EXTERIOR.

SPORT IN TROUBADOUR LAND.

BY ROBERT T. MULLIN.

DURING a pilgrimage in the south of France, we had an opportunity of witnessing that celebrated sport, the Provençal bull-fight. It was towards the end of April; the spring had gone, and already the earth was clad in the first fresh luxuriance of summer in that lovely land. The "*course de taureaux*" at which we were present, was the opening event of the season in the arena, and as such was to be a public fête of unusual importance. Six Spanish bulls had been imported for the occasion—three of which were pure-blooded Andalouse; the picadors were also imported Spaniards; all the feats of the Spanish ring were to be performed, *sauf la mise à mort*, as the hand-bills put it. The renowned *tambourinaires* of Provence were coming to entertain us with music, in which line the Philharmonic of Arles were also to assist, the whole by the permission and under the patronage of M. le Maire; and lastly, and by far the most unique feature of all to a Western mind, the affair was to take place in that vast and venerable structure of the Romans, the Amphitheatre of Arles, one of the largest and best preserved of the national monuments of France.

We were curious to hear and to see the *tambourinaires*. They arrived the night before the fete, and early next morning were abroad. We heard them first in the market-place of St. Trophime, and slowly they approached us, coming down the Rue l'Hôtel de Ville. The music was a mingling of flute notes with the humming of the tambourines; it was soft, clear, and inex-

pressibly sweet. In the musicians alone we were disappointed. We expected to see youth—the fairest in the South—silks, plumes, and love-locks. We saw instead eight or nine sunburnt sons of toil, grey and bent, and stepping stiffly along to the sound of their own melody. With the left hand each held a little flute, and with the right beat upon a long, antique-looking drum slung from the left arm. While the music was in our ears, we could not help thinking that they were, with their work-a-day looks, even picturesque. They passed—the notes of the quaint air came floating back shrilly—sweet music.

As the morning passed, the city took on a holiday look. Crowds came pouring in from all the country roads—every one was out The picadors were driven through the streets in an open carriage; the bulls were stabled at the Amphitheatre, and we tried to contain ourselves till the hour of opening.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon, and the weather—superb. The crowd was still pressing in when we found ourselves within the great enclosure. It was an animated scene. M. le Maire, with his lady and friends, had already arrived. His Worship, as Master of the Ceremonies, was accorded a station of honor at the right on the first row, immediately over the pit. A patriotic display of tricolor bunting above and around sheltered the gay party from the sun.

ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE D'ARLES, INTERIOR.

The military were out in full force. Warlike Zouaves, in their picturesque Arab dress, clambering here and there over the great stone seats; groups of officers; the flashing helmets of stray

cavalry men; the bright-colored dresses and parasols of the ladies, all added a pleasing diversity to the scene. Pretty mademoiselles were chattering on every side in their soft, musical tongue, or exhaling gaiety in their piquant way. Many, finding the seats in the immediate vicinity of the pit occupied, climbed up into those strange towers, built by the Saracen in the ninth century upon the outer walls of the amphitheatre, and soon every available space in the vast oval was taken up by a chattering, whistling, smoking, expectant multitude—a crowd such as the old arena sees but once a year.

The eye turns from the people to survey the noble arches which circle this great building. Black and weather-beaten, they stand out against the blue sky in sombre magnificence. How nobly and ponderously built the Romans! For two thousand years, through peace and war, this mighty structure has stood, witnessing to the power and splendor of old Rome. Twenty centuries ago, another crowd assembled here. This building was then bright and new, with its fifty-two lower Doric, and its fifty-two upper Corinthian arches, its circumference of over a quarter of a mile, and its seats for thirty thousand spectators, On these very seats sat the togaed Roman; here laughed and chatted Roman maids and matrons. All along these great rows in this groove at our feet flowed the perfumed stream; in these holes stood the velarium supports. Canopied by the finest silk, with stools for the feet, and the softest cushions to ease the rigor of the unbending block, all above was bright and regal; and in the pit below—a savage scene. No luxury, no barbarity was spared when Romans took a holiday. But a trumpet rang out, the band struck up, the past faded from our minds, and—the performance began.

The picadors filed in, seven in all, resplendent in bright-colored silk, with abundance of silver and gold tinsel, and fine cloaks that hung gracefully from their shoulders. They marched to the centre of the arena, bowed ceremoniously to M. le Maire, and to the applauding multitude, took off their cloaks and flung them to the crowd, and retired to a corner to await developments. The music stopped, and a door at the opposite extremity of the pit slid back, and in jumped a clean-cut, fiery, Andalouse bull. He stopped short, shook his shaggy head, scraped the earth, and bellowed out war. Presently, the sprightly quadruped perceived that he was not alone in the ring. The brightly clad group at the opposite end caught his eye. He retreated a pace or two, preparatory to a rush in that direction. At that moment there sallied out from among the band an able-bodied picador, in pink and silver, bearing a pole. This was none other than Juan Perez, described in the programme as *el fuerte*. Mr. Perez advanced and pointed the pole menacingly at the animal; the bull resented this and dashed towards him. The picador, grasping the pole firmly in his hands, ran to meet his adversary, and, at the moment of the anticipated shock, was high in the air, having vaulted lightly over, leaving his pole to be carried away on the horns of the malignant "Libertao," as this bull was called. This feat was loudly applauded. And now our friend—for our sympathies are entirely with the bull—is fairly surrounded by his agile tormentors. They carry scarlet mantles, which they flaunt in the eyes of the brute, and, while he dashes here and there in his attempts to gore these fluttering "blinds," his head and neck are stuck full of needle-pointed paper tags. One picador, drawing the bull off from the others, and with no other protection than his bright-colored mantle, literally covered the animal with playing cards, through each of which was driven a needle point, and that while the bull was ripping viciously at his slippery

antagonist. With the same agility and apparent unconcern, he removed them.

Next appeared a picador with what looked like a baton in each hand. They were gaily topped with ribbons, and needle-pointed. These are the bandeleros. Skilfully avoiding the rush of the bull, he plants them squarely on the brute's shoulders. In vain does the bull try to rid himself of these appendages. In the midst of his friskings, two more are planted on his flank. This arouses his fury afresh, and straightway he sets out in quest of blood.

ABBEY OF MONTMAJEUR, CLOISTER.

In a moment, he had cleared the ring. When he saw his enemies safely behind their defences, he took a race and jumped the barriers. This unlooked-for event set the crowd all agog, and caused a desperate rout among the picadors. Some crawled back under the barriers, some leaped them, and those who had not time to do either, fled before the infuriated animal, and all escaped. The bull coursed madly around, searching for his foes, and stopped at length before one of the entrances leading from the pit to the numerous subterranean chambers where, in the old time, gladiators, prisoners, and wild animals were harbored. These entries are protected by an iron grille-work, and, being behind the barriers, no accident was anticipated. It chanced, however, that a bar was missing at the entrance before which the bull stopped, and to avoid further persecution he resolved to escape. He thrust in his head, bent apart the bars with his strong shoulders, and in a moment would have escaped into the gloom of the internal

labyrinth, had not the vigilant Perez noticed this unexpected turn in affairs. Leaping the barriers at a bound, he seized upon the bull's tail and called loudly for help. His comrades rushed to his assistance, while several slid between the bars of the next entrance, and passed around to assault the bull at the other extremity. The ludicrousness of the spectacle thus presented was not lost upon the crowd, judging from their shouts, whistling and laughter. Slowly the bull emerged again to the light of day. The reverse order of his re-entry, and possibly the ignominy of it, seemed to infuse new life into this spirited creature, and, a moment after, in pursuit of his enemies, he had leaped into the ring once more. At this instant, the bugle rang out, the twenty minutes of the first bout having expired. The picadors withdrew, and the bull made his escape through a door opened for him.

After a breathing space, during which the band gave us music, a second and third bull successively claimed the attention of the crowd. Having been duly vaulted over, tormented, and their hides properly punctured, they were run off through the open door like immense animated pin cushions.

The fourth was a plump red animal with a bad eye. We felt at this juncture a strong desire to see a picador tossed —in fact, longed for an accident. The agile Juan Perez was again on hand. This time he ran to meet the bull without his pole, and, as the animal lowered his head for the toss, he seized him by the horns, and turning a graceful hand-spring in the air, landed several yards behind. This clever and dangerous feat evoked a storm of applause. The usual artifices were practised during this course, and the mishap we earnestly desired did not occur. At length the official programme was brought to a close by the following performance: Two muscular picadors advanced, one of whom carried a stout pole, to the end of which was affixed a semi-circular piece of iron. This attachment was intended to fit on the horns of the oncoming bull. Having been taunted, the bull descended on them; they

FAMOUS HEAD DISCOVERED AT ARLES, RIVALLING THE VENUS D'ARLES IN LOUVRE.

braced themselves to the shock, and fairly repulsed him, bringing him to his knees. This exploit was repeated several times, and was the means of transforming a snappy, active bovine into a timid, trembling, apprehensive one.

This closed the day with the professionals, but scarcely had the pit been cleared, when it was taken possession of by half a hundred men and boys, chiefly rustics, who proceeded to

divest themselves of all superfluous clothing; coats and vests were doffed, braces were detached to serve as belts, and there was a great hitching of trousers. Without much delay a bull appeared with a red cockade fastened to his horn. Here was a chance for rustic aspirants after glory; for the one who could snatch this cockade was entitled to a prize of twenty-five francs.

So numerous and active were his antagonists, darting from every direction towards the all-tempting horn, that the amazed bull remained stationary for a short space, as though meditating on a course of action. "*Il pense*," said a damsel near by—we were thinking so too. Presently a nimble Jean Jacques, with a variolic face, and red sleeves to his shirt, flashed past the alluring horn. The bull started in pursuit, and it was a race for life towards the barriers. Poor Jean was a little too slow, and the impetus he received from behind as he scaled the defence, generously accorded with the expectations of most of us in that direction. He was taken off by his friends, more frightened than hurt. During the excitement which this occurrence produced, a bold youth succeeded in snatching the cockade, and immediately thereafter received from the Mayor's own hand the five and twenty francs.

Such is the celebrated bull fight in the land of "sunburnt mirth." It has been objected to by visitors on the score of cruelty, and of being out of touch with modern civilization. As regards cruelty, it is not more so than the English fox hunt, and annual rabbit shooting. One is the teasing of noble animals, the other the slaughter of helpless ones. But no doubt both are objectionable. Be this as it may, the bull fight seems to serve its purpose very well. On this occasion the funds of the *Direction* were increased by many hundreds of francs taken at the entrance; the picadors covered themselves with glory, and won some gold; the bulls were but slightly damaged, and the big, good-natured public was mightily amused.

SUNRISE THOUGHTS.

Cool, from the chambers of the brooding night,
The morning air doth stir my soul, and brings
Unto awakened sense and touch the things
Which hover round the throne of beauty bright.
How have I slept within the very sight
And influence of that spirit which here clings—
A glory to each tree and flower, and flings
Its miracle of healing o'er earth's blight!
Around me lies such aspect of her face
As dear dame Nature wears when she is glad;
The trees for very joy do clap their hands.
So pure, so calm, so holy is the place
That I content, in contemplation clad,
Could dwell for e'er had Duty no commands.

—Reuben Butchart.

THANKSGIVING MORN.

Thanksgiving Morn! The city wakes
To don its holiday attire;
O'er field and forge the morning breaks;
Still rests the plow, and sleeps the fire.
Mayhap some longing souls aspire,
Warmed by the peace the morning brings,
They feel that hope in heaven is nigher
And long for higher, better things.

True, toilers think of bread and coals,
And doubt and wonder if they dare,
When scant of beef, with broken soles,
So much of precious time to spare.
They know too well, that foul or fair,
The toiling hand, the thinking head,
Must bring its answer to the prayer:
"Give us this day our daily bread."

Yet ancient sires, with vanished youth,
And mothers worn, with tresses grey,
Go forth despite their aches, and ruth
To play at lovers for a day.
They know a fair, but distant May,
And talk of all the years between,
And wile the chilly hours away
With dreams of glory that had been.

Youth sallies forth to gather flowers,
Nor heeds that Summer flowers are dead,
That Autumn, too, has left the bowers,
And Winter whistles there instead.
But what to them the clouds o'erhead?
The threaten'd storm, the vanished noon?
Has Night or Winter aught to dread?
They surely come, but not so soon.

And Fortune's minion, too, Alas!
Has worry sore, from prospect grim;
He wonders how the day will pass—
Life is all holiday to him.
Perchance some longing incomplete,
Some want, 'mid all he has or sees,
May plead "to wake, to sleep, to eat—
How poor is life with only these!"
To know the richest wine and weed,
Wear coat of latest shade and curl,
To drive behind the fastest steed
Of pedigree would spite an earl,
Own dog, the envy of his peers,
Through kennel, sire and dam, and all,

In curve of tail and length of ears,
The triumph of a butcher's stall,
That whips the very latest out,
In grin of lips and grime of snout ;—
To be all this, and own all such,
May mean but little, pass for much.

'To live along the widest street,
And own the largest house in town,
That welcomes only the elite ; —
If 'tis the fashion, yours is brown.—
To sport the rarest gem or pearl,
Own meekest wife, but flashiest girl,
Were surely worth the being rich,
For which poor hungry sinners itch."

But there are homes that are not bright,—
Hall, kitchen, parlor all in one,—
With neither fire, nor window light,
To turn the cold or greet the sun.

And there are backs, that feel the wind
And naked limbs and shoeless feet,
Whose measure noon and night may find
Thawed out upon the frozen street.

And there are hungry hearts that break
Of mothers, sick in sweater's den,
And maidens fair, but sometimes weak,
And serpents watching ; Soul ! what then ?

Well ! let them perish, it is Fate ;
For each the future has in store
His destiny of love or hate,
Of shame, his portion, and no more.

The weak go helpless to the wall,
By passion, sin, or folly driven :
Spite love of God or Christ, they fall,
Spite fear of hell, or hope of heaven.

The prince wooes pleasure while he may,
But knows his crown, his throne, his life,
Are pawns, that stand in grim array,
'Gainst poison, pistol, or the knife.

The peasant mourns his vanished gain,
And 'counters want, with manhood fled ;
And woman drinks her cup of pain,
When weeping by her baby, dead !

'Tis wisdom's maxim, "Guard your own,'
When Stocks are up, or Consols fall ;
This all your duty, you, alone,
Are to yourself the all in all.

God keep us! Is there nothing more?
Is this the lesson taught to man
By all the future has in store,
Or all the past or present can?

The winds go shrieking down the street,
The leaves are brown, the forest bare;
On thresholds lies the frozen sleet;
The old, the poor, the weak, are there.

There, outcast thou hast led astray,
Clasps hungry babe without a name;
Has Christ not found some other way,
Than that she perish in her shame?

Thy brother's keeper! let that pass;
Truth in such garb is getting old,
And so are we, so each one has
To hug his little bag of gold,

To eat some dinners, wear some clothes,
Grow grim and gouty from his wine;
And as he greyer, grimmer grows,
Feel more and more, "this, this is mine."

The winds go howling down the street,
The leaves are brown, the forest bare;
On thresholds lies the frozen sleet;
The poor, the weak, the old, are there!

—D. McCaig

JOHN BROWN IN CANADA.

BY JAMES CLELAND HAMILTON.

"A story worth telling, our annals afford."
—*C. Mair.*

"A moral warfare with the crime,
And folly of an evil time."—*Whittier.*

A biography by one who was an eye-witness of some of the stormy scenes in the fifties, of the fierce conflict then waged between the pro-slavery and anti-slavery parties, brings to mind many matters of interest to residents on both sides of the Great Lakes. (*a*)

JOHN BROWN.

The author, Mr. Richard J. Hinton, was a trusted friend and adviser of Captain John Brown, and writes with the authority of personal knowledge. He shows also an enthusiasm for the holy cause, and a personal affection undiminished by the age that has passed since his hero gave up his brave life on the Charlestown gallows.

But this period has not sufficed for many of his contemporaries, whose personal feelings or fortunes were affected by the turmoil which followed, to form an unbiased judgment of the character and career of John Brown, the man of sad and stern furrowed countenance, whose word was Spartan law to those who best knew him, and whose arm was ever strong and ready to shelter the oppressed and to crush the oppressor.

Even in Canada, during the times depicted by our author, some could have been found whose sympathies were more with Bomba and Maximilian, the representatives of reaction, than with Garibaldi, free Italy, and progressive Mexico. Some, too, there were among us, and perhaps still are, who regarded the period when the slave-masters ruled in Washington as the halcyon days of the Commonwealth.

Few admirers of John Brown will be found among such readers. He was an iconoclast, who spared no idols, however venerable, who respected no authority whose creed was oppression, and regarded no form of belief as sacred, if by it the mind of man was in any way confined.

The fastidious will find it hard to realize a pure-blooded Anglo-Saxon not only taking up the cause of the African with enthusiasm, but exhibiting no repulsion from his sooty skin, and treating the meanest slave as a brother. The descendant of the Mayflower Puritan who had fled across the sea for conscience'-sake, himself embarks on an ocean of moral conflict, and is destined to be engulphed in its dark waves.

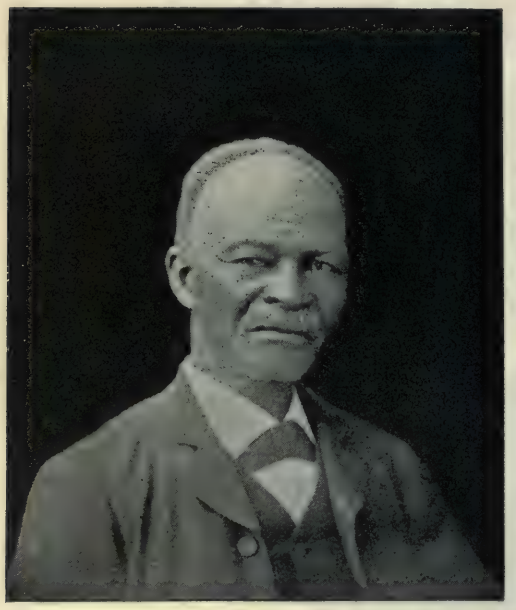
There is one class of our people who look on the career of Brown as, without doubt or gainsay, that of a true patriot and saviour. To their minds,—

(*a*) John Brown and His Men. By Richard J. Hinton. Funk & Wagnalls Co., 1894, New York and Toronto.

"There sounds not to the trump of fame
The echo of a nobler name."

Such, indeed, is the reverence and love of the African race for John Brown, hero of the Free Soil movement in Kansas, and leader of the Harper's Ferry raid.

They know that he fell a willing martyr to the cause of freedom, and how full of consequence that event was to the race he loved. It was the flash that fired the powder, the spark that kindled the blaze soon to light up all the land.



THE VERY REV. WALTER HAWKINS.
Superintendent (Bishop) of the B.A.E. Church.

It will be my object now to show what part Canadians had in this matter. As far back as March 24th, 1846, in a letter written at Richmond, Ohio, John Brown says: "Jason and I have talked of a visit to Canada next fall. We would like to know more of that country." Soon after this, he removed to North Elba, Essex Co., New York, in the Adirondacks, in which beautiful and romantic region he made his home. Here he raised his favorite Devon cattle and choice sheep, and aided colored people who came to settle on lands given them by Mr. Gerrit Smith. His poetic spirit, love of nature, and benevolence, had full and happy scope for a time. His teachings and example were greatly prized by his poor neighbors, who required both encouragement and a spur to activity in free labor.

Wherever Brown's lot was cast, his earnest, manly character was conspicuous. His letters to members of his family showed fatherly affection most sincere, but abounded in lessons urging to duty. Writing to his son John, he says, "Say to Ruth, to be all that to-day which she intends to be to-morrow." His life was a living example of Carlyle's heroic words: "Not sport, but earnest, is what we should require. It is a most earnest thing to be alive in this world; to die is not sport for a man. Man's life never was a sport to him; it was a stern reality, altogether a serious matter to be alive." (*a*)

The colony grew under Brown's inspiring spirit and Gerrit Smith's benevolence. Among refugees who lived there for a time was Walter Hawkins, a bright young colored man, who had escaped from Maryland. In 1852, he removed to Canada, became honored and revered as a minister of the Gospel, and when he died in July, 1894, was Presiding Bishop of the British Methodist Episcopal Church.

But the attacks of pro-slavery men from Missouri upon "free-soil" settlers in Kansas, called Brown and his devoted sons to aid in defending the cause of freedom there. He stood firm, and grim as a great rock, on the disputed territory. The waves of violence swept around him, carrying the worst elements engendered by slavery, but broke baffled at his feet.

(*a*) From "Heroes and Hero Worship.

**"Before the monstrous wrong he set him down,
One man against a stone-walled city of sin."**

He organized forces, obtained supplies, arms and provisions from sympathisers in the Eastern States, and soon manfully and with interest avenged the attacks of the "Border Ruffians."

The slaves in Missouri were scattered on the plantations, prevented from meeting or consulting together, and kept as ignorant and illiterate as possible. All hope for betterment was suppressed by cruel punishment, or removal to the far south, of those who showed any manliness.

The Haytien proverb, "Zie blanc bouille negres," "The eyes of the whites burn up the negroes," was exemplified. The new territory of Kansas was fast filling with people, and elections were approaching which would decide whether the domain of slavery should be extended to it. That power never scrupled in the use of means to accomplish its ends. The Government of the United States, then in the hands of a temporizing president, and pro-slavery officials, failed to see fair play or to punish outrage. Brown determined to fight fire with fire. He found promises broken, conventions and compromises only made and used as a means to forward the pro-slavery movement. He could see little use in conferences. "Talk is a national institution, but it does no manner of good to the slave," he would say. Slaves were in his eyes prisoners of war; their masters, tyrants who had taken the sword, and must perish by it. He took his Bible and the Declaration of American Independence as his guides. He fought in the spirit of Joshua and of Gideon, whose stories and characters had strong fascination for him.

In December, 1858, Brown entered Missouri with two small companies of brave men. His lieutenants, John Henry Kagi and Aaron D. Stevens, who were both with him afterwards at Harper's Ferry, commanded one, and Brown the other. A negro called Jim had come and stated that he, with his wife and two children and another slave, would be soon sold, and he begged for help. First these five slaves were liberated, then six other slaves, and two white men were marched off. The companies joined, and moved slowly back to the territory, when the white men were released. In the raid, Kagi's party had been opposed by Mr. Cruise, a white man, who was shot down by Stevens in self-defence, as he claimed, while endeavoring to detain a man-chattel. This was unfortunate, but is to be regarded as an incident of the war, for such, in fact, was the desultory conflict that then raged on the western outskirts of the Republic.

This invasion and bold attack on the "peculiar institution," in its home, raised a great commotion. Brown and Kagi were proclaimed outlaws, and prices were put on their heads. They determined to carry the freed people to Canada. The retreat was through Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois and Michigan, and was one of the boldest adventures of the campaign. After passing the village of Topeka with various incidents, shelter was found in an empty log cabin, where pursuers, headed by a United States marshal, overtook them.

They remained on the defensive until a band of young men from Topeka joined them. At Hilton, or Muddy Creek Crossing, the marshal stationed himself with eighty armed men. Brown had only twenty-three white men and three negroes. The women were sheltered in the cabin, with emigrant wagons in front of them. The little company formed in double file. At the word, "Now go straight at 'em boys, they'll be sure to run," Brown and his party marched quickly towards the creek, but the foremost had not reached its margin, when the marshal rode off in hot haste, followed by such of his men as could untie and mount their horses in time. "The

scene was ridiculous beyond description," says one of the party. Some horses were hastily mounted by two men; one man grabbed tight hold of the tail of a horse, trying to leap on from behind, while the rider was putting spurs into his sides, so he went flying through the air, his feet touching the ground now and then." Those of our comrades who had horses followed them about six miles, and brought back four prisoners and five horses.

This affray at Muddy Creek is known in the history of Kansas as "The Battle of the Spurs," as these instrume ts were the only weapons used. The reader will remember the more famous "Battle of the Spurs," of the year 1513, when the French fled, and some of their most noted men fell into the hands of the soldiers of Henry VIII. The prisoners were made to walk along beside their captors, Brown talking with them on the way concerning the wickedness of slavery. In the morning they were set at liberty, but their horses were confiscated, and given to the brave Topeka Boys.

As the contrabands advanced into strange territory, their remarks showed their simple, affectionate nature. One of the women pitied "poor marsa! he's in a bad fix; hogs not killed, corn not shucked, and niggers all done gone." A man, driving the oxen, asked the distance to Canada; and was told that it was fifteen hundred miles. "Oh, golly! we uns never get dar befo' spring," he exclaimed, shouting as he brought the goad down, "Git up dar, buck; bung along!"

With many adventures, the party pressed on towards the North. One of the women gave birth to a child on the way, which was named John Brown. One of the prisoners, taken *en route,* was a gay young medical man, a rattling blade, whom Brown took under his especial care, and gave him, under compulsion, more moral and religious training than he had received for years. On his return home he told his story, and said Brown was the best man he had ever met, and knew more about religion than any man.

The party reached Detroit on 12th March, 1859, and crossed over to Windsor in Canada. Here these people settled and lived industriously.

When the friend they loved so well suffered at Charlestown Court House, a few months later, he had no mourners more sincere than these lowly ones of the earth whom he brought to Canadian manhood and freedom from Missourian bondage.

Samuel Harper, one of the band, lives now with his wife, in a comfortable cottage on Bruce avenue in Windsor. He says that he and she are the only survivors of the party of eleven, except the boy called after John Brown, who, now a man of 35 years of age, lives at Detroit. Harper speaks very gratefully of Brown, saying, "I wish I was in a position to pay John Brown, Junior, one half what I owe his father, for what he did for us." He also speaks of the raid, and his old home, with the air of one who reviews the past, and feels strongly. He said his "Boss" came after him to Windsor, and wanted him to go back, promising to treat him better than ever before. Harper was indignant, and replied: "I thought you was a smarter man dan dat, but I find yo's a fool, come all dis way to ask me to go back to slavery."

He told his story as follows. The statement is as accurate as can be expected from one in the position of this freed man, after an age has passed. The person he referred to as Stevens was sometimes called Whipple. He followed Brown to Harper's Ferry, and figured there as Capt. Aaron D. Stevens. He was a man without fear. He was captured, as will be seen, after being wounded, and was tried and executed under Virginia Law

SAMUEL HARPER'S STORY

"Way back een 1858, w'en Capt'in Brown kem down inter Missoureye," said Harper, "I was on'y 'bout 18 yeahs ole, but my wife

ovah dar, she was 'bout 35. We kep' hearin' of de Capt'in takin' slaves away an' sendin' dem north, till fin'lly, 'bout Christmas, we he'ad dat de Capt'in was nigh to de fa'm we wuz workin'. So we done sent him wo'd dat we was awaitin' to be took away, an' a few weeks afterwa'ds the capt'in, with his partner Kagi, came at night wid a wagin, an' away we druv inter Kansas.

"But it was mighty slow trabelin'. You see dey was severil different parties 'mongst ouah band, an' ouah marsers had people lookin' all ovah for us. We'd ride all night, and den maybe, we'd hev ter stay severil days in one house ter keep from gettin' cot. In a month we'd on'y got to a place near Topeka, which was 'bout forty miles from whar we started. Dey was 12 of us stoppin' at de house of a man named Doyle, besides de capt'in an' his men, w'en dere comes along a gang of slave huntahs. One of Capt'in Brown's men, Stevens he went down to dem and sayed :—'Gentlemen, you look 'sif you was lookin' fo' somebody o' somefin'. 'A'y, yas,' says de leader, 'we think ez how you hav some uv ouah slaves up yondeh een dat 'ere house.'

"'S that so?' says Stevens. 'Well, come on right along up wid me, an' you kin look hem ovah an' see'

"We wuz a watchin' this yere conve'sation all de time, an' w'en we see Stevens comin' up to de house wid dat 'ere man we jes' didn't know w'at to make of it. We began to git scared dat Stevens was goin' to give us up to dem slave huntahs. But de looks o' things changed w'en Stevens got up to de house. He jes' opened the do' long 'nough fer to grab a doubled-barreled gun. He pinted it at de slave huntah, an' says :

"'Yo' want to see yo'r slaves, does yo'? Well, jes' yo' look up dem barrels an' see ef yo' kin find 'em.'

"That man jes' went all to pieces. He drapped his gun, his legs was tremblin', an' de tears mos' sta'ted f'um hees eyes. Stevens took an' locked him up in de house. W'en de rest o' his crowd seen him capcha'ed, dey ran away 's fas' ez dey could go. Capt'in Brown went in to see de prisoner, an' says to him, 'I'll show you w'at it ees to look aftah slaves my man.' Thet frightened de prisoner awful. He was a kind old fellow, an' w'en he heerd w'at de capt'in said, I s'pose he thought he was goin' to be killed. He began to cry an' beg to be let go. De capt'in he only smiled a leetle bit, and talked some mo' to him, an' de next day he was let go.

"A few days afterwards, the United States Marshal came up, with another gang to capcha us. Dar was 'bout 75 of dem, an' dey surrounded de house, and we was all 'fraid we was goin' to be took for sure. But de capt'in he jes' said, 'Git ready, boys, an' we'll w'ip 'em all.' Dar was onh'y 14 of us altogether, but de capt'in was a terror to 'em, an' w'en we stepped out o' de house an' went for 'em de hull saiventy-five of 'em sta'ted runnin'. Capt'in Brown an' Kagi an' some others chased 'em, an' capcha'ed five prisoners. Dar was a doctah an' a lawyah amongst 'em. Dey all hed nice ho'ses. De capt'in made 'em all get down. Den he told five of us slaves to mount de beasts, an' we rode 'em w'ile de wite men hed to walk. It was early in de spring, an' de mud on de roads was away over dere ankles. I jes' tell you it was mighty tough walkin', an' you ken b'lieve dose fellers had enough of slave huntin'. De next day de capt'in let 'em all go.

"Ouah massers kep' spies watchin' till we crossed de border. W'en we got to Springdale, Ioway, a man came ter see Capt'in Brown, an' tole him dey wuz a lot of his fren's down in a town in Kansas dat wanted to see him. The capt'in said he did not care to go down, but ez soon 's the man started back, Capt'in Brown follered him. W'en he came back he said dar was a hull crowd comin' up to capcha us. We all went up to de school house an' got ourse'v's ready to fight.

"De crowd came an' hung aroun' de school 'ouse a few days, but dey didn't try to capcha us De gov'nor of Kansas, he telegraphed to de United States Ma'shal at Springdale :—'Capcha John Brown, daid or alive.' De Ma'shal, he ans'ed : 'Ef I try to capcha John Brown, it ll be daid, an' it'll be me dat'll be daid.' Fin'ly those Kansas people went home, an' den dat same Ma'shal put us in a carh an' sent us to Chicago.

"It took us over three months to get to Canada. If I'd knowed dat de slaves was a goin' to be freed so soon as dey was, I'd never a come to Windsor. W'y? Cos I could a bought lan' down dar een Missoureye fo' 25 cents an acre, an' de climate is much bettah dan up heah.

"W'at kin' of a man was Capt'in Brown? He was a great beeg man, ovah six feet tall, with great beeg shouldehs, and long hair, white ez snow. He was a vairy quiet man, awful quiet. He never even laughed. After we was freed, we was wild of co'se, and we used to cut up all kinds ob foolishness. But de capt'in 'ud always look as solemn ez a graveya'd. Sometimes he jes' let out de tiniest bit of a smile, an' say : 'You'd bettah quit yo' foolin' an' take up your book.'

"De capt'in's son, John Brown, Jr., lives down to Put-in-Bay Island. He raises grapes down dere, an' we goes down to see him every summah. He hez a nice family, an' he's always glad to see hees ole frens."

How often Brown had been in Canada before this time does not appear,

but his visits and correspondence with people of color, and others here, were frequent, and all with the one end in view.

As the time grew ripe, Chatham and St. Catharines were the places where the conspirators in the cause of freedom met to perfect their plans. In St. Catharines was then a wonderful woman, Harriet Tubman. She was a Maryland negress, who had escaped from slavery, went back from time to time, and brought away her old father and mother, her brother's wife and children, and many others, some of whom are still living in Canada. She gained the name "Deborah" and "Moses," for saving her people from bondage. In a conversation between Captain Brown and Wendell Phillips, in 1858, the former called her "the General of us all," and said she had led two thousand slaves from bondage to northern freedom. She is also referred to as "The woman" in letters of the period, written when it was deemed best not to mention true names of confederates. When the raid at the Ferry was made, she was residing at Chambersburg, Pennsylvania.

Southern people, who lost valuable chattels through her daring efforts, offered $10,000 reward for her, dead or alive. Frederick Douglass, Gerrit Smith, and other friends, warned her of the danger she incurred, but she replied, "God will take care of me, whether in the North or in the South." She was of unmixed blood, and of very negrine features. She was a wise and faithful agent of the "Underground Railroad," and adviser of her people, till the war opened another field of usefulness, when she enlisted as an hospital or army nurse. This heroine lived at Auburn, N.Y., subsequently, but is since dead. The story of her life was published in a small volume. Mrs. Tubman was one of Brown's Canadian advisers and co-workers in the anti-slavery movement.

On the twelfth day of May, 1858, he wrote to his wife from Chatham, the seat of law of the county of Kent: "Had a grand abolition Convention here, from different parts, on the 8th and 10th inst. Constitution slightly amended and adopted, and Society organized."

After the Convention, Brown wrote the letter to one of his sons given at end of this article, under name of James M. Bell.

The names of the members of the Chatham Convention were: *William Charles Monroe, G. J. Reynolds, J. C. Grant, A. J. Smith, James Monroe Jones,* George B. Gill, *M. F. Bailey, William Lambert, S. Hunton, John J. Jackson, Osborne P. Anderson, Alfred Whipper,* C. W. Moffett, *James M. Bell,* W. H. Lehman, Alfred M. Ellsworth, John E. Cook, Steward Taylor, *James W. Purnell, George Akin, Stephen Dettin, Thomas Hickerson, John Cannel, Robinson Alexander,* Richard Realf, *Thomas F. Cary, Richard Richardson,* Luke F. Parsons, *Thos. M. Kennard, Jeremiah Anderson, J. H. Delaney, Robert Van Vauken, Thos. M. Stringer,* Charles P. Tidd, *John A. Thomas,* C. Whipple, *alias* Aaron D. Stevens. *J. D. Shadd, Robert Newman,* Owen Brown, John Brown, *J. H. Harris, Charles Smith, Simon Fislin, Isaac Holden, James Smith,* and John H. Kagi; the Secretary, *Dr. M. R. Delaney,* was a corresponding member; The members whose names are in italics were colored men.

The preliminary meeting was held in a frame cottage on Princess-street, south of King-street. This cottage was then known as the "King-street School," and is now a dwelling-house. Some meetings were also held in the First Baptist Church, on the north side of King-street. Pretence was made, in order to mislead the inquisitive, that the persons assembling were organizing a Masonic Lodge of colored people. But the most important proceedings took place in what was known as "No 3 Engine House," a wooden building near McGregor's Creek, erected by Mr. Holden and

other colored men. The sketch of this is given by Mr. J. M. Jones from memory.

It is a remarkable coincidence that Brown laid his plans in this Chatham Fire Engine Hall, and was captured in another fire hall at Harper's Ferry.

The Convention met on the 8th of May, 1858, at 10 a.m. It had been convened by notes from John Brown to those whom he desired to attend. There was scant ceremony at the opening proceedings by these earnest men. They were of two colors, but of one mind, and all were equal in degree and station here. No civic address of welcome to the Canadian town, no beat of drum, or firing of guns, was heard. The place was rude and unadorned. Yet the object of the members of this little parliament was to gain freedom for four millions of slaves. Many of those here convening had already done, in self-sacrifice and in brave deeds, a fair share in the work. The result was destined to prove a factor of historical importance in the future of the American people.

The following is a copy of one of the invitations to attend:

CHATHAM, CANADA,
May 5th, 1858.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have called a *quiet* Convention in this place of *true* friends of freedom. Your attendance is earnestly requested on the 10th inst. * * *

Your friend,
JOHN BROWN.

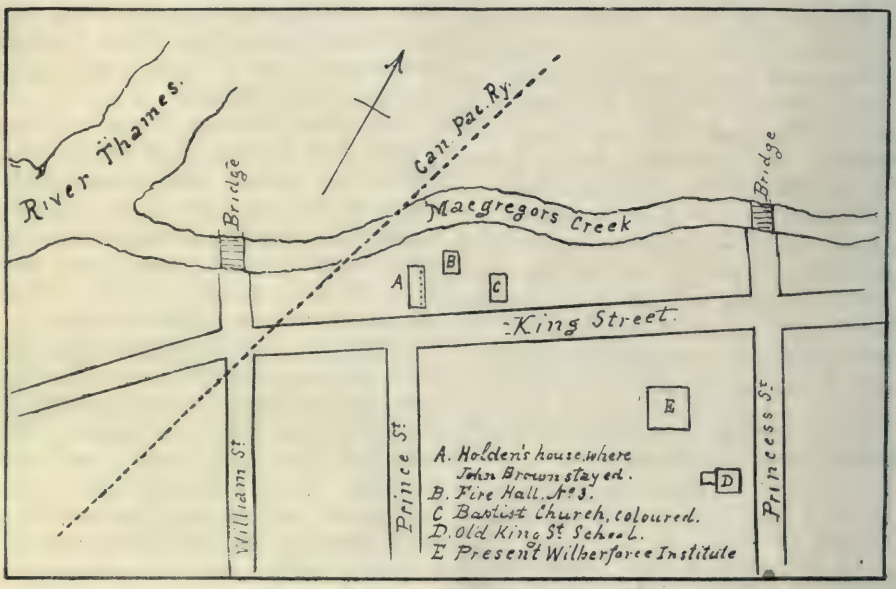
The motives causing Brown to choose this Canadian town as the place of meeting will be obvious when we regard the position. There were at this time, as Mr Hinton estimates, seventy-five thousand colored people in Canada. This number was more than were really here; Upper Canada held 40,000; Toronto 1,200. Some of these citizens were in good circumstances, and were free-born; many of them were intelligent, and watching with lively interest the state of affairs, in the Republic, relating to their race.

Settlements of immigrant negroes had been for a score or more of years gradually growing in various parts of the Upper Province, among these being Amherstburg, Colchester, and Malden on the western extremity. The Queen's Bush in the townships of Peel and Wellesley was an important settlement, containing many well-to-do colored men. The cities of London, Hamilton, and St. Catharines, had their share. Dresden was an important centre, where Josiah Henson, best known as the "original Uncle Tom," held patriarchal sway, and had, with aid from England and New England, established the Dawn Institute, or Manual Labor School.

The Rev. William King had been laboring at Buxton, near the shore of Lake Erie, since 1848; had founded there, under the name of the Elgin Association, a model colony, where the poor fugitive came, weary and footsore, from his race for freedom, found shelter, and made himself a home.

Near this was Chatham, the chief town of the county of Kent, whose rich soil and moderate climate had attracted many dusky immigrants. Not a few of them had become well-to-do farmers. Others engaged in trade, or labored as mechanics Their children were educated at the Wilberforce Institute, a graded school. In this county especially was the problem being worked out, as to the capacity of the African to take equal place with the Anglo-Saxon in the race of civilization. In addition to the educational facilities, the colored folk of Chatham had churches of their own, a newspaper conducted in their interest by Mr. I. D. Shadd, an accomplished colored man, and societies for social intercourse and improvement, in which their affairs were discussed, mutual wants made known, and help provided. But there were also here and elsewhere, at each centre of colored population, meetings and discussions of a more earnest character. Conductors of the "Underground Railroad,"

an organization whose influence in aid of the fleeing slaves, was felt from the lakes and St. Lawrence River to the centre of the slave populations, were often seen here. The "League of the Gileadites," as first formed by Brown in 1851, enlisted in its ranks many a courageous, freedom-loving man, and had some members in Western Canada. The name was taken from Judges vii. 3: "Whosoever is fearful or afraid, let him return and depart early from Mount Gilead" Members, when joining each band, agreed to provide suitable implements (meaning weapons), and to aid all colored people in gaining freedom and resisting attack.



SITE OF THE CHATHAM CONVENTION, 1858.

Such were some of the elements that then largely influenced the colored people here. They were fairly industrious, happy under British law, and, as Brown afterwards found, the greater portion of them were so occupied in seeking a livelihood and competence, that they hesitated or refused to risk many chances in a cause and struggle the result of which was dim and doubtful.

Not to be behind their white neighbors, they had a fire hall in Chatham, and an engine manned by colored men. This town, bearing the name of England's great Prime Minister, was well chosen as the seat of the Convention.

The writer has obtained much of his information as to the events described in Canada, by inquiry from persons who were parties to them, or members of the Convention. To gain this was not a matter of course. The secrets which many of the old colored men had were often of vast importance to them in time of slavery. They had escaped, sometimes with a struggle, and even bloodshed. Some had boldly gone back from their Canadian homes, and guided kinsmen or friends on the way to freedom. Of the acts of daring so done there was no open boasting. Secrecy was for years expedient, and so became habitual. A colored man of education and position acknowledged that he still met this feeling when making inquiries for the writer as to the Convention. "I find it very difficult," he writes, "to obtain any information from our people. We can not blame them much, because, in the

course of two hundred and fifty years of intercourse with the Anglo-Saxon, they have not formed a very favorable opinion of him. When it comes to prying into their old-time secrets, they always think there is a cat in the meal, so you must make allowance and bear with them."

And now we return to the Convention. The leading spirit was John Brown, a man with well-set, muscular form, of average size, his hair prematurely grey, closely trimmed and low on the forehead. His eyes bluish-grey, were, when he warmed in speech, full of fire. His face, with beard unshaven, and covering a strong, square mouth, with broad and prominent chin. His general appearance is thus described by Frederick Douglass and others. He was born on the 9th of May, 1800, of blue New England blood, with descent from Peter Brown, who came in the Mayflower to Plymouth Rock in 1620; lived in Duxbury, near the hill where Miles Standish's house was built, and where his monument may now be seen. John Brown was of Calvinistic creed, and with a tendency to fatalism; with the taciturnity, wariness and contempt of danger of a Mohawk; an admirer of Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillipps, Emerson and Sumner, apostles of Emancipation and opponents of Southern aggression. He was of great natural intelligence, and well read, especially in history, but not college-bred. He had travelled in Europe, and was interested in foreign affairs. He was full of affection to his family, and ever constant to his friends. But the cause of liberty had the foremost place in his heart and soul. Quoting Cowper, he could say:

> "'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower
> Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume,
> And we are weeds without it.'

It was not of his own choice that he left his farm, and went into the bloody arena. One who met him before the Harper's Ferry affair, wrote: "Stranger than fiction have been his escapes and exploits in Kansas. Combining the gentleness of a Christian, the love of a patriot, and the skill and boldness of a commander, whether ending his career in the quiet of home, or bloody strife, the freeman of Kansas will hallow his memory, and history will name him the Cromwell of our Border Wars."*

He was of earnest and stern resolve, brave and true. Brown's sons inherited his Spartan spirit. With six of them, and a son-in-law, he had done a hero's part to save Kansas, and now he proposed to formulate bold plans for the future before trusted adherents.

John Henry Kagi was a lawyer by profession, and full of zeal in the cause. He was his leader's right hand in Kansas and in the Convention. He aided in drawing the Constitution. He returned to the West, was in the raid in Missouri, and ended his life at Harper's Ferry. Capt. John E. Cook was from Indiana, well connected, and much trusted by Brown. He also fell in the final contest in Virginia. Owen Brown was the son of John Brown, Richard Realf was an English Chartist, of good literary ability. Reynolds was an active member of the Gileadite, or Liberty League.

The Convention was called to order by Mr. Jackson, on whose motion the Rev. William C. Monroe, a colored minister from Detroit, was chosen President, and Capt. Kagi was elected Secretary. Mr. Brown then proceeded to state at length the object of the meeting; and the proposed plan of action, and presented a paper, entitled "Provisional Constitution and Ordinances for the People of the United States." Before this, on motion by Mr. Kennard, seconded by Mr. Delaney, a parole of honor was taken by all the members, who each declared: "I solemnly affirm that I will not, in any way, divulge any of the secrets of this Convention, except to the persons entitled to know the

*Redpath's Life of Brown, p. 225.

same, on the pain of forfeiting the respect and protection of this organization."

The plan unfolded sought no war of offence against the South, but to restore to the African race its natural rights, and to enable it to enforce and maintain them; not negro supremacy, but citizenship. There

was much discussion over the article finally adopted as No. XLVI, which was as follows: "The foregoing articles shall not be construed so as in any way to encourage the overthrow of any State Government, or the general Government of the United States, and look to no dissolution of the Union, but simply to amendment and repeal, and our flag shall be the same that our fathers fought for under the Revolution."

Article XLVIII provided that every officer connected with the organization should make solemn oath to abide by the Constitution, and so with each citizen and soldier, before being enrolled.

Among the chief speakers were, John Brown, and Messrs. Delaney, Kagi, Kennard, Reynolds, Owen Brown, Realf, and Jones. On motion of John Brown, a resolution was passed appointing himself, with J. H. Kagi, Richard Realf, I. T. Parsons, C. P. Tidd, C. Whipple, C. W. Moffett, John E. Cook, Owen Brown, Steward Taylor, Osborne P. Anderson, A. M. Ellsworth, Richard Richardson, W. H. Lehman, and John Lawrence, a committee, to whom was delegated the power of the Convention to fill all offices named in the constitution which should become vacant. When the Harper's Ferry affair took place, Thomas F. Carey was chairman, and I. D. Shadd and M. F. Bailey were secretaries of this committee. The members of the Convention stayed about two weeks in Chatham. John Brown and Kagi visited other Canadian towns also, to see colored men, and to interest them in the grand project.

Some months before the Convention, Mr. Brown visited Toronto and held meetings with them in Temperance Hall, and also met many at the house of the late Mr. Holland, a colored man, on Queen-street west. On one occasion, Captain Brown remained as a guest with his friend Dr. A. M. Ross, who is distinguished as a naturalist, as well as an intrepid abolitionist who risked his life on several occasions in excursions into the south to enable slaves to flee to Canada. Dr. Ross has been honored with titles and decorations from several European governments on account of his valuable contributions to science, but, above all these, he prizes the fact that he was the trusted friend of John Brown.

Dr. Ross speaks of the hero with the deepest love and admiration. He describes him as walking with noiseless tread, his eyes intent and watchful, and body bent somewhat forward, as if in pursuit of an object; his speech well-guarded—all this the effect of the life of danger he had led with a reward offered for his head. But in the evening at the Doctor's house, reserve was thrown off, as he conversed with the few friends who were called in, and when the children's hour came, the grim warrior was all smiles, and the little ones gathered around him as he told them stories, made "shadow rabbits" on the wall, and then, kneeling on the carpet, helped them to build block-houses. Dr. Ross saw him on board the steamer bound for Niagara, on a Monday morning about the middle of May, when Brown bade him an affectionate adieu, took out a "York shilling," and

handed it to him, saying, "Keep this, and whenever you see it, you'll remember John Brown." It is needless to say that the little silver piece is treasured by the Doctor as one of his most valued possessions.

Dr. Ross had known Brown intimately for three years previous to his death. "His manner and conversation," says the Doctor, "had a magnetic influence, which rendered him attractive, and stamped him as a man of more than ordinary coolness, tenacity of purpose, and devotion to what he considered right. He was, in my estimation, a Christian, in the full sense of that word. No idle, profane, or immodest word fell from his lips. He was deeply in earnest in the work, in which he believed himself a special instrument in the hands of God." He had for many years been studying the guerilla system of warfare, adopted in the mountainous portions of Spain and the Caucasus, and, in a ruder manner, by the Maroons of Jamaica, and by that system he thought he could, with a small body of picked men, inaugurate and maintain a negro insurrection in the mountains of Virginia, more successful than that of the Roman Spartacus, and cause so much annoyance to the United States Government, and dread in the minds of slaveholders, that they would ultimately be glad to "let the oppressed go free."

The Doctor also has the original of the remarkably prophetic lines which John Brown wrote, just before he was led out to die on the following day:

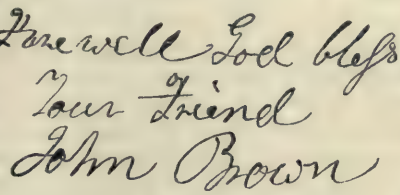
"CHARLESTOWN, VA.,
December, 2, 1859.

I, John Brown, am now *quite certain* that the crimes of this *guilty land* will never be washed away except with much blood. I had, as I now think, vainly flattered myself, that without much bloodshed it might "be done."

JOHN BROWN.

Dr. Ross has a farewell letter, written to him by John Brown the day before his execution. It is as follows:

MY DEAR FRIEND—Captain Avis, my jailer, has just handed me your most kind and affectionate letter. I am sorry your efforts to reach this place have been unavailing. I thank you for your faithfulness, and the assurance you give me that my poor and deeply afflicted family will be provided for. It takes from my mind the greatest cause of sadness I have experienced since my imprisonment. In a few hours I shall be in another and better state of existence. I feel quite cheerful, and ready to die. My dear friend, do not give up your labors for "the poor that cry, and them that are in bonds."



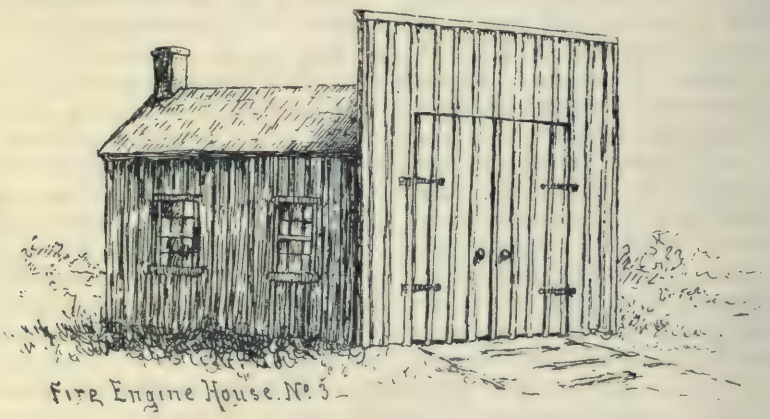
Charleston Jail, Va., December 1st, 1859.

It may be well here to give a short account of Brown's three leading supporters at the Convention:—First came John Henry Kagi, of old Virginia stock, attractive in person, and of animated, even magnetic address. He had, our author states, just passed the seventh month of his twenty-fourth year, when slain at Harper's Ferry. "He had more the appearance of a divinity student than a warrior." His language was elegant, his deportment unassailable; his habits, strictly temperate; kind in his feelings to everyone, especially to children, whose confidence he acquired at first acquaintance." Mr. Hinton graphically recalls his friend as a man of personal beauty, with a fine, well-shaped head, a voice of gentle, sweet tones, that could be penetrating and cutting, too, almost to sharpness. The eyes large, full, well-set, hazel-grey in color, irridescent in light and effect. Mentally, he was the ablest of those who supported Brown in council, and followed him to Harper's Ferry. George B. Gill, who was associated with Kagi in the cause, said of him:—"In mental fields, he possessed abundant and ingenious resources. He was full of a wonderful vitality. His was a model disposition. No strain or stress could shake his unruffled serenity. His fertility of re-

sources made him a tower of strength to John Brown."

Next in importance to Captain Kagi was Captain John E. Cook, born in 1830, of Puritan ancestry, at Haddam, Connecticut. He was thus described when in his cell, from whence he was taken to the gallows: "His long silken blonde hair curled carelessly about his neck; his deep blue eyes were gentle in expression as a woman's, and his slightly bronzed complexion did not conceal the soft effeminate skin that would have befitted the gentler sex. He was small in stature, nervous and impatient." Mr. Hinton, who knew him well, says, "Cook never lacked the courage which Napoleon termed the 'three o'clock in the morning.' Cook formed the plan for capturing Lewis Washington, and obtaining his historical relics. He also advocated the seizure of Harper's Ferry, wanted to burn the buildings and railway bridges, carrying off such United States arms as their means of transport would allow." He went with Brown from Canada to Cleveland. Writing soon after the convention, he said: "The prospects of our cause are growing brighter and brighter. Through the dark gloom of the future I almost fancy I can see the dawning light of freedom breaking through the midnight darkness of wrong and oppression. I can almost hear the swelling anthem of liberty from the millions who have but just cast aside the fetters and shackles that bound them. But ere that day arrives, I fear that we shall hear the crash, the battle shock, and see the red glare of the cannon's lightning. .... Inclosed, you will find a few flowers that I gathered in my rambles about town."

On the 3rd of July, 1859, he writes, "I shall start up among the mountains to gaze upon the grand and beautiful. .... God's blessed air sweeps over them, and the winds, as it were, breathe a mournful song of liberty.... Time passes slowly, as I idle thus. Heart and soul are all absorbed in the thought of what I owe my country and my God.... To-morrow is the Fourth! the glorious day which saw our Freedom's birth, but left sad hearts beneath the slave lash and clanking chain....I feel self-condemned when I think of it. The contents of the cup may be *bitter*, but it is our duty; let us drain it to the very dregs."



On the 10th of August, he wrote in a like exalted strain, enclosing some stanzas, beginning:

"We see the gathering tempest in the sky,
We see the black clouds as along they roll,
We see from out the gloom the lightnings fly,
O'erthrowing all who would their course control"

Aaron Dwight Stevens had been a subaltern in the United States army, when an officer unjustly treated a pri-

vate, and was about to punish him cruelly. Stevens witnessing this, became indignant, knocked the officer down and deserted from Fort Leavenworth. He changed his name to conceal his identity, and when with Brown, was known as Charles Whipple. He was a native of Connecticut. His great grandfather was a revolutionary officer, and his grandfather served in the war of 1812. He fought gallantly in the Mexican war, and afterwards helped to keep the Navajo and Apache Indians in check. When he deserted, he, for a time, concealed himself among the Delawares on the Kaw River, then joined the Free Soil men in Kansas under his assumed name. He stood six feet two inches in his stockings, and was well proportioned. His eye was restless and brilliant. His qualities were soldierly, and he would have won fame under happier auspices.

He was prone to hasty anger and passionate action, the "Simon Peter" of the party, and this sometimes called for rebuke from his leader, who, on the day of his death, wrote him as follows:

CHARLESTON PRISON, 2nd Dec., 1859.

JOHN BROWN TO AARON D. STEVENS,

"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."—*Solomon.*

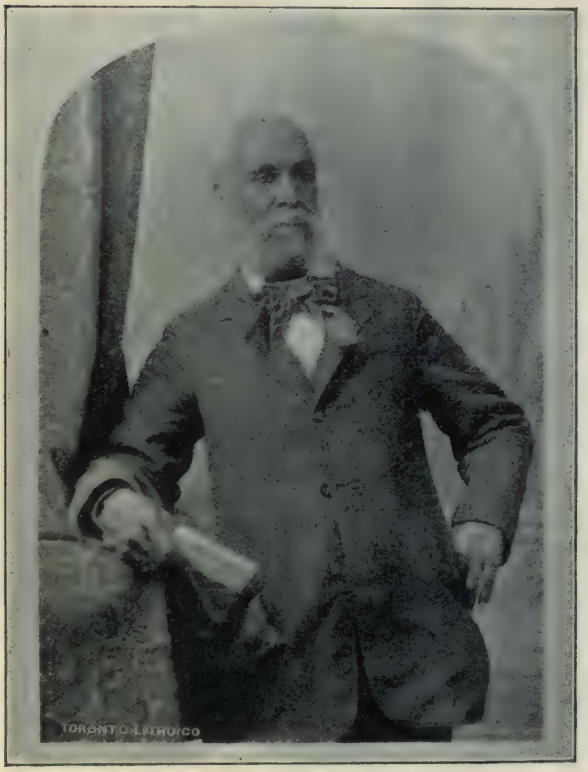
The hint, so singularly given, had the effect, perhaps, of aiding Stevens in curbing his temper during his tedious trial and imprisonment. Unlike his leader, Stevens had not the Christian faith to console him. "He died," says Mr. Hinton, "a devoted Spiritualist, believing absolutely in the immortality of life." It would be encroaching too much on the biographer, and would be beyond my present scope, were I to attempt more at length to depict the strong, sterling characters, of both colors, drawn together by the wonderful magnetism of our hero.

Only one colored man of remarkable courage may be mentioned. Shields Green, "with Congo face, big misplaced words and huge feet, knew instinctively what courageous manhood meant," writes the narrator. When Frederick Douglass turned from Brown after his last interview, he met Green and told him he could go with him to Rochester. The black man glanced back at the figure of his leader, bowed under the pain of Douglass' refusal, and simply asked, "Is he going to stay." "Yes," said Douglass. "Well I guess I goes wid de old man," was the decision. When Brown was in the thick of the Harper's Ferry fight, Green came, under fire, with a message to Osborne Anderson and Hazlett at the arsenal, when Anderson told him he had better retreat with them. "You think der's no chance, Osborne?" he said. "Not one," was the reply. "And de old Captain can't get away?" "No," said both men. "Well, I guess I'll go back to de old man." And so he went into the very jaws of death, and finally died a brave martyr's death, at Charlestown. Not last on the scroll of fame will be enrolled the name of this single-hearted freedman.

Some other members of the Chatham Convention, in addition to the Browns and his lieutenants just described, were from the United States, but many of them were then Canadian residents. John Brown was chosen Commander-in-Chief; J. H. Kagi, Secretary of War; Alfred W. Ellsworth and Osborne P. Anderson, Members of Congress; Owen Brown, Treasurer; George B. Gill, Secretary of the Treasurer; and Richard Realf, Secretary of State.

Mr. J. M. Jones, Mr. Isaac Holden, and Mr. Hunton were, it is thought, the only members of the Convention surviving, until a late date, in Canada. They lived in Chatham, where Messrs. Hunton and Holden died recently. Mr. Holden was a merchant and surveyor, and Brown resided in his house during his visit. Mr. Jones is a skilled gunsmith and engraver, and

a Justice of the Peace for his county. He is a native of Raleigh, South Carolina, and was educated at Oberlin, Ohio, graduating in the class of 1849. Particulars of this historical event, stated by Mr. Jones mainly, but confirmed by Mr. Holden and Mr. Hunton, will be interesting. Most of these were committed by Mr. Jones to paper a few years after the Convention was held. "Mr. Brown," says Mr. Jones, "called almost daily at my gunshop, and spoke freely of the great subject that lay uppermost in his mind. He submitted his plans, and only asked for their approval by the Convention." One evening the question came up as to what flag should be used; our English colored subjects, who had been naturalized, said they would never think of fighting under the hated 'Stars and Stripes.'



J. M. JONES.

"Too many of them thought they carried their emblem on their backs. But Brown said the old flag was good enough for him; under it, freedom had been won from the tyrants of the old world, for white men; now he intended to make it do duty for black men. He declared emphatically that he would not give up the Stars and Stripes. That settled the question."

Some one proposed the admission of women as members, but Brown strenuously opposed this, and warned the members not to intimate, even to their wives, what was done.

During one of the sittings, Mr. Jones had the floor, and discussed the chances of the success or failure of the slaves rising to support the plan proposed. Mr. Brown's scheme was to fortify some place in the mountains, and call the slaves to rally under his colors. Jones expressed fear that he would be disappointed, because the slaves did not know enough to rally to his support. The American slaves, Jones argued, were different from those of the West India island of San Domingo, whose successful uprising is matter of history, as they had there imbibed some of the impetuous character of their French masters, and were not so over-awed by white men. "Mr. Brown, no doubt thought," says Mr. Jones, "that I was making an impression on some of the members, if not on him, for he arose suddenly and remarked, 'Friend Jones, you will please say no more on that side. There will be plenty to defend that side of the question.' A general laugh took place.

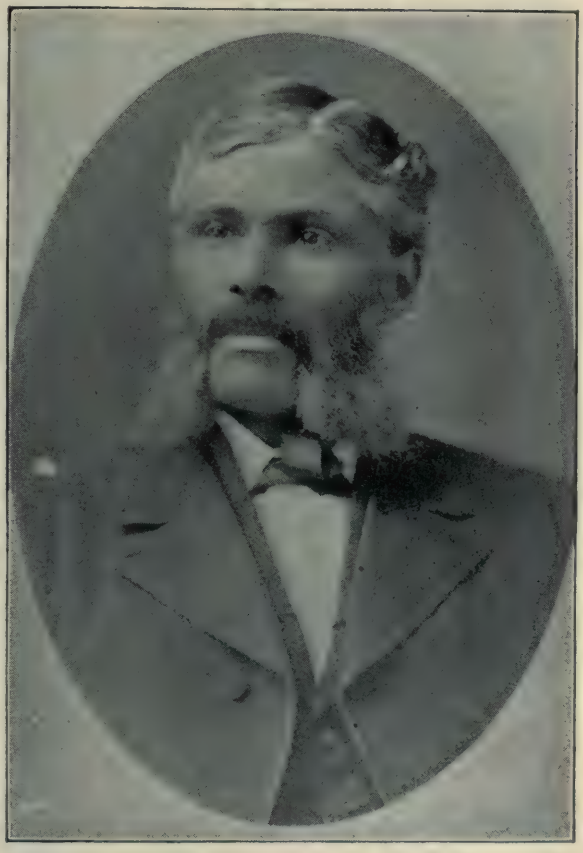
"One day in my shop I told him

how utterly hopeless his plans would be if he persisted in making an attack with the few at his command, and that we could not afford to spare white men of his stamp, ready to sacrifice their lives for the salvation of black men. While I was speaking, Mr. Brown walked to and fro, with his hands behind his back, as was his custom when thinking on his favorite subject. He stopped suddenly, and bringing down his right hand with great force, exclaimed: 'Did not my Master Jesus Christ come down from Heaven and sacrifice Himself upon the altar for the salvation of the race, and should I, a worm, not worthy to crawl under his feet, refuse to sacrifice myself?' With a look of determination he resumed his walk.

"In all the conversations I had with him during his stay in Chatham of nearly a month, I never once saw a smile light up his countenance. He seemed to be always in deep and earnest thought.

"J. E. Cook worked with me a month, cleaning and repairing the revolvers and other arms belonging to the party. During this time he told me that while they were in Kansas fighting the Border Ruffians, Brown's son Frederick was killed. 'When we arrived,' said Cook, 'we found the young man lying dead on the road. He was going to a barn on his uncle's farm when he fell, riddled with bullets. The old man looked on his dead boy for a moment, then raising his eyes heavenward, said, 'By the Eternal, now they have done it, and from this forward they will pay for it.' This event had a fixed and lasting effect on Mr. Brown; and from this time on I never saw a smile on his face.

"A question as to the time for making the attack came up in the Convention. Some advocated that we should wait until the United States became involved in war with some first-class power; that it would be next to madness to plunge into a strife for the abolition of slavery while the Government was at peace with other nations. Mr. Brown listened to the argument for some time, then slowly arose to his full height, and said: 'Mr. Chairman, I am no traitor; I would be the last one to take advantage of my country in the face of a foreign foe.' He seemed to regard it as a great insult. That settled the matter in my mind that John Brown was not insane.



ISAAC HOLDEN.

"In his conversation during his stay here, he appeared intensely American. He never for a moment thought of fighting the United States, as such, but simply the defenders of slavery in the States. Only the ulcer, slavery, he would cut from the body politic.

"Mr. Brown called before the last meeting, and induced Mr. Jones, who had not attended all the sittings, to come to that, as the Constitution must be signed, and he wished his name to be on the roll of honor. As the paper was presented for signature, Brown said 'Now, friend Jones, give us John Hancock, bold and strong.' I replied that I thought it would resemble Stephen Hopkins. The reference was to the difference in the two signatures in the American Declaration of Independence—the one large and bold, the other that of a shaking hand.

"John Brown, never, I think," said Mr. Jones, "communicated his whole plan, even to his immediate followers. In his conversations with me he led me to think that he intended to sacrifice himself and a few of his followers for the purpose of arousing the people of the North from the stupor they were in on this subject. He seemed to think such sacrifice necessary to awaken the people from the deep sleep that had settled upon the minds of the whites of the North. He well knew that the sacrifice of any number of negroes would have no effect. What he intended to do, so far as I could gather from his conversation, from time to time, was to emulate Arnold Winkelried, the Swiss Chieftain, when he threw himself upon the Austrian spearsmen, crying, 'Make way for Liberty.' If that was his real object, the event that followed justified his design. He had said to another friend, 'It is nothing to die in a good cause, but an eternal disgrace to sit still in the presence of the barbarities of American Slavery."

The plan of campaign, as promulgated at Chatham, was, to use the mountains and swamps of Virginia as places into which slaves could be induced to escape, and there await the issue.

Kagi pointed out a chain of counties extending through South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, well fitted to receive and conceal refugees. With the aid of Canadian negroes, who were expected to join in large numbers, these places were to be fortified and manned. They would so become centres of moral force, and strategic points from which, in time, attacks could be made and reprisals secured.

The Constitution adopted was intended as a framework for organization. Brown had proposed to found several schools in which to train young men in military tactics, and especially in rifle practice. One of these was to be at Chatham, and Mr. C. Whipple (Stevens) was to be drill instructor. Mr. Brown did not over-estimate the state of education of the colored people. He knew that they would need leaders, and require training. His great hope was that the struggle would be supported by volunteers from Canada, educated and accustomed to self-government. He looked on our fugitives as picked men of sufficient intelligence, which, combined with a hatred to the South, would make them willng abettors of any enterprise destined to free their race.

There were some earnest abolitionists in Canada, who, while they admired his bravery and self-devotion, yet doubted the wisdom of his plan. Among these were the Hon. George Brown, of the Toronto *Globe*, who regarded his namesake as of too Quixotic a type, and the Rev. W. King, of Buxton, who was approached for his sanction, but declined to attend the Convention.

His influence would have been of weight with his colored friends and former pupils in obtaining recruits.

It was soon found that the proceed-

ings at Chatham had been made known to the pro-slavery rulers at Washington. News of the massacre of the Marais des Cygnes was the cause of Brown's speedy return to Kansas, so that the plan which he had in contemplation in Canada, the attack on Harper's Ferry, and the inciting of the blacks in Virginia to rise, was laid aside till October, 1859. The raid into Missouri, the "battle of the spurs," and the carrying of the rescued slaves to Windsor, already described, took place meanwhile. Captain Brown, in time, laid aside his scheme of forming a place of refuge, and working out from it, and adopted the more daring plan of seizing the United States' arsenal at Harper's Ferry in Virginia; and so striking terror into the slave power by showing that its stronghold might be broken into, and assaults successfully made at its most ancient and central domain, as well as in outlying Missouri. Large supplies of guns, pikes and ammunition were purchased, and stealthily conveyed to the Kennedy farm, a short distance from the Ferry. This quiet place was rented for the purpose, and here Brown and his followers gathered. The sum of $1,500 was furnished by Mr. George L. Stearns, of Boston, and spent in procuring supplies, and otherwise preparing for the contemplated attack. Papers showing exactly how this money was spent, and that it was used in the manner intended by the donors, are in the hands of Dr. Ross. Attacks on Brown's character have recently been made in regard to this fund by some who think it manly to bark at the dead lion. While such slanders cannot reach him, they are sorely felt by worthy members of Brown's family and personal friends still living, whose reverential love is unabated, and who know of a certainty that the old warrior's honor rests as unsullied as his courage is undisputed.

The cut of pike and gun given exactly represents those used at Harper's Ferry, and is taken from weapons in Dr. Ross' possession.

On the tenth of October, 1859, Brown's plans for attack were complete. About this time, Dr. Ross received the following note :—

CHAMBERSBURG, PENN.,
Oct. 6th, 1859.

DEAR FRIEND—I shall *move* about the end of this month. Can you help the cause in the way promised. Address your reply to Isaac Smith, Chambersburg, Penn.

Your friend,
JOHN BROWN.

The town of Harper's Ferry is about fifty-three miles north-west from Washington, at the confluence of the Shenandoah with the Potomac. The Blue Ridge of the Alleghanies rises grandly on one side. The Baltimore and Ohio railway spans the Potomac here. It was the site of the United States armoury and arsenal, and witnessed various struggles during the late civil war. It was against this unsuspecting stronghold that the wild movement was to be made.

As organized, on paper, by Brown, his force was to be divided into four companies, each composed of seventy-two officers and men. Each company was to be subdivided into corporal-guards of seven men each, with their subaltern. Two such bands made a section of sixteen men, under a sergeant. While at the Kennedy farm, Brown and Kagi were visited by Frederick Douglass, who was informed of the intention of taking the Ferry and arsenal. He opposed it with all the arguments at his command, but found that Brown was not to be shaken from his purpose. "Our talk was long and earnest," said Douglass. "We spent the most of Saturday and a part of Sunday in this debate,—Brown for Harper's Ferry; and I against it; I for the policy of gradually drawing off the slaves to the mountains, as at first suggested and proposed by him." Brown was immovable and Mr. Douglass left, after a friendly parting, never to see the old hero again.

When the attack was made, only

twenty-two men had enlisted at the Kennedy farm, of whom Shields Green, Dangerfield Newby, John A. Copeland, Osborne P. Anderson, W. H. Leary, and John Anderson, were colored men.

The affair of the 17th October, 1859, is now a matter of history. It relates that Brown, with his little company, actually captured the Ferry and arsenal, and sent a thrill of fear through the whole south. In Virginia, the loss in the value of slaves, till then, but never since, a staple property, was estimated to be ten millions of dollars, and nearly a quarter of a million more was spent by the frightened authorities in quelling the *emeute* and providing safe-guards. Brown's two sons, Watson and Oliver, fell, fighting bravely. The leader himself, after a fearless attack and defence, fell into the hands of the State. Colonel, afterwards the famous General, Robert E. Lee, came with a regiment of soldiers, to avert the danger and guard the commonwealth. Wilkes Booth, who assassinated President Lincoln, was there in the ranks. Then followed, at Charlestown Court House, the trial of the leader, and of those who were taken with him ; the conviction on the charge of treason, and the execution—from whose terrors our hero did not flinch.

Nowhere was the news received with more intense or sadder interest than in Chatham. From the day of the attack until the fatal 2nd of December following, meetings for prayer and consultation were held continuously. Earnest eulogiums upon the character of the departed hero were delivered on the evening of the day of his execution, by J. M. Bell, and J. H. Harris, who had been members of the Convention. The same issue of the *Provincial Freeman* that chronicles this tells of thirty-six persons who had been driven from Kentucky to Northern Territory, for the crime of sympathizing with the Charlestown sufferers.

They were the precursors of many whom the civil war was destined, within a few months, to drive to Canadian shelter, political refugees, such as General John C. Breckenridge, and Hon. Jacob Thompson, and "skedaddlers," by the hundreds, as those were called, who thus escaped military enrolment. Many of these remained until the end of the war, and some are here still.

The interval in prison was cheerfully spent. To a friend he wrote, "I am quite cheerful. Men cannot imprison, or chain, or bind the soul. I go joyfully, in behalf of those millions that 'have no rights,' that this great and glorious—this Christian Republic 'is bound to respect.'"

Captain Brown's last act, before being led from prison, was to visit the cells of his fellow-captives and cheer them. He had imparted to these poor people much of his own brave spirit. He had a power to so influence those with him that they followed him with a reverential love, exceeding that of Ruth to Naomi, nor did any of them shrink from sacrifice ; though Capt. Kagi and Brown's sons saw the great dangers, and had urged the hopelessness of moving before the ranks were filled.

It was not expected that the blow would be struck till the 24th of October. The precipitation of the attack, on the 17th, was caused by Brown's fear of betrayal by a Judas. The smallness of the band, and the fact that most of them had military titles, show that they were intended simply as the nucleus of the formidable force that Brown expected to join in the enterprise.

When he ascended the scaffold, on the 2nd of December, 1859, at Charlestown, it was with no faltering step. He stood erect and looked firmly down on the lines of soldiery that surrounded him. He met his end as one who had done his duty, as he saw it, and feared not that which was to come after. We can say of him, as of Sam-

son, "The dead which he slew at his death, were more than they which he slew in his life." Colonel Lee and Lieutenant J. E. B. Stuart, who looked on, and were soon gallantly fighting as generals for the South, did not then see that our hero conquered more than death; that the monster slavery then received a grievous wound which all their bravery could not avert or cure. Victor Hugo, in referring to this period, wrote, "What the South slew last December, was not John Brown, but Slavery.....Slavery in all its forms will disappear."

DR. A. M ROSS.

Brown's body was carried to his loved home in the Adirondacks. Wendell Phillips made a eulogy at his grave. "John Brown," he said, "has loosened the roots of slavery. It may gasp, but it is dead. He said he could take the town with twenty men, and he did it. How sublime that last fortnight! His words are stronger than even his rifles. These crushed a State; those will yet crush Slavery. The echoes of his rifles have died away among the hills; his words, millions treasure. He sleeps in the blessing of the slave."

Garibaldi, liberator of Italy, writing from his Caprera home, declared that "John Brown was the instrumental precursor of the liberty of the slave."

The engine hall to which Brown and some of his men retired, and where they were taken at last, was carried to the Chicago World's Exposition of 1893, and there seen by many thousands.

The fate of some only of those who were at the Chatham Convention is known. Martin R. Delaney, M. D., became a Major of the 104th regiment colored troops, and a Commissioner of the U. S. Bureau of Refugees, and in 1868 published an interesting biography of his life and times. Capt. Kagi fell on the *Shenandoah*, riddled with bullets. Capt. J. E. Cook, Copeland, the young mulatto, and Chas. Whipple (Aaron D. Stevens), were taken prisoners at the Ferry, and were tried and executed at Charlestown. All of them died like the brave men they were, some days after their leader. Richard Realf agreed to be at the contest, but failed to be present, having gone to England. Osborne P. Anderson returned to Chatham after the affray. He was proceeding to the scene of action with a load of pikes, thinking Brown held the arsenal. Discovering his mistake, and seeing marines approaching, he fled and escaped. Owen Brown also, foreseeing the result, escaped to the woods. He lived for some years afterwards in Ohio, then settled, with others of his father's family, at Pasadena, in California, where he recently died. He was a man of considerable ability and mental resources, and was brave and determined.

Dr. Ross had, at John Brown's request, gone to Richmond, and, being there at the time of the attack, was

arrested, but not long detained. As the day for his old friend's execution came on, he went to Harper's Ferry and applied for permission to go to Charlestown, but the officer in command ordered him to leave, and sent him under guard to Baltimore, calling to the captain in charge, "Captain, if he returns to Harper's Ferry, shoot him at once." The intrepid doctor then went to Governor Wise at Richmond, and, after an interview, related in his little volume, "Recollections and Experiences of an Abolitionist," the Governor refused him permission, and when he asked for a permit to leave the State, wrote on a card, "The bearer is hereby ordered to leave the State of Virginia within twenty-four hours, —Henry A. Wise." Dr. Ross, finding it impossible to see his old friend once more, wrote a farewell letter to John Brown, and received the answer already given. Some friends collected a few hundreds of dollars for the families of the sufferers, and with this money the Canadian doctor went to North Elba, and there found four women made widows in the anti-slavery contest. It was a sad but strangely interesting thing to see and converse with them. They constantly consoled themselves and their sympathizing friends by referring to the great cause, and for it all seemed ready to suffer and to die.

Dr. Ross has ever since kept up an affectionate correspondence with the members of John Brown's family. From two letters received by him, we have been allowed to make extracts. The first is from his eldest daughter:

> I know my dear father loved you, and it is but natural that his children should love you. For your devotion to father, and the interest you have shown in his children, my heart goes out gratefully.
>
> RUTH BROWN THOMPSON.
>
> Pasadena, California, Dec. 30th, 1892

The second is from his youngest daughter:

> May the God that John Brown believed in and trusted bless you and yours, for your kindness to his sick and helpless daughters. This (the aid sent) will keep my children from going hungry.
>
> ANNIE BROWN ADAMS.
>
> Petrolia, California, Jan. 7th, 1893.

Some of the money (about $400) subscribed for the sufferers at North Elba was given by distinguished members of the Canadian Parliament, then in session.(a) The names of these donors are reserved at their request, but among others in Toronto, mention may be made of the late Mr. Glover Harrison who was a member of the Liberty League. Two Canadians fell at Harper's Ferry. William H. Lehman, who had been the youngest member of the Chatham Convention, was shot and killed, after surrendering, by Shoppart, a militiaman. Steward Taylor was a fellow-countryman of Lehman's. Both were natives of the township of Markham, near Toronto, as Dr. Ross informs me, but Mr. Hinton gives Maine as the latter's birth-place, and his name as Leeman.

Richard Richardson was a Missouri slave, rescued by Brown. He is since dead. Some of the other members of the Convention are yet living in the United States. Since the decease of Messrs. Hunton and Holden, Mr. Jones is, as stated, the only survivor in Canada. They did not go to Virginia. Mr. Jones and Mr. Holden had then gone on a visit to the Pacific Coast. Mr. J. Madison Bell was a writer of ability, who lived for a time in St. Catharines and Chatham, and then settled in Toledo, Ohio. Ira D. Shadd and his brother Isaac, Chatham boys, removed to the South, and both of

(a) The Rev. O. B. Frothingham in his life of Gerrit Smith, says: "Alexander M. Ross, of Canada, whose remarkable exploits in running off slaves caused such consternation in the Southern States, was in communication with Gerrit Smith from first to last, was aided by him in his preparation with information and counsel, and had a close understanding with him in regard to his course of procedure. Both these men made the rescue of slaves a personal matter." To a very few of his New York and Philadelphia friends, Dr. Ross was known by his name, but the Quakers knew him as "The Helper," Emerson and his Boston associates as "The Canadian Knight." The colored people called him "Moses" and "The Helper." Other names were adopted as emergencies and safety required

them became men of prominence. James H. Harris was a representative in Congress from North Carolina.

Some refer to the taking of Forts Moultrie and Castle Pinkney, or to the attack on Fort Sumter by the Confederacy, as the first blows of the late civil war. Others find in the Harper's Ferry affair, the initial outbreak, the bursting forth of the fire which had been long angrily smouldering on the south-western borders of the Commonwealth. Few will, in the light of history, deny that in the little schoolhouse and engine hall of Chatham, the train was laid that fired the mine, whence resulted the overthrow of the proud Southern oligarchy.

The presiding genius of the Chatham Convention was the soul which soon after animated thousands of Union soldiers, as they fought for their country, and brought joy and freedom to the bondmen. When the men moved on, under Grant and Sherman and Sheridan, the memory of the old hero's pious valor cheered their hearts, and roused to emulation of his bravery, as they marched, they sang :

John Brown died that the slave might be free ;
John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave,
But his soul is marching on."

JOHN BROWN'S PIKE AND GUN.

Copy of the letter from Brown, using name of Mr. Bell, after the Convention :

CHATHAM CANADA WEST,
May 21st, 1858.

DEAR SON AND OTHER FRIENDS ALL—The letters of three of your number are received, dated the 16th, by which we learn the difficulty you find in getting employment. It seems that all but three have managed to stop their board bills, and I do hope the balance will follow the *manlike* and *noble* example of patience and perseverance set them by the others, instead of being either discouraged or out of humor. The weather is so wet here that no work can be obtained. I have only received $15 from the east, and such has been the effect of the course taken by F. (Col Forbes), on our eastern friends, that I have some fears that we shall be compelled to delay further action for the present. They (his Eastern friends) urge us to do so, promising us liberal assistance after a while. I am in hourly expectation of help sufficient to pay off our board bills here, and to take us on to Cleveland, to see and advise with you, which we shall do at once when we get the means. Suppose we do have to defer our direct efforts, shall great and noble minds either indulge in useless complaint or fold their arms in discouragement, or sit in idleness, when we may at least avoid losing ground. It is in times of difficulty that men show what they are ; it is in such times that men mark themselves. Are our difficulties such as to make us give up one of the noblest enterprises in which men ever were engaged ?

Write JAMES M. BELL,
Your Sincere Friend.

The following letter was received by the author from Mr. John Brown, Jr., with a photograph of his father given :

PUT-IN-BAY, OTTAWA CO.,
Ohio, Aug 4th.

J. C. HAMILTON, ESQ.,
Toronto, Canada.

DEAR SIR—Yours of the 6th July enclosing manuscript, came duly, but illness had prevented an earlier reply. Have read the articles you sent with deep interest, and most sincerely do I thank you for sending them. Wish it were in my power to add anything which would give additional interest to your story of my father's career in Canada. The account you have given of it is ably written, and shows that true *apprehension of his real character*, which in my view gives great value to your paper.

The C. Whipple referred to (whose real name is Aaron D Stevens), accompanied father and Kagi at the time the 12 slaves (Sam. Harper being one), were taken from Missouri through Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois and Michigan into Canada. He was at the convention you describe ; was at Harper's Ferry, and was subsequently executed at Charlestown. Va.

Father was only about five feet ten and one half inches in height, and not so broad shouldered as many have represented him.

His weight was about 150 lbs. ; he was muscular and active and had uncommon endurance, physical and mental. The description of him, as without a beard, would apply to him only up to the last two or three years of his life, when he ceased to shave. His beard was white, his hair iron-grey. With your valuable paper, which I return to you by to-morrow's mail, I send you a photograph of my father, copied from a copy of the original which he gave to me at Andover, Ashtabula Co , Ohio, June 18th, 1859, when on his way to Harper's Ferry. This is an excellent picture, showing him with full beard as it was at the time of his execution, December 2nd, 1859.

Please accept, with the sincere regards of

Faithfully yours,

JOHN BROWN, JR.

Authorities referred to :

The Public Life of John Brown. By James Redpath, 1860.

Life and Letters of John Brown, liberator of Kansas, and Martyr of Virginia. By F. B. Sanborn, 1885.

John Brown and His Men. By Richard J. Hinton, article in Frank Leslie's Monthly, June, 1880.

Book by same author, under same title. Funk & Wagnalls Co., 1894.

Original papers in possession of Dr. A. M. Ross, Toronto.

A CHRISTMAS CHIME.

At Christmas time, from clime to clime,
Each star to star doth sweetly chime,
Till all the heavens are ringed with rhyme.

Then, loosed above, a note thereof,
Floats downward like a wandering dove,
And all the world is ringed with love.

—JOHN B. TABB

HUDSON'S BAY.

BY GEO. H. BRADBURY.

In undertaking to prepare a paper on the practicability of using the Hudson's Bay route for commercial purposes, I have not failed to recognize the very great importance of the subject, and I have endeavored to make the different phases of it as clear as possible, so that all may understand the importance of opening up this Northern outlet.

The building of a railroad from Winnipeg, or some other point on the Canadian Pacific Railway, to the Hudson's Bay, means the bringing of Liverpool at least 1,000 miles nearer Manitoba than it really is by the present routes. As Liverpool is the market for the productions of the North-West, this great saving in distance would be of incalculable value to that portion of the Dominion.

The question of the practicability of navigating the Hudson's Straits in safety is one that has excited much interest for the last two centuries. By a careful study of the reports of the different men who have explored these straits, we find a very satisfactory solution to this question.

Hudson's Bay has not been inaptly termed the Mediterranean of North America. It is a large sea, situated between the parallels of 51 degrees and 64 degrees north latitude and is therefore well outside the Arctic zone, and lies between the meridians of 78 degrees and 95 degrees west long. It is about 1,000 miles in length from north to south, and is some 600 miles wide, and covers an area of nearly 600,000 square miles.

Hudson's Bay is remarkably free from rocks and shoals, and it has an average depth of about 420 feet. So uniform are the soundings, that Dr. Bell, of the Geological Survey, in a paper prepared by him in 1881 on the commercial importance of Hudson's Bay had no hesitation in saying that if, through any convulsion of nature, this vast basin were to be drained, we should find an immense level similar to the prairies of the West.

The same authority informs us that storms in the bay are very rare, and by no means formidable; that icebergs are never seen, and that fogs, the most dreaded enemy with which sailors have to contend, are of rare occurrence, and of but short duration; the climate of the shores of the bay during the summer months is mild and genial, and vegetables, such as potatoes, lettuce, beet-root, onions and many others, are grown in the open air.

It is asserted by Dr. Bell that the temperature of the water in Hudson's Bay is several degrees higher than the water in Lake Superior; and, in support of this assertion, Lieutenant Gordon, who was sent by the Canadian Government in command of the expeditions dispatched to Hudson's Bay for the purpose of reporting on its feasibility as a commercial route, writes, in his official despatch, that Hudson's Bay may be regarded as a vast basin of comparatively warm water, the effect of which must be to ameliorate the winter climate to the south and east of it.

The principal, and, as far as we know at present, the only practicable approach to Hudson's Bay in a ship is through Hudson's Strait, a deep channel about 500 miles in length, which separates Labrador from the islands of Arctic America. The strait has an average breadth of about 100 miles, but the width in the narrowest part of the channel is not more than

45 miles. The soundings in the strait vary from 900 to 1800 feet, and it is wonderfully free from shoals or rocks, or any other obstacles that would tend to make the navigation of a narrow channel more than ordinarily dangerous.

The stories of the early voyages to Hudson's Straits are important to us, because they form a cumulative evidence respecting its navigability in the months when such voyages were made. John Davis, an Arctic explorer, returning from the extreme northern point which he had reached in 1587, passed across the mouth of the strait on the 1st of August, and called it the Over Fall, on account of the fact that the tides meeting at the mouth of the strait caused the water to be agitated and to appear like a fall; and in 1602 the East India Company sent out Captain Waymouth on a voyage of discovery, and he reports having entered during his voyage an inlet in the same latitude that Davis had located the Over Fall. Hence it was that Luke Fox, who subsequently made a voyage, recorded such information as to light Hudson into the straits a very short time afterwards.

In 1610, Henry Hudson was dispatched in the little *Discovery*, of 55 tons, with a crew of 21 men, to find the North-West passage by way of the opening discovered by Davis in 1587. The labors of Hudson bore rich fruit, and he deserves a high place among our early geographers. His name is never likely to be forgotten; it is borne by the strait and by the great bay to which it leads; it is affectionately remembered by the thousands of happy families now living on the banks of that beautiful river called after him in the State of New York. It was Hudson who opened to his own countrymen the fisheries of Spitzbergen, and the fur trade of the Hudson's Bay Territory. He thus built up for himself a far more enduring monument than his fondest dreams could have anticipated.

Henry Hudson entered the strait which bears his name in the end of June, 1610, and, according to his journal, was at first much troubled with ice. For some time he experienced difficulty in making his way westward, and on the 11th of July, fearing a storm, he anchored under the shelter of three rocky islands, to which he gave the name of "The Isles of God's Mercy." They are marked on the present charts as the Middle Savage Islands. Thence he pushed his way westward to what is known as Digges Island and to Cape Wolstenholme, at the entrance of Hudson's Bay; but unfortunately, this is the last recorded incident in his journal. For an account of the remainder of the voyage we have to trust to the narrative written by one of the survivors, which, although of thrilling interest, contains little geographical information. The story of his wintering in the bay, and of the mutinous conduct of the crew, and of the abandonment of Hudson and his son in an open boat, is told by this survivor, named Habakuk Prickett. The *Discovery* returned through Hudson's Straits early in August of 1611, without any difficulty, and the report of the survivors led to the dispatch of another expedition in the ensuing spring.

Sir Thomas Button, who commanded this expedition of 1612, proceeded through the strait in June and reached Digges Island without much hindrance from ice. He wintered on the west coast of Hudson's Bay, and returned through the strait in the summer of 1613 without the slightest difficulty.

And again, in 1615, another expedition was dispatched in the little *Discovery*, under the command of Robert Bylot, with that accomplished navigator, William Baffin, as pilot. During this voyage, Hudson's Straits were entered about the end of May, and on the 8th of June we find them anchored at the Savage Islands, or the Isles

of God's Mercy, where Hudson anchored in 1610. From this they proceeded westward along the northern shore, and stopped at a place named by Baffin as the Broken Point. This spot is memorable, from the fact that here the first lunar observation ever taken in the bay was taken by William Baffin on this occasion. This admirable pilot drew a most interesting chart of the coast line, on which the prominent headlands and islands are delineated with a fair approach to accuracy. The *Discovery* returned through the straits in August, without meeting any obstacles in the way of ice. But the great mistake made by Baffin, and indeed by all the Arctic explorers, was that they returned too early in the season to give us the information sought after, namely, the length of the season during which ships can sail through the straits safely. But by referring to reports of later navigators, we can fix a period of from three to four months in the year, when sailing vessels can easily pass through the strait. The Hudson's Bay Company's ships have navigated the bay and straits for the last 250 years, and by the records of their trips, it is proven beyond a doubt that the strait is safe for sailing vessels for from three to four months of the year.

But in this age of steam and of powerfully constructed ships, I think it can be proven beyond any reasonable doubt that ships constructed for the purpose of ice navigation, can navigate the Hudson's Bay and Strait for a period of five months of the year. In support of this, I will offer the evidence of some of the navigators who have navigated the Hudson's Bay and Strait for many years.

Capt. Wm Kennedy, who commanded an expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, and who has had eight years' experience of the strait, says that from June to November—five months—the strait is perfectly safe.

Mr. W. A. Archibald, for many years in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company at Moose Factory, says the bay and strait can be navigated from June to December—six months—safely.

The Dominion Government sent out three expeditions to the strait and bay during the years 1884-'85-'86, under command of Lieutenant Gordon, in all of whose reports the navigation is placed at four months. But Capt. J. J. Barry, the first officer in each of those expeditions, and an experienced Newfoundland sealer, says that ocean steamers can enter the bay in June, and come out as late as December. Mr. W. A. Ashe, superintendent of the Quebec Observatory, the officer of the expedition in charge of the station on the north coast of the strait from August, 1884, to September, 1885, says the strait is navigable for from four and a half to six and a half months, the period varying according to the class of ships.

Capt. John Macpherson, of Stepney, London, as first officer and captain in the service of the Hudson Bay Company, made voyages from London to Hudson's Bay and return, annually, for 20 years, and he writes, "There is no reason why steamships could not make the passage of the strait and bay as early as the 13th of June, and return as late as the middle of November,"—five and a half months.

With such information as this before me, I am fully justified in claiming that with ships constructed for navigating these waters, the passage can be made safely any time during a period of at least five months of the year.

I think I have demonstrated clearly that the navigation of Hudson's Bay and Strait is really practicable beyond any reasonable doubt. It is, therefore, my purpose to show the great benefit that the fact of the Hudson's Bay and Strait being navigable for commercial purposes will confer on Canada as a whole and more par-

ticularly on the Province of Manitoba and the North-West Territories.

The Province of Manitoba and the North-West Territories lie far to the west of the nearest port on the Atlantic seaboard. A railway journey of 1,425 miles from Montreal, the nearest sea-port, is necessary before reaching Winnipeg, which is situated at the extreme eastern limit of the fertile belt of the North-West. It is 1,781 miles by the shortest present railway route from Montreal to Regina, the capital of the North-West Territories, and the centre of the great wheat-growing region. There is an average distance of some 2,000 miles from Montreal, which is the nearest seaport, to the cattle ranches of Alberta. These distances are very great, and the cost of transportation of the products of the country is so heavy that the farmers and producers of the North-West Territories are handicapped in competing with the farmers of the older provinces, who are so much nearer the seaboard.

And, as a consequence of this enormous handicap, which has very seriously retarded the development of a country vast in extent, and exceedingly rich in the resources of its soil and grazing lands, we are forced in the interest of our great North-West to look for a shorter way to the seaboard, so that the farmers and producers of the North-West may be placed on an even footing with those of the older provinces and of the Eastern States. And with this object in view, we look at the existing relationship between the North-West and the sea to the north of it, which is the natural outlet for that vast country.

Lying immediately north and within 700 miles of the principal centres of trade and population is Hudson's Bay, projecting itself far into the interior, as if to invite the commerce of the whole of that region—the future home for millions. A port on the west shore of Hudson's Bay at the mouth of the Churchill River, would be nearer to Liverpool, the great mart of the world, than is Montreal or New York, and a railway from Winnipeg or Regina to Hudson's Bay would bring the North-West 1,000 miles closer to Liverpool than it is at the present day, and place that great country on an equal footing in respect to European markets with the Province of Ontario or the other provinces to the eastward.

Recognizing this fact, a company of gentlemen, with Mr. Hugh Sutherland as president, sent out exploring parties as early as 1881, with instructions to locate a line from Winnipeg to Hudson's Bay.

As I was at that time in business on Lake Winnipeg, I saw this party when on their way to the bay, and after their return I had the pleasure of reading the reports made by one of the engineers, and have since had many conversations with members of that exploring party. And from these and other sources I learned that a road could be constructed without more than ordinary difficulty.

After the preliminary survey, Mr. Hugh Sutherland and his associates made application to the Dominion Parliament for a charter, which was granted. The Company is known as the "Winnipeg and Hudson Bay Railway Company." They were incorporated to build a line from Winnipeg to a port on Hudson's Bay, and also a branch from the crossing of the Saskatchewan river to a point on the Canadian Pacific Railway at or near Regina, thus making a system in the form of a Y, with one of its southern termini in the heart of the wheat-growing region, and the other at Winnipeg, the commercial metropolis of the North-West. To aid in carrying out this enterprise, Parliament voted a subsidy of 8,480,000 acres of land adjacent to the line of railway, and gave the Company such powers as to to make its charter the most liberal in the Dominion.

So necessary to the development of

the North-West is this enterprise regarded by the people of the country, that the Manitoba Legislature, while the late and lamented Hon. John Norquay was Premier of the Province, passed an act guaranteeing interest for 25 years at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum on $4,500,000 of the bonds of the Company. This substantial aid to the undertaking was voted for the purpose of assisting the Company to finance the scheme at once, and thus secure the early completion of the entire line from Winnipeg to the bay. But, unfortunately for the Company and the country, the Norquay Government was defeated just at the time when this act was proving a great help to the Company in making financial arrangements, and the Greenway party came into power. One of the first acts this party did after taking office was to repeal the act granting the Hudson Bay Railway Company aid, and by doing so they checked the financial arrangements going on at that time for the construction of the railway.

Hudson's Bay is the natural outlet for the productions, not only of the North-West Territories of Canada, but of the Western States to the south. From their geographical position, Minnesota, Dakota, Wyoming, Montana and other western areas of the United States, will necessarily be tributary to this route, as it will offer them the same advantages as the Canadian territories would possess. In the Red River Valley of Minnesota and Dakota upwards of twenty million bushels of wheat are produced annually. Over 80 per cent. of this is exported, and would naturally find its way over the Hudson's Bay route to England, instead of going, as it does now, over the long and expensive route through to the Atlantic seaboard. The construction of the Hudson's Bay Railway will be a saving to the farmers and shippers from the North-West to Liverpool, of one-third of the present freight charges. It has been estimaaed that the saving in freight to shippers of cattle would be about $15 per head, and to wheat shippers not less than 10 cents per bushel, from Winnipeg or Regina. It must, therefore, be evident that a road that will confer such advantages must eventually be constructed, and that the Government of Canada can well afford to assist in its construction. The Canadian Pacific Railway was a necessity to Canada, and has bound the different Provinces together more effectually than any other tie that exists. The Dominion Government deserve and have the thanks of all good Canadians for the manner in which they pushed this great national highway on to completion in the face of a very persistent, and, at times, unscrupulous, opposition by the leading men on the opposite side of the House. The Government have recognized the importance of opening up our great North-West Territories, and have done much in that direction by the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway, but their work of developing is not yet completed, nor will it be until they have given to our North-West its natural outlet by the Hudson's Bay. This they could do by rendering to the Hudson's Bay Railway Company the necessary assistance to enable it to secure the required amount of money to complete a first-class railroad system from different points on the C.P.R. to Hudson's Bay; and by assisting this enterprise so as to insure its completion at an early date, they will have assured the rapid settlement of our great North-West country, which means a much greater market for our Eastern manufacturer and the rapid extension of our interprovincial trade, which, after all, is the great factor in the prosperity of our Dominion. The C.P.R. would thereby be benefited greatly, having this trade practically in its own hands.

A more direct route than our present route for European immigrants to the North-West is urgently needed.

Many of those who left their old homes in past years with the purpose of trying their future in that new "country of illimitable possibilities," as Lord Dufferin happily described it, drifted into the United States. This was almost inevitable from the mixed route which had for so many years afforded the only means of access to that country. The loss to Canada in wealth and population which has been occasioned in this way is incalculable, but further loss will be effectually checked by the opening up of this new route, for immigrants will be brought into the country without being exposed to the allurements of foreign land agents.

I feel perfectly satisfied, after a careful investigation of this subject, that with a railway from Winnipeg to Hudson's Bay, and with a first-class line of steamships built for navigating the waters between Liverpool and Churchill, the port on the Hudson's Bay, that the passage can be made safely in ten days, at any time from the middle of June until the first of November. When one considers the fact that the passage from Liverpool to the terminus of a railroad on the Hudson's Bay could be made so quickly, it will be apparent that such a route, from a strategical point of view as well as from a commercial one, would prove an invaluable route to the British Government, as well as to the Canadian Government, making it possible to land an army on the Pacific coast in two weeks from leaving Liverpool, an advantage which, in case of trouble on the Pacific, would prove of immense value to Britain.

But, it has been said by those who do not know, that it would be expensive to construct a railway from Winnipeg to the bay. This is apparently not the case; and in corroboration of this assumption, I submit a few passages from the reports of the engineers who have been over the line.

Adrian Nelson, one of the engineers, writes as follows, in his report to the directors of the road:—"Gentlemen, I beg to submit the following report on the feasibility and construction of the proposed railway to Hudson's Bay. The country that the railway passes through is of such description as to offer but few engineering difficulties in the construction of it. The whole of the country partakes of the nature of a flat plain, the first half being practically level, and the remainder, with a slight exception, having a gradual and almost imperceptible slope to the Hudson's Bay. There is very little rock work, and the country, far from being drowned, is well drained by a system of rivers and lakes. Besides this, there is an abundance of timber and stone."

And Mr. W. W. Kirkpatrick, another of the engineers, who made an exploratory survey of the line to the Hudson's Bay in the fall of 1881 and the winter of 1882, says: "There is no difficulty in building a railway through this country. There are no heavy grades or cuttings, and very little rock work. Tie timber and ballast are plentiful in the vicinity, while nearly all streams crossed appear to have timber suitable for bridging. The country is fairly level, and about equally divided into prairie and timber sections, and considerably cut up by lakes and hay marshes. The soil on the average appears good, and I believe will prove a favorable country for settlement."

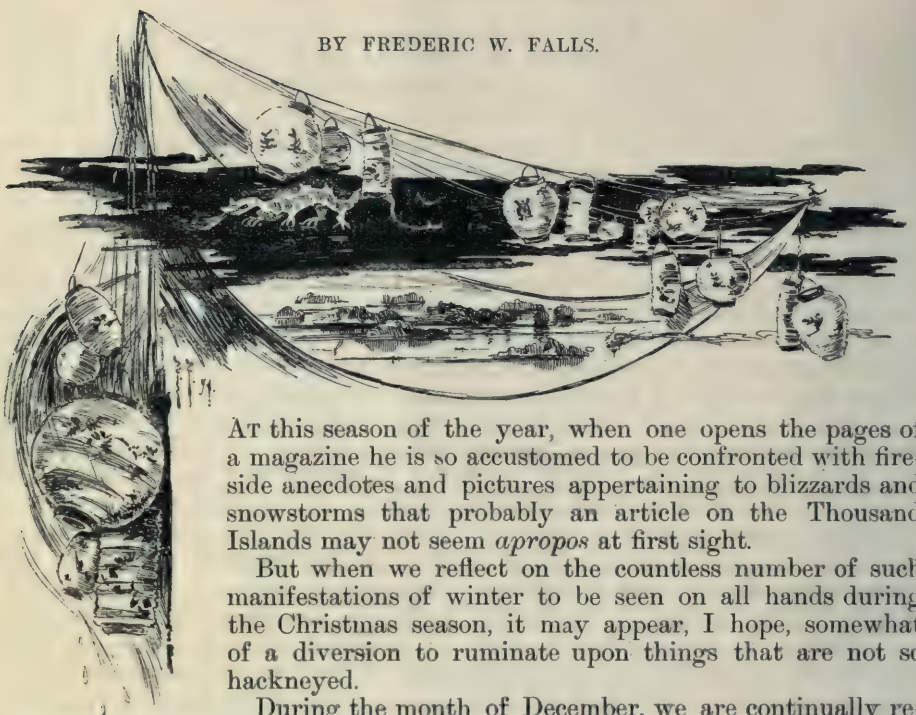
But, it is impossible, in the brief space of an article, to advance one-tenth part of the information I might advance corroborative of the position I have taken on this subject, of using the Hudson's Bay for commercial purposes.

I have, I think, though, made it clear that sailing vessels can navigate the Hudson's Straits for at least three months of the year. It is a well known fact among navigators, that when there is a heavy wind blowing the flow ice becomes packed, but during the calm the ice separates by the action of

the water and makes it possible for a ship to proceed, provided she has the power of locomotion, the absence of which is the great difficulty with a sailing vessel, for when there is a good wind, it is possible that the ice may pack, blocking the passage, but just as soon as the wind calms down, the ice divides so that there is clear water to go ahead in. But as a sailing vessel cannot move without wind, it must be quite plain that such vessels cannot make a success of navigating waters where they are likely to meet with ice. But, on the other hand, steamships constructed for ice navigation are independent of the wind, and would even sail along through ice that a sailing vessel dare not approach. This being the case, I do not think it unreasonable to say that a ship constructed for ice navigation would find no difficulty in making the passage through the strait and bay any time from the middle of June until the first of November. The American people are alive to the great importance of this route. It is only a few months since Senator Davis, speaking in the Senate at Washington, drew the attention of the House to the fact that if the Hudson's Bay route were opened up the trade of the north-western States would be diverted to it, and the Canadians would thereby reap the benefits of the large carrying trade from the States adjacent to Manitoba and the North-West Territories; and to check this, he advised the enlarging of the Sault Ste. Marie Canal. But, the United States may enlarge their canals and improve their shipping facilities, but all will be of no avail. They cannot concentrate and keep the trade of these States within their own boundaries, because they are working against nature. The Hudson's Bay is the natural outlet, to the European markets, for the whole north-west portion of this continent, and, just as soon as this route is opened up, the large export trade of Minnesota, Dakota and Montana will find its way to England through Hudson's Bay. This, in itself, would insure a large and paying trade to the road, and our own great North-West would be benefitted beyond calculation, and would, I have no doubt, be rapidly settled, and our Dominion be greatly strengthened and enriched thereby.

THE THOUSAND ISLES.

BY FREDERIC W. FALLS.



At this season of the year, when one opens the pages of a magazine he is so accustomed to be confronted with fireside anecdotes and pictures appertaining to blizzards and snowstorms that probably an article on the Thousand Islands may not seem *apropos* at first sight.

But when we reflect on the countless number of such manifestations of winter to be seen on all hands during the Christmas season, it may appear, I hope, somewhat of a diversion to ruminate upon things that are not so hackneyed.

During the month of December, we are continually reminded in multifarious ways of the ice and snow, the wind and frost, amid which we Northerners are thought to be embedded.

Turn whatever way we will at this season, and we peer through a vista of Christmas trees. Gaze in any direction we please, and the scene discovers a view of Santa Claus' beard, tangled and wind-tossed, that seems to arise out of everything, in some magical way quite consistent with the general belief of enchantments that are supposed to attach to that mystical visitor.

Wherever we look, all things seem imbued with the prevailing spirit: as has been said, it permeates even the literature, and disports itself among the illustrations, with a frequency that is sometimes painful.

If an article on the Thousand Isles, therefore, may not seem to be in keeping with the general current of reading matter at present in circulation, it will, perhaps, at this time of the year, present the aspect of novelty, however much it may be thought to have been written upon at other seasons.

* * *

When the great Homer, aged and infirm, imbued with the profound mythological spirit of his age, dreamt the dream embodied in those intricate strokes and tails and curves to be found in Odessy IX., and which drive to the verge of lunacy every university student of to-day, he little thought that there existed to the westward, five thousand miles from where he lived and moved and had his being, in the yet undiscovered western world, the entity and real object—the personification and very being of those things which he supposed existed only in the inmost recesses of his fervid imagination. But we, coming half that number of years after him, with our characteristic faculty of discovery, have at last located his dreamland, and given to it the very commonplace and mathematical cognomen of the "Thousand Isles." If he had lived in our time he would have found his Lotos Land ensconced in the bosom of a mighty stream

which is known to the people of this age by the title of "River St. Lawrence."

That the spot to which we refer is

IN AMERICAN WATERS, LOOKING TOWARD THE CANADIAN MAIN LAND.

a perfect garden, there can be no disputing, in spite of what certain blasé travellers may say to the contrary.

Of course, if a man goes there with some over-drawn, chaotic idea, conjured up from conning over vapid descriptions of wonderful sights, read of but rarely seen, and expects to find the beautiful sunsets of the Lower St. Lawrence, the grand and terrific storms of the Hudson, the ever-changing panorama of antiquated chateaux

and castles on the Rhine, and the mountain scenery of Switzerland, he will be disappointed, for in the absence of these things our dreamland is conspicuous.

But in spite of a deficiency in these qualities that make those other places famous, it nevertheless possesses a beauty and charm all its own. It has a personality as magnetic as that possessed by any politician that ever lived, without all the customary malfeasance that is supposed, by the opposite party, to attach to such individuals.

The beauty of the Thousand Isles is unique; and the scenery to be found there is almost undiscoverable in any other part of the world. This archipelago lies midway between the cities of Kingston and Brockville, on the queen of rivers of the North American continent.

It has never been claimed by the admirers of this beautiful garden of nature that its scenery is as grand as that of some of the places I have named, for instance, the Hudson. The scenery of the Thousand Isles is, emphatically, not grand, but it is pretty. It is prettier, perhaps, than any other to be found on this continent; herein we make the distinction between grand and pretty landscapes.

The scenery of our Fairyland is not as bold, nor is it as impressive to the passing tourist, as that of the Hudson, but it is more dainty: a more refined beauty, we might say, is that of the Thousand Isles, and one, too, that is not so demonstrative.

Their beauty is that of a delightful succession of vignettes, rather than of any one grand picture, and the proper way to see and feel it is to holiday among them, beholding their changing moods and aspects from day to day.

It is not in rugged wildness that our archipelago bids for our esteem; but, in the landlocked bays and tiny lakelets lie mirrored the allurements and fascinations, the charms and enchantments, that hold in a state of captivity all those who reflect upon its beauties. There are few lovely sunsets, no charming cloud-effects of light and shade, nor is there the abundance of indefinite mists met, as one sees on the Hudson, but there are a thousand and one other charms, more subtle and more gentle, that appeal to the senses in as many multisonous silver tones.

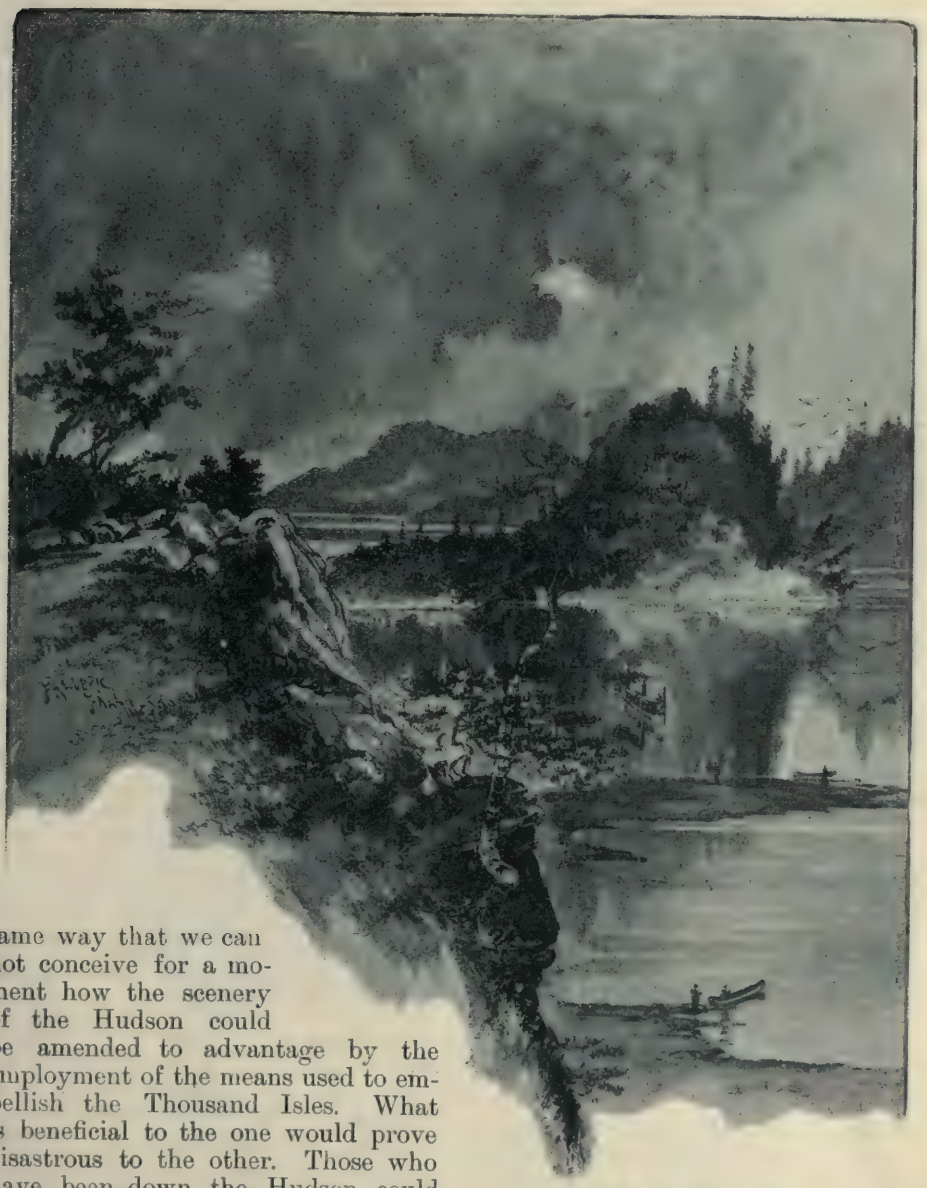
When that great French explorer, Champlain, first set eyes upon the "Garden of the Great Spirit," as the spot was then called, he exultantly exclaimed, "Fairyland!" If, however, he could feast his delighted vision on the Thousand Islands of to-day, we fear he would scarce find attributes in the English and French languages combined to befittingly qualify his former exclamation.

Grand as were these islands two centuries and a half ago, in all their unknown magnitude, solemn and lonely in the midst of a forest wilderness, majestically beautiful in their rugged adornment of angular rock and disjointed trees, they are undoubtedly surpassed by the Thousand Islands of to-day.

During the time that has elapsed since the French explorer encountered them, on his return journey from the discovery of the great *mer douce* of the Hurons, to the ninety-fourth year of the present century, wonderful changes have taken place in the aspect of these fairy isles. Ugly, disjointed trees have been removed; sharp, dangerous crags have been transported; channels have been deepened and canals cut; cottages built, and lighthouses erected. Art has just gone far enough; Nature has been adequately adapted and left unmolested for the rest. Everything that the two combined can produce is here associated to make this spot a perfect garden.

The descriptive writer of to-day may tell you that in consequence there is a lack of rusticity about the spot which precludes it taking front rank

among the grandiose places of the world, but with this we are inclined to disagree. Rather do we think it the kind of landscape that will be improved with improvement; just in the same way that we can not conceive for a moment how the scenery of the Hudson could be amended to advantage by the employment of the means used to embellish the Thousand Isles. What is beneficial to the one would prove disastrous to the other. Those who have been down the Hudson could imagine possibly the horror of Washington Irving at the thought of dividing "Sugar Loaf" for artistic purposes, or locating a Thousand Island hotel on the tip of "Anthony's Nose," or planting a St. Lawrence light-house in the middle of "Cro' Nest;" but who will not say that the removal of boulders, and the transformation of crags in such channels as the last one at the Thousand Isles, is not beneficial, either from an artistic point of view, or for



LAKE OF THE ISLES.

considerations of safety? whereas, the making a unit of three insular fragments by the use of rustic bridges, such as those employed at Sport Island, off Westminster Park, will appear advantageous to even those who have not had the good fortune of seeing it.

Many people view these fairy isles much in the same way as the expeditious American, who spends fifteen mortal minutes in doing St. Mark's at Venice, St. Peter's at Rome, St. Paul's at London, and the Tuilleries of the first Napoleon. But whoever inspects them in this superficial, off-hand manner, misses one of the grandest experiences of a lifetime.

THE SENTINEL—ENTRANCE TO LAKE OF THE ISLES.

What is seen of them from the deck of a passing steamer is no fair criterion to judge these isles by. It is no equitable measure to compare them with places that we see to advantage, in this cursory manner, and which suffer from closer inspection.

I fully appreciate that forty miles of island scenery thus viewed will produce a feeling of fatigue that is said to overcome one, even on the Rhine, after gazing uninterruptedly at an endless panorama of ruined castles, and a similar feeling manifests itself early in the trip up the Hudson.

In this partial way, the Duke of Argyle viewed the Thousand Islands, and this may account for his unfavorable report that followed. But by such unfair procedure no just verdict can be reached.

If one would see the Thousand Isles to advantage, he should tarry with them. He should pause for a moment in his wild chase for dollars and cents, and enter into the life that envelops them. He should procure a canoe, and paddle, paddle, paddle from island to island, from shore to shore, now pursuing his way through channels that seem to have no outlet; now pushing a course between rocks that appear to meet behind, and have no inlet, and again turning a sharp angle that discloses to view a passage which leads to a widening of the river, until he encounters a veritable lake within the river, in which is reflected every shade of living green. He should see and feel these isles in all their varied moods; in the early morn and in the evening; in the noonday sun and by moonlight; decked in May flowers,

and garbed in the variegated tints of October. He should breathe their piney breaths, and drink in the delicious ozone breezes that fondly play around them even in the hottest weather.

A CHARACTERISTIC SCENE.

Then, indeed, will their beauty be disclosed in all its splendor, and the tourist will wish to linger and sojourn there forever, like Ulysses on the Libyan shores; forgetting that there exists such a thundering old machine as this every-day world in which we move, and living in a state of dreamy forgetfulness of stocks and bonds, of bulls and bears.

Here a man may, if he choose, put aside all the cares and vicissitudes of life. Here he can, for as many delicious hours as he please, unlearn the name of the country town in which he lives. Here he may study to forget for the term of his sojourn the common mercantile interests that yield him his subsistence, and, awakening from his reverie, find himself refreshed to resume his daily avocation.

But these are generalities; let me be more specific.

It was July at the Thousand Isles, and our cit was tired and jaded. Not that in itself there is anything very strange in that individual being tired and jaded, for those who know him best affirm he is always in that highly unsatisfactory condition. Nor is there much apparent oddity, either, in the fact that it was the seventh month of the year in question which enveloped our fairyland, for the same chapter of thirty-one days had simultaneously

been opened to the rest of the world. If the Hibernicism may be pardoned, I might say that had it been otherwise, it would have been different.

But the point I wish to emphasize is, that at this time our cit was particularly tired and jaded, a thing which ensues each year, with the same regularity as the month of Julius is known to advance with.

It was a happy thought, therefore, which proposed to relieve this physical imbecility — temporarily at all events.

GRAMLI ISLAND.

Accordingly, one bright afternoon during the season referred to, he confided his tiny canoe at Gananoque to the tender mercies of the elements that bathe the water-front of that thriving little Canadian town, and taking paddle, headed for Grindstone Island, which lay opposite, with the intention of spending the night there, and rising as early as the bass and the flies beloved of bass, upon the succeeding morn.

But, as 'tis his usual wont to dally, he made many strange and unnecessary pilgrimages into channels hitherto unexplored by himself, and bearing very uncertain signs of having been explored by anybody else, until he seemed completely carried away and intoxicated by the wealth of beauty that on all sides surrounded him; the result of all which was to greatly retard the hour of arrival upon the promised island.

It was late in the evening, therefore, when on turning a sudden angle which he well knew would disclose to view the wide expanse of Eel Bay, that he dropped his paddle in wonder and bewilderment.

The sky was sombre, and the woodland background was jet. There was no moon, but there was a strange substitute: across the broad surface of the bay moved a mysterious formation of quivering and delicate lights.

What could it be?

The stars shone brightly overhead; but it was not they, nor was it their reflection; neither did it emanate from the lights upon shore, for our startled cit was well aware that no rude dwellings defiled the shores of this lovely bay.

In form it took the shape of some huge sea monster, winding leisurely

above a mirror. From the luminous crests upon its uneven back, it might have been taken for a dragon basking in the blaze from its own resplendency, and staring at the affrighted onlooker with two large lustrous eyes that seemed to illuminate the very cavity 'twixt its tremendous jaws.

Slowly it moved along the surface in its serpentine course, as it crept stealthily towards the visitor, casting a shower of phosphorescent darts from its longer horns, and shooting, betimes, a score of ruby and emerald tongues of flame from out its capacious mouth.

What could it be? He asked himself the question with bated breath.

Had he come upon the gambols of one of those mighty dragons, whose frolics afford the Japanese such infinite studies, in the creation of cameos and carved ivory-work, in the designing of embroidery, and in the embellishment of bronze? Or, had the rareness of the air removed all sense of distance, and were these merely colonies of fire-flies sporting restively 'mid the evening gloom? From the myriad lights it would have seemed possible, had they not been constituted of every conceivable prismatic tint. Had he then been dreaming—there are many who affirm that he is perpetually in this state—and was he simply viewing some musée illusion, through the large end of a magnifying glass? His own diminished self-importance told him it was possible.

Meanwhile, the glistening worm continues its circuitous advance.

Now he can detect little rings of fire of red and blue, of yellow and green. Anon there is a burst of phosphorescent flame, reddening his every feature; while presently, he almost capsizes his canoe in a vain endeavor to escape the shower of sparks that descends upon his head.

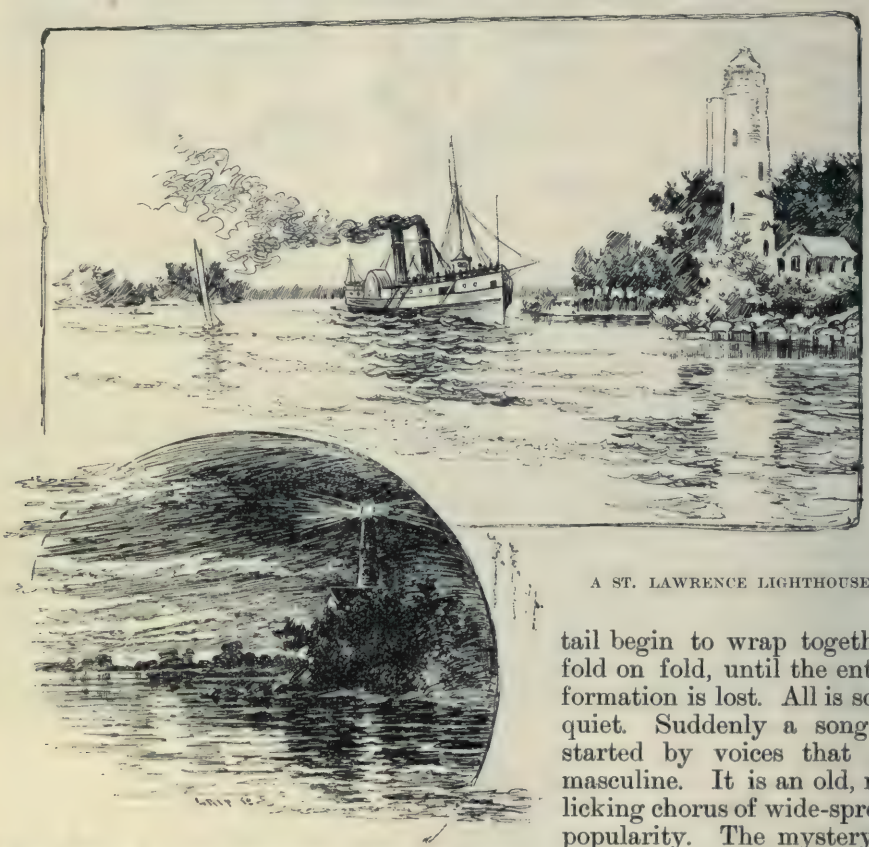
Had he happened in this lonely way upon the Hudson, he would have given it but a passing thought and concluded that it was some midnight orgy of the little imps, in "broad breeches and short doublets," whom Washington Irving tells us infest that river. Afloat on strips of bark, they seemed, with fire-flies for lamps, the tails of squirrels as sails, and loons' feet for paddles; led by that "little bulbous-buttoned Dutch goblin, in trunk hose and sugar-loaf hat, which they say keeps the Donderberg." But, as he had every reason to believe that at present he existed some few hundred miles from the scene where such midnight wassails are said to be, and had always been taught that they were never known to be nomadic; how

could he place such a construction upon these things that he now beheld passing before him.

In the interim, the phosphorescent head continues to approach, and the glowing eyes stare with an intensity that is only equalled by the reflection of each, which seems to act in concert with the serpent's every move.

this distance, it might be taken for the rattle of the serpent, but, on closer inspection, it proves anything but charming.

By a momentary lull he catches the rushing noise of paddles, a sound of subdued voices, and—there! surely a call. Then a bugle rings clear and sweet, while presently the body and



A ST. LAWRENCE LIGHTHOUSE.

tail begin to wrap together, fold on fold, until the entire formation is lost. All is soon quiet. Suddenly a song is started by voices that are masculine. It is an old, rollicking chorus of wide-spread popularity. The mystery is dispelled, the enchantment gone; the fairy dream has evaporated, and the reality of the scene dawns upon us, in all its materialistic certainty.

Suddenly, from the centre there is heard a succession of whizzing sounds like those of sky-rockets, only to be followed by a burst of variegated sparks overhead, and a sharp snap like the crack of a whip. Presently, there is an unusual disruption from the head, ending in a flood of meteor-like sparks that dart high into the air after the fashion of Roman candles. From the tail there proceeds a weird medley, emanating evidently from the most primitive of musical instruments. At

He who has been hugging himself with the prospect of the lonely pleasures of the fisherman, and has allowed his infant imagination to revel in the supernatural, has stumbled upon a popular encampment.

The lights in question were those of Chinese lanterns, festooned from the slender spars of canoes: the red and

green eyes, monster boat lights, upon the bow of a huge and gaudy war-canoe. The rattling noise that emanated from the tail was indirectly caused by an orchestra of formidable æolian weapons, known as kazoos, while the voices were those of members of the American Canoe Association, who had assembled for their annual meet, to indulge in the free, health-giving agencies with which our fairyland is replete. The scene which thus presented itself to the onlooker, proved to be the issue of an illuminated parade or midnight carnival which was being held by that Association.

In effect it was intensely Venetian, Save for the background of her lighted buildings, Venice in her bewitching festivals of illuminated gondolas can hardly surpass the effect of a hundred canoes, delicately freighted with festooned paper lanterns, moving mysteriously in a density of dark sky and water.

When our bewildered cit recovered from his astonishment he paddled for the encampment, which, the lights told him, lay to the east. Here he disembarked, and shambled, in his nondescript fashion, through the various tepees that abounded, getting inexplicably tangled and wound up—mesh-like—in the most aggressive of guy-ropes, and coming into very forcible contact with numerous pernicious tree trunks which seemed to go out of their way to do him damage. Being informed that a "Kamp Fyre Konsert" was in contemplation, he again betook himself to his canoe to listen from the water. The recollections of that first Thousand Island camp fire must ever remain a most precious reflection in his memory. That unlooked for *coup de bonheur* was there stamped in lines so indelible that time can never hope to obliterate or diminish one iota. To describe such revelry is impossible. One must experience it before he can realize how utterly inadequate are pen and pencil to portray the manifold subtle charms with which these camp fires are imbued.

Of all the pleasant events that take place at the Thousand Isles, probably they would interest a visitor more than any other.

It was a weird picture that presented itself to the onlooker; and one, too, calculated to make a lasting impression. A concourse of jolly canoeists, with strange, suspicious-looking sunburnt noses, assembled round a bright, blazing fire of large extent, which had been located near the water's edge for the benefit of those who preferred to listen from that quarter. At a given signal, a magnificent burst of phosphorescent flame shot up, casting a lurid glare upon a hundred female faces, and radiating to a marked degree the visage of many a good fellow. Amid a display of fireworks from the water, a shower of colored flame on shore, an exhibition of many-tinted Chinese lanterns from the tents, the association orchestra struck up a tuneful melody that for harmonious effect and melliflous resonance was supreme. A happy chorus followed, and the merry ring of sopranos and tenors, the mellow sound of contraltos and basses, combined to produce a perfect harmony.

Declamations and songs followed music upon Arcadian instruments, and yet more songs had their turn. The encampment was literally strung with colored lights of every description; Chinese lanterns, beautifully tinted, hung from every available branch; boat lights—port and starboard—were to be seen in abundance; colored flame shooting up would illumine the orator and shed a gentle glow over the sea of listening faces. It was a weird spectacle—fairy-like—yet intensely human. On the one hand, sat a crowd of interested spectators, grouped around a brilliant fire, in a complete semicircle. On the other, lay the frail canoes, still illuminated by many a lingering light, and resting in Lilliputian dignity, like miniature yachts,

upon the silvered water, that mirrored each spark a score of times in trembling uncertainty. Thousands of winged creatures from the St. Lawrence fluttered in the big half sphere of light, with the fantastic bonfire as a centre, and among them swooped numberless bats, their fur shining in the glare like silver against the dark sky.

Curious-shaped camp stools, with long, thin backs and feet, lay around in profusion. Paddles, erected and formed into fantastic figures, stood everywhere before us. Chinese lanterns, festooned from trees, produced a lovely scene. It was a perfect night. The moon came out, and shone through the trees with silvery effect. The wind had gone down, and the smoke from the fire in the dip below rose steadily heavenward, in misty form, with a curl, forming a veil that at times totally obscured the view between the horns of the crescent.

Curiously bent and crooked

branches marked the spot as being particularly weird. It was hard to restrain one's imagination from apprehending the supernatural. A gloomy fire, a silvery moon, a pale streak across her face; a burst of colored flame, reddening the features of a grandiloquent orator in Indian costume; a deadly silence, a hearty round of applause—a scene from Faust, indeed.

There is a singular, weird pathos about such a spectacle which is sad, and yet charms. After all was over, how pleasant to hear the merry ring of voices in unison, from groups of jolly campers, strolling slowly homeward, singing some rollicking chorus, or paddling to the distant settlement of Squaw Point, a bright, interesting maid with sun-burnt face and wind-tossed tresses; the colored lights on shore showing through the trees with pretty contrast, the water repeating the effect as if an accomplice; the reflection from the moon coming up to the very edge of the canoes, with scarce a ripple upon the water save that of the laughter proceeding from the boats. The scene was one that would amply repay the crustiest for the loss of a favorite fishing-ground.

It was thus auspiciously that my acquaintance with the Thousand Isles was made; I say acquaintance, because I had never met them before, although I had frequently seen them. My previous visits were, however, of the fleet and transitory kind, like a momentary burst of sunshine, which has sped ere we realize it—a mere smile, as 'twere, of some pretty stranger, gazed at from the steps of a passing trolley. But on this occasion I had ample opportunity to study them, for my sojourn proved to be of somewhat long duration.

For many succeeding evenings we enjoyed a succession of those delightful carnivals. Nor was the A.C.A. alone in the desire to excel in this respect. Every islet settlement, every coterie of holiday-seekers, every house and cottage, added its quota to the revelry, each trying to eclipse the other in fanciful figures and designs, until the place seemed to be a creation of some etherealistic existence only. On special occasions, the river steamers become infected with the prevailing spirit, and deploy into line, together with the numerous steam yachts for which the St. Lawrence is remarkable, the whole forming a picture that would put to shame many of the sights which people go thousands of miles to witness, at Paris, New Orleans, and other places that are supposed to be devoted to carnivals.

But if a multiplicity of pretty sights was the sole charm of the Thousand Isles, their popularity would speedily evaporate, for many people. But it is not so. Botanist, geologist, entomologist, and artist, may here find equal delight with poet, lawyer, doctor, and man of business. People from crowded cities, who are in quest of rest and quietness, may go off to some distant island and be as lonely as hermits; or the man who spends most of his time in a quiet country village, may enjoy all the festivities of fashionable life. Here you may gratify every whimsical mood to the full, and still fail to exhaust the unlimited pleasures which the place provides.

It is an old saying at the Thousand Isles, that if a man spends a season there, he forthwith becomes a perpetual resident, so thoroughly will their alluring charms ingratiate themselves into his favor.

Thus is our fairyland a veritable Lotos Land. Within my own experience, I have known many people come for a day or two and stay that number of weeks, or come for a week and remain a month; and when they depart it is only with the most determined intention of returning the following year. We see this plainly exemplified in the case of the A. C. A., which, although two-thirds of its members come from distant points in the U. S., have returned five times since organization, twelve years ago,

to enjoy the charms of the Thousand Isles.

If one cares to inspect these charms, he just steps aboard one of our delightful little fleet-footed steam yachts, and we proceed on a surveying trip, as 'twere, just to reconnoitre and introduce him all around.

Leaving Gananoque on the port quarter, one morning early, we steamed away to the south-east, and, running among islands and channels too numerous to mention, moored at Tremont Park—the centre of attraction upon the Canadian side—just long enough to contemplate its numerous cottages and boat-houses, and then, steering north-east in the direction of the Gananoque Narrows, passed Half-Moon Bay and Water Lily Channel on our starboard side.

Now the islands thicken in the channel. Islands to right of us, islands to left of us, islands in front of us, lift up their heads, crowned here with jutting rock, there with forest trees, and again, flanked by grassy slopes extending to the water's edge, and fringed with trees whose drooping branches reach down and drink in the sparkling waters of the river.

The view grows more enchanting as we proceed. Channels open between the islands in every direction, and, as our little steamer drives swiftly along the main and broadest channel, the shifting scenes go by like a panorama. On, past this intricate maze of beautiful islands, we encounter the camp of the A.C.A., this year located upon Stave Island, while just across, to the south-east, lies the far-famed Grindstone Island, on the lower end of which there still remains the ruins of a rude fort which played its little part in the rebellion of '37. This tempting bit of foliage lies entirely in American waters, but the international boundary runs just to the north, and many of the surrounding islands acknowledge fealty to the Dominion Government. As we pass, we catch a glimpse of the A.C.A. fleet of tiny canoes which took part in last evening's parade, together with a host of other small craft which the experienced sailor will tell you are St. Lawrence skiffs. These St. Lawrence skiffs are merely large-sized canoes, carrying from six to ten hands, while the "crew of each canoe consists of one man only." They have all the fast racing qualities of the sailing canoe, with much greater stability.

What a beautiful picture they make, strung out, procession-like, because certain clippers have outsailed the rest! What a Royal Academy painting is here exhibited! Stretched away as far as the eye can conveniently see, appear countless tiny sails, some tipped with the red and white pennant of the A.C.A., while others with fantastic designs, and totems in gaudy colors, bring up in the rear, their white batwings standing in clear relief from the sombre background of the Canadian shore, each little sail reflected and mirrored in trembling uncertainty a score of times, not unlike a tiny star, which for a moment twinkles and is gone; the reflection is seen for an instant, and immediately vanishing, returns as the puff of wind recedes.

Glance across Eel Bay; was there ever a grander sight at a Lake Yacht Racing Association regatta? These little vessels, the size of mere toys, vie for effectiveness with the same number of any other craft.

As we turned our backs upon this pretty scene, we entered a perfect complexity of isles, with countless channels leading between them in all directions. Whoever it was misnamed this archipelago the Thousand Isles is doubtful, but of his nationality one thing is certain; he was not an American. No typical Yankee was ever yet guilty of such an underestimate of any treasure over which the American eagle had spread her wings. Common tradition puts the number of islands at eighteen hundred, but the official chart shows 1,692, if we include every-

thing that appears above the surface of the river.

From Grand View Park, which lies ahead of us, we catch a glimpse of the village of Rockport, on the Canadian mainland, which looks out upon a great sheet of water, two miles wide and several miles long, studded with islands whose craggy sides are grey with lichen, blotched with mossy cushions, and belted fantastically across by long seams, out of which grow ferns that singular sheet of water, "The Lake of the Isles"—a lake within a river; or, to be more explicit, within Wellesley Island. Here is a lovely spot for the poet or romancist, the artist, or, in fact, any man who has a sense of the beautiful. Many are the stories related of fugitives from justice, who, within this lake, have been rowed from island to island by faithful wives and sweethearts, and thus eluded the grasp of the law. We can im-

HALF MOON BAY.

and wild flowers that none can ever hope to touch with human fingers. Here, as elsewhere, the fishing is excellent, and many are the stories of enormous catches told around camp fires by night—stories which need to be taken as the fish are—*cum grano salis*.

Passing to the lower end of Wellesley Island, we headed for Alexandria Bay, passing Westminster Park—the Presbyterian rendezvous — with its picturesque chapel looking out upon agine how the genius of Scott would immediately seize upon such a theme, especially if it were set in such an artistic and picturesque background as that which surrounds the Lake of the Isles. One wonders why some of our Canadian poets do not employ this as the scene of some of their productions. It is certainly worth the effort, for the spot possesses all the romantic, historical, and artistic associations necessary to the successful completion of such a work. Moore has touched upon

these islands with his silver-tongued muse, but that need not preclude our own writers of verse from singing of a theme that cannot fail to be of interest to Canadians.

Alexandria Bay is the central point of attraction for miles up and down the river. It is to the Americans what Tremont Park is to Canada. The place boasts two good hotels, where, every Saturday night, an orchestra is brought up from New York for the weekly hop. If the holiday-seeker wants rest and quietness, he need not visit Alexandria Bay. Here he will meet with all that hurry and bustle which he has endeavored to escape. Like most fashionable watering places, one must dress in the height of fashion, and wear starched collars, or he will be ostracised. At any of the numerous dances given in the summer season here, all the emblazoned finery of the winter's ball is to be found with magnified importance.

The run by steamer from Alexandria Bay to Thousand Island Park is majestic. Nothing I ever saw equalled the beauty of this scene. Hundreds of islands lay along and across our winding and zigzag course, no two of which were alike. It was an intricate labyrinth of channels out of which none but an experienced pilot could steer. At times our little craft seemed to be in a lake but a few acres in extent, tightly hemmed in by sloping hills. The next minute we would be running between two rocky cliffs, whose sides could almost be touched from the deck, while just ahead the land shut off all further progress. Suddenly a channel opened to our left behind a rocky headland, and we again entered upon a broad expanse of water, with islands clustering about and a dozen different channels, like so many noble rivers, disclosed to our delighted eyes.

Thousand Island Park, which is the Methodist headquarters, and Round Island, are essentially fashionable, being much similar to Alexandria Bay, though with a slight tinge of rusticity, which is commendable. At the latter place dancing is allowed, but at the former under no consideration is it permitted.

We stopped for two hours at Thousand Island Park, and I was enabled to canoe it through the beautiful channels of the immediate neighborhood.

Human conception can scarcely imagine the visible reality of beauty at the bottom of these lovely little nooks. Now, we look down upon tangled grasses of a hundred rich varieties; again, on slender, graceful ferns; again, on mosses that look like pale green coral; and then on tall, waving weeds, that reach from their alluvial beds almost to the water's surface, and nod a welcome to our paddles just above their heads. Countless finny creatures, which the quiet boatman may watch for hours, abound among these lovely gardens. Anon our canoes glide over a vast, subaqueous desert, covered with brown rocks, through whose fissures the dark form of the much-prized black bass is discernible. The diversity of scenery under water is marvellous. The flora of the river bed is most luxuriant and beautiful. No aquarium was ever constructed by the hands of man to equal that over which we float for miles. The water must be smooth, and the sun needs to shine, but, with these primary conditions, there is offered to the lover of nature a feast of delights that he will remember for many a day. The scenery under water is equalled only by the islands themselves. You can paddle among islands so beautiful as to defy description, and if you care to land, you can pick from the face of the cliff a huge cushion of moss, richly set with ferns and wild flowers that defy your botanical vocabulary.

The run from here to Clayton was but a continuance of these joys, and we pointed for Gananoque with mingled feelings of regret and delight.

Passing to the upper end of Grindstone Island, we caught a glimpse of the A.C.A. camp, seven miles away, as it lay bathed in moonlight, and enwrapped with the garb of many colored lights, while near at hand came the song of the whip-poor-will, floating out over the water, mingled with the merry voices of campers, in chorus, from islands that we passed on all sides. There is something about such music that is strangely sentimental. It charms and it delights, and yet there is a singular weird pathos about it that holds in check all our demonstrative plaudits. We like to listen and to be moved by its volatile charms in a way that is passive.

In all our extended ramble we had not been more than twenty-five miles from home, though probably our worthy little propeller, in her tortuous course, had covered five times that distance.

Thus we lived in a state of perfect enchantment, passing on day by day from one delight to another.

Exquisite it was, in the superlative degree, to rise with the sun, or even before him, and sally forth on a fishing exploit into the indefinite mazes of fairy isles and channels, which at that time of day still lie enshrouded in their *robe de nuit* of a soft and misty grey. At this hour, as at any other, the atmosphere will be found to be delightfully fresh and exhilarating. The piney air of the St. Lawrence, and the ozone breezes, are to humanity as the morning dew to the vegetable kingdom; and like the dew, too, they will be found most luxuriant and lavish in distribution of helpful agencies before the sun rises in the early morn.

Was it not a beautiful experience, too, when returning from an early morning berry hunt, to contemplate Old Sol rise in all his morning splendor, after bathing his radiant visage in the clear, green waters of the river? Stay! can the memory recall aught half so ecstatic as the thought of swinging lazily in the shade of noble maples or graceful elms, which seem to stretch out their fluttering branches, ever with a gentle invitation to swing a hammock. Thus can we sway to and fro all the "live-long day," like the pond lily in the placid bay beside us, watching with ever wakeful eyes the beautiful prismatic changes constantly taking place in the appearance of the clear expanse of some lovely lakelet with which we are confronted, even as the sunlight lies in a confused pattern across our ærial lounge. From such a position, without raising the head, we may look into a river of crimson lake, or into a lake of river green. In the same way we can discern the French and Prussian blues in the distance, dimly embodied in two delicate islands, that look as peaceful and contented as the amethyst tint that flanks them.

And when the evening comes, what can surpass the delightful feeling of repose that pervades everything? When we essay forth in our frail canoe, into the kingdom of the silver and the stillness, the words of Miss Pauline Johnson rush in upon our thoughts in all their truthful beauty:

"I am sailing to the leeward,
Where the current runs to seaward,
Soft and slow, soft and slow;
And the silent river grasses
Swish my paddle as it passes,
To and fro, to and fro.
My canoe is growing lazy,
In the atmosphere so hazy,
While I dream, while I dream;
Half in slumber, I am guiding,
Indistinctly eastward gliding,
Down the stream, down the stream."

Of all the charms of the Thousand Isles, I know not which to commend the most highly—there is a dainty flavor to each, like the taste of the wild huckleberry—and so I leave it to individual tastes and fancies, in the certainty that if any one should be so fortunate as to visit our fairyland between the months of May and October, he will be alike captivated and charmed.

HOW I WENT DUCK HUNTING.

BY CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

Of course I should never have gone. But human nature is frail and vain; and I was inflated with the supreme conviction that the instincts and talents of a Nimrod were strong, though latent, within me, and that they merely required application to develop transcendental ability. So when Frank Knight told me that he was off for a holiday and a duck hunt, and intimated that, as a concession of friendship, he would take me along, I was foolish enough to thank him—instead of seeing through his ulterior villainy, and putting him down at once as my worst enemy.

We slid away from town on a sunny afternoon, Knight in a canoe, and myself in a skiff. I had a good deal of company in the boat, including all the paraphernalia Knight said it was absolutely necessary for us to drag along, as well as a gun case, that looked like a coffin, and Knight's dog. This dog was a large, woolly affair, done principally in white, though there were large gamboge spots on him that looked as if they had been laid on with a brush. He was called Zimmerman, and had large, bulgy eyes that stared glassily at me from the stern, and for a while held me magnetized with their *uncanniness.*

It struck me at the time—and more forcibly in the form of muscular contraction later on—that I was selfish in monopolizing such a large share of the toil incidental to such pleasuring; but Knight said that was all right, never to mind him, he would have enough to do when we got to the hunting ground and pitched camp, and all that. In the meantime someone had to paddle the canoe; and, of course, the baggage was safer in the skiff than the canoe, even if I was rowing; because you never really know at what moment a canoe may get full, it is so unstable a craft. It was ten miles to where the ducks were, Knight said: though he might just have been honest for once, and said a thousand. Before we had gone half that distance—half of ten miles, I mean—Knight discovered that he had twisted a cord in his forearm, and that he would be unable to do any further paddling. So there I had not only to pull that blessed boat, with its half-ton of blankets and tent, and edibles and ammunition, and condensed armory, and woolly dog, but Knight also, sitting in the stern with his miserable polka-dotted mongrel between his knees, while the canoe trailed erratically behind. The canoe was at the end of a long rope, the other end of which Knight had fastened to a roll of blankets, against which he leaned, there being no convenient ring on the stern end of the skiff. And every little while that canoe would rush off spasmodically, like one possessed, about four degrees either way from the course I was holding; and it would jerk the rope so forcibly that the stern of the skiff would twist round and try to follow the canoe; and then the canoe would come rushing alongside and bang into my oar, like a skittish calf galloping up to its mother. At last, as a final result of Knight's stupidity, and while Knight was leaning forward to caress his miserable dog, the bow of the canoe struck a heavy slab, and the rebound jerked the roll of blankets clean into the river. And then, as if that was not sufficient, the woolly dog, hearing the splash, sprang clumsily overboard, nearly upsetting the skiff in doing so. Knight, of course,

pretended to be terribly concerned, asserting the blankets were his, as I twisted the boat about and pulled back to the canoe a hundred yards astern. But he knew very well they were mine; and you never in all your life heard a man so servilely apologetic as he was when we hauled those soaked blankets in. Zimmerman refused at first to be hauled back, and the brute swam around us and barked in a joyful way, as if he enjoyed our discomfiture. Knight grabbed the animal at length, and pulled him in, the skiff threatening a second time to go over. And then the dog began to shake himself with remarkable energy and, covered me with water. I had to kick him to make him desist; whereupon he cringed and lay down promptly on my coat and vest.

We got the canoe hitched on again at last, and I started off, feeling utterly miserable and out of temper; that is, out of good temper, for I don't think one is ever really wholly out of bad temper. The boat seemed twice as hard to pull as before, thanks to the water-soaked blankets and Zimmerman. It was sundown when I pulled up a reedy and seemingly endless creek, and we drew the boat and canoe ashore. There was a three-quarter moon, very clear-cut and cold-looking, while the air had grown fearfully chilly; and I shivered as I thought of my wringing-wet and useless blankets.

I was for building a fire at once, and getting something to eat; but Knight said there would be lots of time for that later on; only Zimmerman must have something, as he would have to do lots of work. He cut some prime slices off a roast I had brought, and gave them to that precious dog; and then Knight said we must hurry off to the marsh if we were ever to do any shooting. Zimmerman set up a wild barking when he saw the guns, and Knight swore and raced after the brute and tried to kick him. But the animal kept out of his reach, and played rings around Knight, as they say in lacrosse talk, and barked gleefully and louder than ever.

"Fine hunting dog, that!" I said cheerfully.

"Oh! he's all right!" said Knight, as he fell over a knoll in an endeavor to catch the animal. "He's a little young, that's all!"

We shouldered the canoe, Knight taking the bow, and away we went through the deceptive dusk, that was worse than out-and-out darkness; while the dog ran ahead and got under Knight's feet, and jumped and barked. Knight said it was necessary to take the canoe, as we would have to put out every little while to get the game when it fell in the pond to which we were going. I asked him how about Zimmerman; but Knight said Zimmerman was only good for raising the birds, not bringing them in. I said:

"If we are going out into the marsh to get the birds when they fly in for the night, what's the good of having a dog to raise them along?"

Then Knight got mad, and said I wanted to know everything at once; and told me just to wait until I got there, and he would show me a few things about shooting that I didn't know before. He was right: both about himself and Zimmerman's accomplishments. Knight tried to compromise by ordering the dog to go back and mind the "camp," as my friend persisted in calling the place where we had landed; but Zim merely laughed at him in his own fashion.

The ground we were carrying the canoe over was rough and full of holes, which I kept getting into on account of stepping over the shadows, mistaking them for the pitfalls. I suppose I missed treading on what decent ground there was for that very reason. But bad as the uneven meadow and the ploughed fields and the hollows were, they were a brick-dust track compared to the marsh it-

self. We had to cross a bit of this marsh, Knight said, to get to the pond, where we would wait for the ducks to come in. We put the canoe down, and started to drag it through the marsh, and for the first few minutes I was glad of it, for my shoulder had been almost cut in two by the keel of the canoe. But soon I discovered that the marsh was the very worst thing I had ever got into. It was a procession of holes, each succeeding one deeper than the last. We pulled the canoe along by the bit of forward decking, and as we stumbled forward I sank up to my waist in the mud and water, while the raspy sword grass cut my knuckles, that were already cut and chapped. It all made me think of pictures I had seen in the *Illustrated London News* of the natives pulling Stanley's boats through the wilds of interior Africa. I wondered, too, if it was all some plot of Knight's to murder me; and I tried to remember if there had ever been a feud between the two families, and if I could be the victim of a vendetta. I grew faint and sick over it all; and I thought if I was left out in the middle of this great and lonely marsh that by the time what was left of me was discovered there would not be enough for a coroner to sit on, and I would be cheated out of the glory of an inquest and having my name in print in a hundred papers at once.

We got to what Knight called the *pond*, at last, a miserable little mud hole, no bigger than a country hotel wash-basin, and covered with big water-lily leaves; and I was thoroughly exhausted and mad, what with my sore clavicle and smarting hands and blistered palms and wet feet and legs. Knight said I was a fool not to have put on rubber boots to reach away up the thigh, like his; but it was a nice time to give advice of that sort, and I told him so. He said it was no time for recrimination, and that I must take my gun and walk around to the other end of the pond, so that we could each of us command a range of it. I was too dispirited to protest, and trudged off; and I had not gone forty yards before I saw two objects swimming near the reeds.

My heart began to beat quicker than Napoleon's retreat after Waterloo, for I saw that the objects were wild ducks. I forgot all about my abused shoulder blade and soppy extremities and the cold, and began to shiver with excitement instead. My hands shook as I grasped my gun more firmly and advanced its muzzle, while my thumb found the cock and my forefinger the trigger, as I crept breathlessly forward. There was still sufficient daylight for me to see the two birds clearly as they swam about, silhouetted against the steely surface of the pond. I had got within what I thought was the distance I could hit anything at, and was bringing the breech-loader tremblingly to my shoulder, when there was a loud crash in the reeds, and a big white body went bounding like a kangaroo toward the water, There was an elephantine splash, a flutter of wings, and whirr! I saw the ducks go skimming over the pond and away across the marsh.

I turned the gun on Knight's dog, and pulled hard at the trigger; but, to my surprise, the gun would not go off. And then I discovered that it was not cocked. It was lucky for the dog, though he was quite ten yards away; but I gave him a good round volley of Whitechapel etiquette that made him wince.

"Go home, you brute!" I shouted frantically, as I flung a clod of earth at him. And then Knight's voice came hissing harshly across the hundred yards of marsh and pond that separated us:

"For Heaven's sake, shut up! You'll scare away all the ducks within a mile!"

"Your precious 'hunting' dog has done that already!" I retorted. "Call your hand-painted nightmare over

there and see what he'll do for you!"

There came a 'bang' just then. I saw the fire run out from the muzzle of Knight's gun, like the proverbial red tongue of flame so dear to the dramatic reporter, and the boom of the report reverberated across the marsh. Immediately the dog went bounding away with great gleeful leaps in Knight's direction.

When I got back to Knight I found him poking away in the pond with his paddle, and breaking down the reeds.

"Looking for the last report?" I said.

"Naw!" he answered, as he dropped the paddle, and, leaning over the edge of the canoe, plunged his arm, sleeve and all, into the chill water. "I shot a duck, and it lay right here. I should have given it the other barrel, because there's an awful sight of life in a duck. Just as I reached for it, the darned thing turned up its tail and dived down."

He kept on poking away in the ugly weeds like one possessed, and I turned away, knowing it was the old story. I have since learned that Knight could not hit Mars if he came within a hundred yards of the earth.

I had walked off to my end of the pond again, when there came another crashing and echoing report, followed by a second. As I turned to rush back, Zimmerman bounded by me, yelping fearfully, and disappeared at an ostrich gait across the marsh. Knight was swearing in an unreserved manner, and I gathered that Zimmerman owed his life to his master's bad shooting; as the dog had scared away some birds just as Knight was sighting for them, and my pot-hunting friend had discharged both barrels in a frenzy of rage at the unfortunate canine.

I was resting in the canoe, which we had pulled up well into the marsh preparatory to starting back, and Knight was standing by a few feet off, when a tremendous report occurred under my very nose, and the gun I had been holding dropped from my fingers. Knight jumped round with a scared face.

"For God's sake!" he exclaimed, "what are you up to now?"

I didn't say much, but climbed out of the canoe, and began pounding one of the boards back into place, from which it had been knocked by the butt of my breech-loader. I felt small, because I had been letting down the hammers with a view to taking out the charges from the barrels. I had been doing it so carefully, too, with my thumb holding the cock firmly, and my middle finger on the rear trigger; but somehow, my forefinger, which should have known better, began flirting with the trigger of the right barrel, and down went the hammer. I shall never forget how startled I was as the fire flashed out before me, and the report went echoing away across the wide expanse of marsh and water; nor how mad Knight was as a flock of ducks that had been making for the pond wheeled about not twenty yards from our heads, and fled away out of reach and sight.

He was quite put out, too, about the "damage" which he insisted I had done the canoe; and he kept pottering around it, repairing the harm, he said, while I stood about, and shivered as if I had a fit of ague. When at last we did turn our faces to the "camp," as Knight persisted in calling it, though there was really no camp as yet, it must have been eight o'clock, and the stars were shining with cold brilliancy. I was half-frozen and altogether wet; and, to crown it all, we lost our way in the marsh, owing to the confusing shadows, and the sameness of the silhouetted tree-top line upon the horizon.

"Where's the dog?" growled Knight, as he picked himself up out of the marsh for the hundredth time, and rescued his gun by the butt just as the barrels were disappearing in the mud. The canoe had been left at the pond, bottom up, as Knight said we would

want it early the next morning when we came out after the ducks at dawn. I thought that "we" rather superfluous, but of course I said nothing. One has to be politic sometimes.

When we got to our luggage, we found out all and a great deal more than we wanted to know about Zimmerman. Zimmerman had returned ahead of us, and the provisions and other things lay scattered about in all directions. That small choice roast, of which he had already tasted, had disappeared altogether, and our baskets presented a most dismantled appearance. It looked as if a cyclone had passed through our provisions, and carried off all that was most procious, including Zimmerman.

We built a fire, Knight vowing in a voice that sounded like distant thunder that he would shoot Zimmerman on sight. Then we pulled the tent out, and had it spread out on the ground, when Knight discovered that he had left the poles behind. So there he had to take the axe, and trudge off to cut a sapling or two. I heard him banging away; and then on a sudden the chopping ceased, and I heard instead a gruff and foreign voice, and Knight's, as if in argument. Presently Knight returned with a long face, and without the poles for which he had gone.

"We'll have to get out of here," he grumbled. "The human brute who owns the place came along, and wanted to make me pay for the 'damage' I had done to his trees. I kicked at the figure, and he wouldn't let me bring away the poles. It seems some chaps in town have a lease of this place, and the farmer expects them down to-night, and won't let anybody else in. But I say, we ought to go back for the canoe."

I told Knight he could go back for the canoe if he liked, but I preferred sitting down right where I was, and freezing to death, even at the rate of the average note, rather than go plunking through that old marsh again. He wasn't very anxious himself to go, and said there was an old boat-house he knew of a little further down the creek, where we could stop, as it was too late and dark to cut poles. This boat-house, Knight said, had been used by hunters, and had a couple of bunks rigged up in one end of it.

So we put the things in the skiff, and started down the creek, wondering all the time where Zimmerman could have gone to. We got to the erstwhile boat-house, and put our things in there, and Knight said now we would have some supper. A good hot cup of tea, and a rasher of bacon, fine breakfast bacon, would set us up. But it turned out that Zimmerman had burst the bag in which Knight had brought the tea, and that we had left the frying pan behind us upon the shore. We tossed to see which of us should go back for the pan, and when I won, tails two out of three, Knight said I was wrong, that I had chosen heads, and that I ought to go, if I had any honor about me at all. I told him he could go to blazes, and get the frying-pan if he wanted it, as it was doubtless there by this time, and that I was not going to waste further time and energy trying to get a meal. I munched a couple of cookies, and had a long pull at my flask; and then turned wearily to find my blankets, remembering the next moment that my blankets were so wet they wouldn't dry in less than a month of hot noons on an African desert So I crawled into the lower "berth" of the ex-boat-house, and pulled the straw I found there over me. I lay for a long while thinking what a miserable hunk of idiocy I had been to come, while the cold, white moonlight pierced the ventilating spaces between the boards overhead and about me. In the meantime, Knight had rowed back for the pan; and I heard him return and run the boat viciously up on the shore, and bang the oars down, just because he had had his row for nothing, as the

farmer had carried off the pan. Then I listened to Knight swearing softly in the Latin tongue, as the can of water toppled over, and put out the fire he had carefully built. At last Nature came to my rescue, and I drifted off into a broken sleep.

It was about three a.m. when I awoke suddenly, bumping my head against the boards of the berth above, where I heard Knight shivering, despite the fact that he had all the blankets and I don't know what else besides. I was numbed and chilled to the marrow; and my stiffened limbs barely allowed me to crawl out of my miserable straw bed, and from the shanty.

The sky was cloudless, and the stars glittered; but it was bitingly cold, while there was just enough moonlight for me to see that the thermometer had dropped sufficiently to permit the creek to freeze over. I pulled at my flask, and then banged my body with my arms, and ran up and down, jumping this way and that; and after twenty minutes of this treatment, and intermittent applications of the flask antidote, I managed to make my hitherto congealed blood circulate. Then, on a sudden, I made up my mind. I crept into the boat-house and had a peep at Knight. He was asleep, if not very soundly. Then I crept out again, in a guilty fashion, and hunted up a bit of paper and a pencil. With the bottom of the skiff for a desk, I wrote with numbed fingers and in most pitiful hieroglyphics :

"DEAR KNIGHT,—

"I have been taken sick very suddenly—terrible pain—an old malady—and I'm afraid to stay. I hate to wake you, and put you to any trouble; and because it's so cold, I'm afraid you might be taken, too. But I must do the best I can to get home. I shall not take the boat, because I know you have so many things to carry back that you could not get them all in the canoe. I hope you will get lots of duck, and I almost envy you going back to that marsh."

I signed this epistle with as firm a hand as I could command, and left it on the upturned boat, held down at the corners by some stones. I was afraid to go back into the boat-house and leave it there, for fear of waking Knight, or finding him awake and having my resolution broken.

Then I started at a fierce run down the creek shore. I grew warmer and my heart grew lighter as I went on with gathering speed through fields and down lanes, and over fences; never stopping until I came to the river, which lay in a cold splendor of silver haze wide and long before me.

There was a farm-house near by, and I crept up to the fence and saw a man come out with a lantern in his hand. I crossed the yard, and a collie dog rushed at me and bit my leg, before the man, who seemed half asleep, could haul him off. The man said it would be three miles shorter for me to return to the city by the road on the other side of the river, and that it would be better walking, as the farther road was macadamized, and the nearer one sandy and heavy. He said he had a boat, and that he would row me over for two dollars, but that he had to milk a few cows in the meantime. He would not be very long, he said, but it seemed an eternity to me, as I moved about the yard and the stable alternately, hearing the dull plash of the milk in the pail, and the steady, stoical chewing of the cows' jaws. Just as he had got through, a fellow named Hank came out and put the horses into the milk waggon. I got talking to Hank, and when Hank learned that the hired man had said he would row me over the river for two dollars, Hank laughed and said something about imported gall. Hank said if I didn't mind driving in a milk waggon, he would take me to the city with him for *one* dollar. I jumped at this, and told the hired man that I had

changed my mind, and when he learned that he had been euchered out of his two dollars, he began to swear at Hank, and the two had a great row over it, and nearly came to blows, while I stood by shivering.

At last Hank placed the milk cans in the waggons, the hired man refusing to do so, and walking off in a huff. As we passed through the gate and down the road, Hank pointed out to me a spot where he had shot a large, white, strange dog that had come prowling around the hen house the night before. I shuddered as I thought of poor Zimmerman, but I said nothing, and asked what had become of the dog; and Hank said he had just yanked him down the road a bit and dumped the carcase in the gully. I felt sorry for Knight, and I fell to picturing him lugging up that canoe all alone through that awful marsh, and towing the boat and everything home against a three-mile current; and all this while I was having the most miserable, coldest, and slowest drive I ever experienced, or paid lawful money for in an unlawful amount. When we reached the city limits, I got out of the waggon with my teeth chattering—a living icicle—and ran all the way home, where I at once got into bed between half a hundred blankets.

But on the way I passed Knight's house, and who should I see there but Zimmerman, curled up nicely on the threshold, asleep, and apparently sound as a drum. I hadn't the heart to disturb him, and as I jogged on could not but admire the dog, and wonder which was the greatest fraud, Knight, or Hank, or Zimmerman.

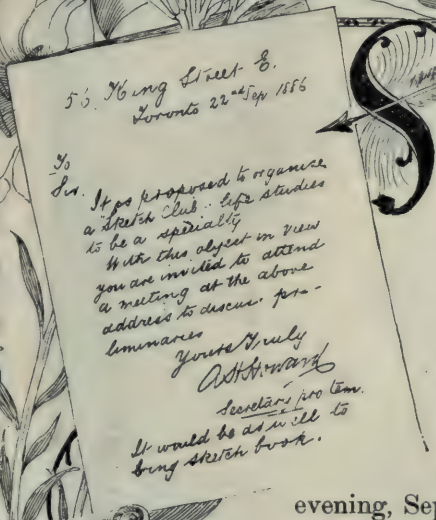
I have not seen Knight since.

I LOVED THEE SO.

My life was like a barren, wind-swept plain,
Surmounted by a brazen, cloudless sky,
Without an oasis to cheer the eye,
Or e'en a shrub to tell of cooling rain;
Then to my heart, all feverish with pain,
Came love with dewy wings, and told of thy
Sweet face, thy blush, thy melancholy sigh,
And of thy soul so pure and free from stain.
Then straightway all the barren waste of years
Was flooded by a shower of happy tears,
And in that hour my soul forgot its woe;
New pleasures filled with joy the glad old earth,
New hopes and longings taught my soul the worth
Of life, and all because I loved thee so.

Hadley, Mass. CLARENCE HAWKES.

ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE OF TORONTO


55 King Street E.
Toronto 22nd Sep 1886

To
Dear Sir.

It is proposed to organize a Sketch Club: life studies to be a specialty With this object in view you are invited to attend a meeting at the above address to discuss preliminaries

Yours truly
A.H. Howard
Secretary pro tem.

It would be as well to bring sketch book.

Such was the message that called the first meeting for the organization of what is now the Toronto Art Students' League. In beautiful accord with the traditions of Bohemia, no date for the proposed meeting appeared in this cyclographed announcement. It seems, however, to have occurred to these people that it might be well, for even them, to pay some slight heed to the limitations of time, and a note reading, "Friday next—8.30 p.m." was afterwards appended in red ink. The meeting was held on that Friday evening, Sept. 24th, 1886, in the room referred to in the circular. An authority on such matters has said that the rooms in which one works should not be decorated, and this one was certainly beyond reproach in this respect. It had a little light, a little heat, a little furniture, but otherwise it was merely an enclosed space, and guiltless of decoration as our first parents in the garden of Eden It was up very near the sky, apparently almost within speaking distance of the beautiful place reserved for the final home of Art Students. But the approach to it was through darkness and danger, and as one made the ascent to it, groping his way up the tortuous and tottering stairs, with no voice to cheer and no hand to guide, it seemed as if the passage of the Styx, with Charon for pilot, would be a pleasure excursion in comparison. The ascent on this occasion was, however, successfully made by Mr. Howard, whose name appeared on the circular, and Messrs. J. D. Kelly, C. M. Manly, W. Alexander, and O. R. Hughes. It was not a large meeting, but it was a meeting of men prepared to do something; of men who recognized the value of the added strength that comes from union; and saw, in the union they proposed to form, a better means for the prosecution of

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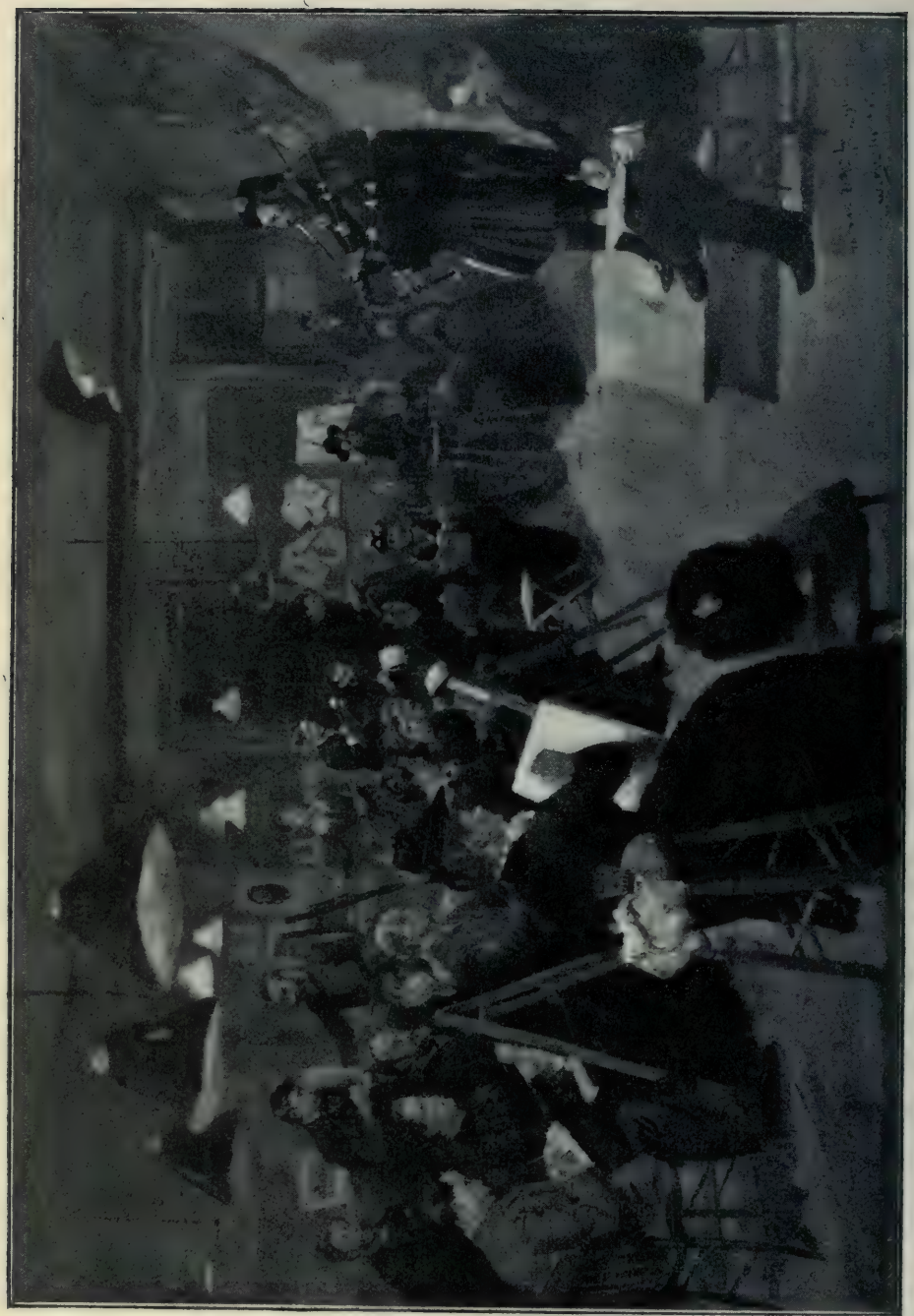
HOWARD INV ET DEL



AT WORK IN THE LEAGUE.

(From the picture painted by W. Bengough, and presented to the League.)

their studies than could be secured by any individual action. The orthodox method of proceeding to business was duly observed, and, as is customary on such occasions, numbers of resolutions, important and otherwise, were drawn up and carried —carried unanimously, all of them. Several other artists having been proposed as fit and proper persons to swell the membership, the meeting then set to work to lay out a plan of action, and wrestled very successfully with the problems which loomed up in connection with the formation of the life class, and the composition sketch class, which were made the chief features of the club's work. A

scheme for the sketch class was set forth in a paper prepared by Mr. Manly, according to which, subjects for compositions, suited to the requirements of landscape and figure men, were to be announced every month, and the sketches, "mounted in Christian-like manner," presented on the first Wednesday of the month following. Meetings were to be held once a week; the first meeting in each month, when compositions were to be laid before the club, was to be devoted "to

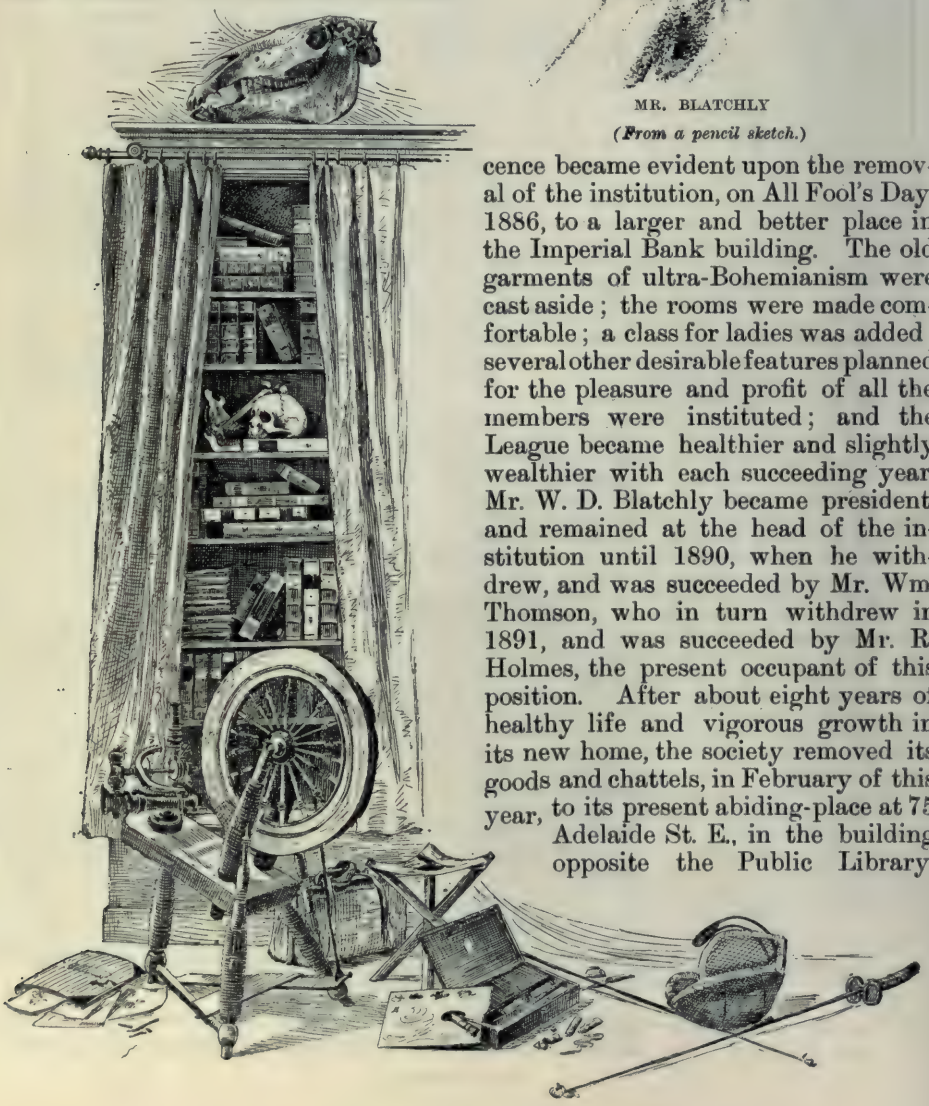
NUDE STUDIES.

friendly discussion and criticism of such sketches, to such edibles and beverages as might be provided, and to a general relaxation of the usual arduous tasks of the life classes," and no excuse for non-attendance and non-fulfilment of duties was to be recognized, "unless the member notify the club that he is in doctor's hands." The office of president seems to have been overlooked, or considered superfluous at this stage, and the first election made the officers of the club

consist of Mr. Howard, Treasurer, and Mr. Hughes, Secretary. The path trod at the outset was not without its obstructions, and the first year presented the many turns of the tide of uncertainty, incident to most first years. There are several difficulties mentioned in the records, one of the most important of which is beautifully suggested in the oft recurring minute, "Resolved that members be urgently requested to pay all arrears of fees." This period of depression was happily not of long duration, and a decided turn towards convalescence became evident upon the removal of the institution, on All Fool's Day, 1886, to a larger and better place in the Imperial Bank building. The old garments of ultra-Bohemianism were cast aside; the rooms were made comfortable; a class for ladies was added; several other desirable features planned for the pleasure and profit of all the members were instituted; and the League became healthier and slightly wealthier with each succeeding year. Mr. W. D. Blatchly became president, and remained at the head of the institution until 1890, when he withdrew, and was succeeded by Mr. Wm. Thomson, who in turn withdrew in 1891, and was succeeded by Mr. R. Holmes, the present occupant of this position. After about eight years of healthy life and vigorous growth in its new home, the society removed its goods and chattels, in February of this year, to its present abiding-place at 75 Adelaide St. E., in the building opposite the Public Library,

MR. BLATCHLY

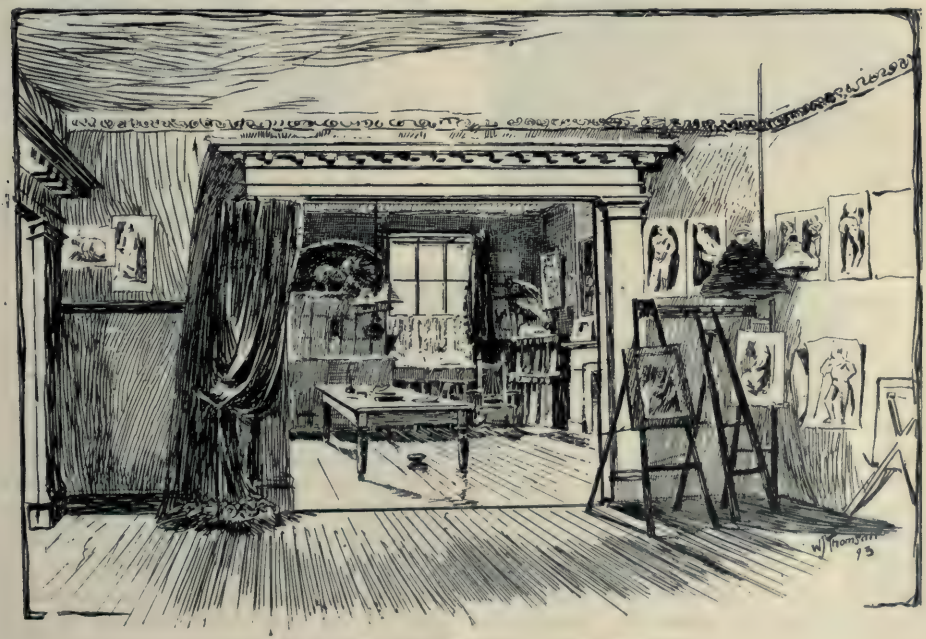
(From a pencil sketch.)



where, true to its original instincts, it has once more demonstrated the truth of the old adage that there is always room at the top. In the present case, there is a trinity of rooms, the large salon with the model's throne; the council chamber for the library and the long black table; and a third for the model and the wardrobe.

The League, as it at present exists, is composed of artists and art students, and its chief objects are, according to the requirements of its constitution, to afford facilities for the study of drawing and painting from the antique and life, and to cultivate a spirit of fraternity among art students. The management of the business is vested in a committee of eleven members, elected annually on the first Tuesday in March, and the membership fees are $3.00 at entrance and $2.00 per month for men, and $1.50 per month for women, payable during the eight working months of the year. It is a self-supporting and co-operative concern in which every member is a part owner, and shares equally with his fellows in bearing the burdens and enjoying the privileges. There are no paid officers or instructors, and the amount collected in fees is paid out in meeting current expenses; any surplus that accrues after making a reserve sufficient to meet the requirements of the summer months, is devoted to making additions to the library, the wardrobe, or the furniture of the rooms.

There is difference of opinion on nearly all art matters except that of drawing from life, and in this there seems to be unanimity. In the great art centres of the world, all students, whether of painting, or sculpture, or



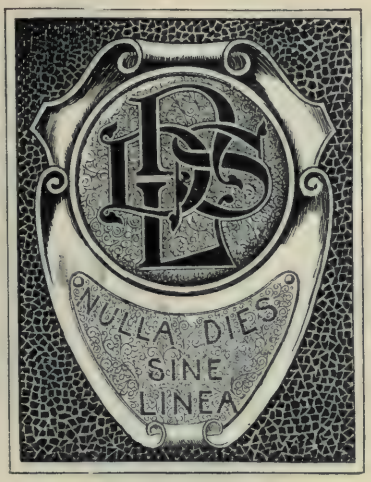
A SKETCH IN THE ROOM, IMPERIAL BANK BUILDING.

architecture, or design, are required to take a thorough course in drawing from the living model, and the League, recognizing the supreme importance of such a course, has bent all its energies towards making provision for it. "This institution is first and foremost a life-class, and has set itself firmly in the one resolve, unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, that its members shall draw directly from the life; and, if necessary, every other consideration must bend in obedience

to the carrying out of this line of action."*

In the earlier days, a life-class on more than one evening a week was looked upon as a strain. At present, three evenings are considered too few, and, though, with the practice of persistently securing the best models by paying the best prices, the expense of this is not inconsiderable, there are now frequently recurring weeks in which the life class is in operation on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings. The model is placed in position on a "throne," raised about a foot from the floor and under a combination of gas jets formed into one strong light provided with a reflector and a series of movable joints, which can be adjusted so as to accommodate the lighting to the requirements of the study, while the members at work are ranged in a semicircle under a double row of gas jets, having shades so designed as to afford light for work, while preventing a conflict of cross-lights on the model. The model is posed by the school committee, and a difficult and dangerous task they have. The male models are required to be of good physique; the female models are paragons of beauty and of grace, and in either case, a faintest suggestion that the subject is not up to the very loftiest of art standards may involve the committee

*Canadian Architect, Jan. 1891.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in unpleasant complications. Then, though secondary always to the models, those who are to make the studies must be considered, and the pose must be designed, like a piece of sculpture, to be satisfactory from every possible point of view. In the new rooms there are two sets of lights for the model, one for studies with the model posed against a wall, when a background of drapery and other accessories may be required, and the other for use when the members at work form a complete circle with the model in the middle of the room, in which case a strictly sculpturesque treatment of the pose is quite imperative.

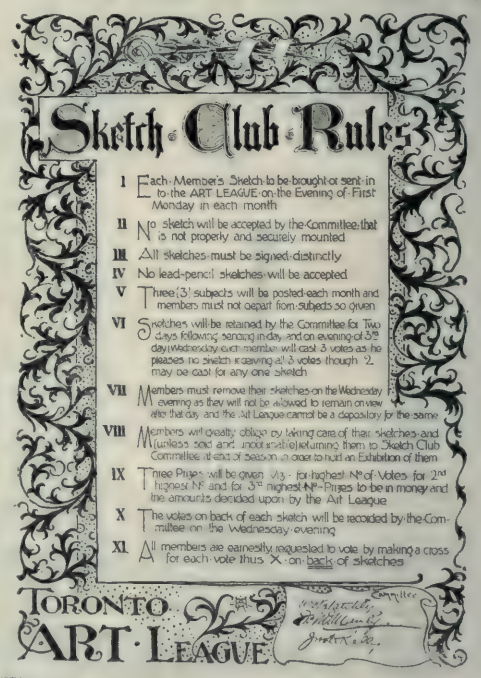
The programme of work from the life is planned so that there shall be about an equal number of nude and costume poses. The number of evenings allowed to a study is dependent upon the character of the pose, and ranges from one to six, while, at fre-

·POSING A MODEL·

SUMMER SKETCHING.

quent intervals, an evening is given over to short poses of fifteen minutes or half an hour for exercise in rapid suggestion of the essential lines of the figure and the main masses of light and shade. Some of the members work in water color and oil, but the greater number prefer monochrome—charcoal, pencil, pen and ink, or washes of black and white, and with the model before him, each one works out his own renderings of the subject, aiming to express what are, from his point of view, its most important characteristics, whatever his medium of expression may be. Some of the work makes very considerable demands upon the student's power of seeing accurately, and of effectively handling the materials with which he works, not to speak of the serious drafts upon any store of patience he may be fortunate enough to possess, for drawing from the living model is a matter requiring close observation, and a conscientious study of the form, proportions, and construction of the figure. It is a different thing from the drawing of a snake-fence, or a rustic gate. There is a subtlety of line, a harmony of tone, and a delicacy of modelling, that must appear in the treatment of the figure, but which can, in great measure, be dispensed with in the other cases. Then, besides accuracy of sight and skill of hand, there must be brought to bear upon this work a certain broad, artistic perception of that which gives the subject its specific character, of that which makes it strong and vigorous, or graceful and refined, rugged or delicate, dignified or menial. The expression of such characteristics must be realized before the work can be of value, and it is this ever-present necessity of living up to Ruskin's demand that "all great art must be delicate," that makes this line of study indispensable to the thorough student.

The scheme of monthly compositions has ever remained one of the important features of the League's programme. The life class supplies to the student a correct acquaintance with the artist's language, and a facility in its use—makes him familiar with the medium through which his ideas must be set forth—and the monthly compositions afford him an opportunity to make literature of it. The compositions are submitted on the first Monday of every month, and the subjects for the following month announced the same evening. "Preparing for Winter," "Homeward," and "A November Gale," which have been announced for January, are very fair types of what are usually selected. The members are required to choose one of these, and prepare a picture that may bear the subject of his choice as title; and with so many students, each thinking for himself, and giving expression to his thoughts in his own way, a month's collection frequently presents an exceedingly interesting variety in the different conceptions of the same subject, and an


Sketch Club Rules
I Each Member's Sketch to be brought or sent in to the ART LEAGUE on the Evening of First Monday in each month
II No sketch will be accepted by the Committee that is not properly and securely mounted
III All sketches must be signed distinctly
IV No lead-pencil sketches will be accepted
V Three (3) subjects will be posted each month and members must not depart from Subjects so given
VI Sketches will be retained by the Committee for Two days following sending in day, and on evening of 3rd day Wednesday each member will cast 3 votes as he pleases no sketch receiving all 3 votes though 2 may be cast for any one sketch
VII Members must remove their sketches on the Wednesday evening as they will not be allowed to remain on view after that day, and the Art League cannot be a depository for the same
VIII Members will greatly oblige by taking care of their sketches and if unless sold and unconditionally returning them to Sketch Club Committee at end of season in order to hold an Exhibition of them
IX Three Prizes will be given viz:- for highest No of Votes for 2nd highest No and for 3rd highest No - Prizes to be in money and the amounts decided upon by the Art League
X The votes on back of each sketch will be recorded by the Committee on the Wednesday evening
XI All members are earnestly requested to vote by making a cross for each vote thus X on back of sketches
TORONTO ART LEAGUE

MONTHLY COMPOSITION LAWS.

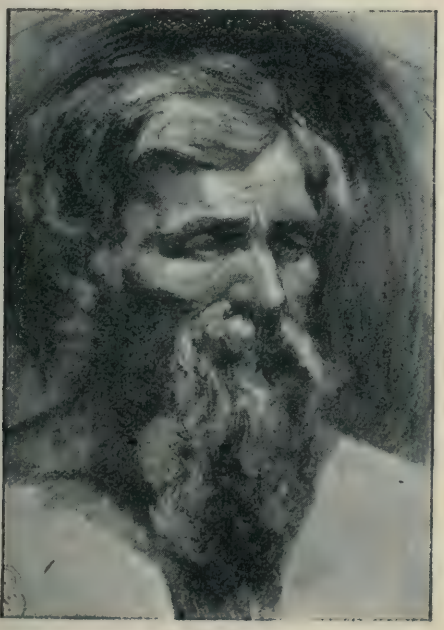
COSTUME STUDIES.

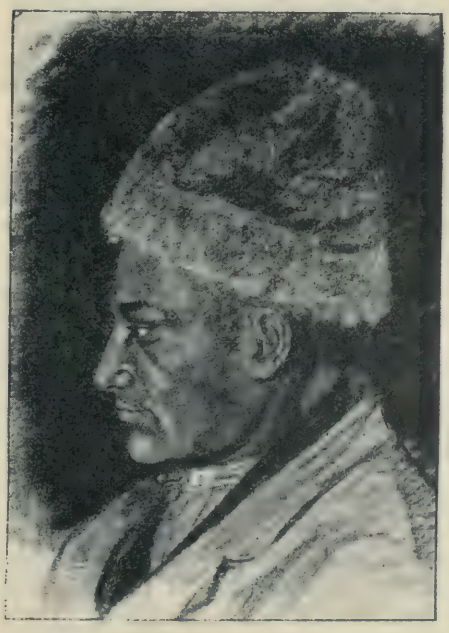
equally interesting, and perhaps more practically valuable, variety in the different means by which the conceptions have been expressed.

In addition to the evening of regular work, there are others set aside for the reading and discussion of papers prepared or selected by different members, and an occasional evening is given over to the cultivation of other arts, when the board is spread, and tales are told, and songs are sung. A favorite diversion in such seasons of relaxation is Five Points. Pieces of paper are prepared of uniform size, and in sufficient number to supply those present. These are marked with five points in any position, and distributed. Then follows half-an-hour of hurried rustling of pencils and pens, and a scurrying of many plans, succeeding one another in a rush through the brains of those engaged in a merry wrestle with the problem of constructing a figure with feet fitting on two of the given points, hands on another two, and a head on the fifth.

THE N. D. S. L. Club is a feature, which, perhaps more than any other, waxes and wanes in beautiful accord with the rise and fall of energy in the League's cruse. It was organized in Mr. Holmes' room on February 7th, 1891. The title is formed of the initial letters of the very ancient motto," Nulla Dies sine Linea," attributed to Apelles, an art student of bygone days, and sufficiently explains the nature of the club's requirements. All members of the League, who are prepared to undertake the making every day of a complete sketch, however pretentious, or however slight, are recognized as members of this inner club, and there are few in the League who have not at one time or another contributed a month of N.D.S.L.'s An evening is fixed for the gathering in of the month's production, and while there are necessarily occasional seasons of dearth, when the bundles are slightly lean, a propitious moon never fails to bring in a goodly store.

The months of summer are spent out of doors in invocation of such spirits as make nature and nature worshippers their peculiar care. Every Saturday is set apart for a reunion of all the members in some one of the delightful sketching grounds within easy reach of the city. In addition to these Saturday outings, there are generally smaller meets on Wednesdays, and special arrangements are made for those who can avail themselves of more prolonged excursions covering several weeks. The chief centres of attraction in such cases are different parts of the Niagara peninsula, and the old city of Quebec. An especial interest attaches to this summer life through the frequent opportunities it affords for the renewal of old companionships, made possible by the return for a few weeks or a few months of those who are absent during most of the year in other fields of work; and thus, as in winter, so in summer the brotherhood is bonded together by a community of interest.





A SKETCH IN THE PRESENT ROOMS, 75 ADELAIDE STREET, EAST.

Then there is profit as well as pleasure in these excursions. To him who loves her, the goddess of the free air and the open sky refuses no appeal. In all her moods she is free to his communion. She yields to him the key to her language, and he reads her precepts in the clouds and in the waters, in the forests and in the flowerets of the field. Thus bringing to his summer study in the fields the same spirit of discipleship with which he meets his winter's work in the rooms, the student combines with his recreation the gathering together of a store of knowledge, and the forming of an intimate association with nature, which cannot but have its beneficent effect upon his future work as well as minister to his appreciation of the finer phases of life.

At the close of the summer an exhibition is held. To this there is "no admittance except to members." There is no judge and no jury. There is only a hanging committee. The failures, as well as the successes, are collected together and exposed, and the members learn their lessons from the false steps as well as from the true ones taken during the summer by themselves and their associates.

THE first public exhibition was held on May 10th, 1889, and was open from three o'clock in the afternoon until nine in the evening of that day. The following one lasted two days and two evenings, and, gradual increase in the amount of work available leading to a corresponding extension of the time allowed, it was finally decided that the exhibition should be held every year during the week before Christmas. An interesting feature of the last two exhibitions has been a collection of the original drawings contributed to certain publications issued by the League, with a collection also of the negatives, printing-blocks and proofs, illustrating the processes of reproduction employed.

Made up, as it is for the most part, of persons engaged in practical art work, the League had for some time entertained the idea of issuing such illustrated publications. This idea took definite shape in 1892, and early

COSTUME STUDIES.

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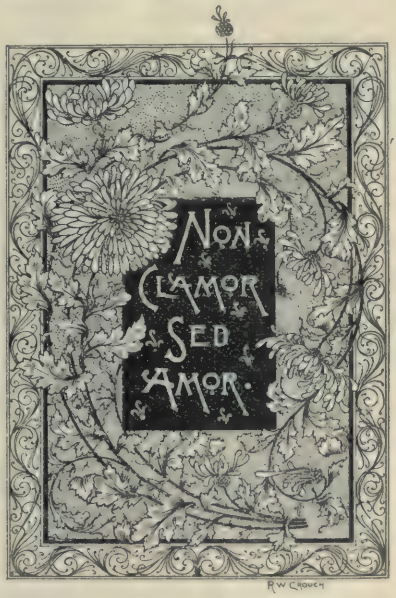
in December of that year the first one put in its appearance in the form of a calendar of twenty-four pages, with the inscription "Ninety-Three" on its lithographed cover of pale blue and gold. There were twelve pages of drawings and designs, illustrative of the Canadian seasons and the life of the Canadian people, contributed by the members of the League, while on the opposite pages appeared appropriate selections of Canadian verse. "Ninety-Four" followed in due course, larger and more lavish of both picture and poem; and now the third issue has just appeared, in every respect a worthy successor to its fellows of the previous years, striking the same chords, and bringing forth a like harmony. The cover, from a design by A. H. Howard, R. C. A., one of the League's founders, is a delicate and graceful scheme of red and yellow grays, relieved with white and gold, and bears the title "Ninety-Five." The literary element consists of choice selections from the verses of representative Canadian poets; there are four decorative calendars of three months each, and throughout the book as many as sixteen members of the League have contributed to the hap-

pily conceived and successfully rendered collection of designs and illustrations that appear in its pages. In these publications all the contributions are volunteered as a pure love offering, and no member personally derives any pecuniary profit from the success of the undertaking. If the venture prove profitable financially, the surplus goes to the general locker, and as the institution is at no inconsiderable expense in maintaining its classes and carrying on its work, and relies entirely on its own resources, without assistance from governments or wealthy patrons, its treasury frequently has ample room for additions.

Such is the story of the League—short and simple like the annals of the poor. I cannot, however, bring it to a close without a slight reference in connection with the social side of its life, to the benign influence exerted by the now very important membership of ladies with which it is blessed. There is a recognized limit to the amount of Bohemianism that can be indulged in, consistent with a reasonable degree of comfort, and the presence of the gentler sex in the League has always tended to keep this *eccentricite d'artiste* within its proper bounds, while ministering most effectively to the material comforts of its abiding place, and supplying a valuable element of refinement and delicacy to its art atmosphere. Then, eminently characteristic also of its social life, is the bond of fraternal union that is always maintained with present or absent members who have been long enough and intimately enough associated with the institution to make its interest their own. Important in this connection is the honorary membership, first conferred on Mr. Blatchly, who was the first president of the League, and has ever remained one of its most devoted friends. The honorary membership has been instituted as a recognition, on the part of the League, of long and valuable service rendered, and carries with it the full privileges of active membership, with immunity from all fees. Absent members are now scattered about in the larger cities of the United States and Canada, seeking and finding for their work in these more important centres the recognition it deserves. In New York alone, where they most do congregate, is, at present, a colony of ten or twelve with whom there is constant communication through the scrap of paper and the drop of ink. There are visits also from a number of them every summer, giving occasion for numerous gatherings, to welcome the coming and speed the parting guest, and by these means, as also through their contributions to N.D.S.L. meets, and to the exhibitions and other features of the work and play, these limbs of the League reaching out to distant sources of nourishment are kept in union with the parent stem.



Let me mention in conclusion, as a characteristic embodiment of the principles and practice of this association, the League motto, "Non Clamor sed Amor," which exhibits most happily the attitude of the members towards the work of their institution, and

beautifully sets forth that which is recognized among them as the ideal spirit of studentship. The art student, perhaps more than any other, must know that an abnormal love of praise is one of the most dangerous ills that he is heir to, and must early learn to hold it in subjection, and refuse to court the vulgar applause so persistently lavished upon those superficial qualities that too often sacrifice a genuine knowledge to a pretence of wisdom, and a straightforward statement of truth to an exhibition of cleverness. His wooing of the beautiful must be a real love affair, and free from a consideration of diamonds. With a lower standard of choice he may get "what many men desire"—may get "as much as he deserves"—but to win the maid he must be prepared, from pure love of her, "to give and hazard all he hath." And as it is with the individual, so also is it with the body, and there is hope for any association of students while it stands true to such an ideal and lives faithfully up to the spirit of such a motto.

R. HOLMES.

"SHANGHAED."

A Yarn in the Dog-Watch.

BY EDGAR BEVIS.

THE sun was near setting, and his parting rays shone on the *Harbinger*, a stately, Clyde-built clipper, as, bending to a seven-knot breeze, she swept majestically along the bosom of the Indian ocean.

Both watches were on deck, seated round about the foremast; the watch on duty leisurely smoking, and the "watch below" discussing the supper, which consisted of the usual rations of hard tack and salt horse (as the salt beef is termed), moistened with pannikins of black tea.

"Clear away, Biddy!" shouted one, when all had finished. "We are to have Fogg's yarn this dog-watch!"

Here, I must explain that "Biddy" was not an Irish maid-of-all-work, but a stalwart seaman. One man, in each watch, daily takes charge of the food and tins—fetches the former from the galley, and washes up and carefully puts away the latter.

The Biddy, after some grunting, arose and began his task.

Picking up a small tub (called a kid), he said, "Here, you fellers; there's nothin' but bones left in the beef-kid; who is agoin' to say grace?"

"Say it yerself, Bill!" exclaimed a chorus of voices.

"All right, mates!" answered the tar. "Caps off!"

The caps having been removed, Bill gravely commenced:—

"Salt horse! Salt horse! What brought you here?
You were carrying turf for many a year
'Tween Bantry Bay and Ballyhack,
Till you fell down and hurt your back;
And you were old, and now no good,
So they salted you down for sailors' food.
The sailors, they do you despise,
They pick you up, and blame your eyes!
They gnaw the flesh from off your bones,
Then heave the rest to Davy Jones."

With the last word, Bill dexterously threw the contents of the beef-kid over the rail.

"Well done, Bill my hearty!" exclaimed one of the seamen, "Yer did that splendid. Take my advice and bear up for the church; take out a parson's 'stif'cate, old man—you're cut out for it."

"Well!" answered Bill, as he began fishing the tin plates out of a bucket of hot water, "I won't go for to say I'm not rayther inclined that way, but I'm afraid I'd never get used to the long toggery." Here the speaker burst into a loud guffaw at his own conceit. This of course sounds very childish, but sailors, in many respects are nothing but grown up children.

"Now then, Fog! We're ready for that yarn!" shouted a sailor.

"Hurrah for old Quebec!" sang out another. "Come along Fogg!"

A tall, slight man, with a rather heavy, military-looking moustache and carefully trimmed beard, came out of the forecastle—a man who was such a remarkable contrast to the rough English tars as to make anyone look twice at him.

His name was William Foggerty, a Canadian, and —— a mystery to his shipmates.

One day, in turning out his chest, a photograph, unperceived by him, fell to the deck, and one of his mates finding it shortly after, was perfectly dumbfounded to find himself face to face with "Fogg" in the uniform of an officer of militia.

Foggerty was so evidently vexed at it having been seen, that, with rare

delicacy, they forbore all attempts at questioning him.

The others having filled their pipes, Fogg seated himself on the foremast fiferail and began:

"I am not good at spinning yarns, boys, but I will do my best—the same as I do when we reef topsails."

"Quite right!" ejaculated an old tar, 'You're gettin' along wunnerful well up aloft, so fire away my lad."

"Well then," said Foggerty, "To begin with, you must understand I am neither a blue-nose nor yet a herring-back, as I've heard some of you call me, neither do I hail from Quebec.

"I was born at a certain fortified town, inland, on the shores of one of the great lakes, on which I gained what knowledge I possess of sailoring.

"There is no need for me to dwell long over this part of my history, but I may as well say that a few years ago I had a bitter trouble, and home being distasteful to me, my whole aim was to get away from my native place. I had some money, but not enough to keep me in idleness, so I determined to take up with a life on the water.

"With this resolution, I went to Detroit, and soon got a berth as steersman, or quartermaster, as you call it.

"I followed this for about two years till I got a certain amount of experience in seamanship, and then, in company with a young English saltwater sailor who had found his way to the lakes, I went to St. John, New Brunswick, with the intention of sailing on ocean vessels.

"We reached St. John at about eleven o'clock in the morning, and at once made our way down towards the wharves. As we were going along a street called Prince William-street, we noticed a small, one-storied building with the sign up, 'Meals at all hours.' As, in addition to travelling all night, we had not yet breakfasted, so consequently were both tired and hungry, we turned into this place and enquired if we could get a meal.

"The proprietor assured us we should have a good dinner inside of a few minutes, and we soon heard him giving orders to the cook, who was evidently a man.

"Some few men were eating at a long table, but took no notice of us as we seated ourselves in chairs near the door.

"'Foggerty,' whispered my companion—'I don't like the look of that chap—there is something crooked about him to my mind.'

"'Yes!" I answered. 'He squints; I don't think there is anything else the matter.'

"'Boys!' said a voice behind us, 'I see yez are strangers, so I have had the *male* put up for you in my own room.'

"It was the proprietor who spoke, having entered unperceived, and in consequence must have heard our remarks.

"However, he made no sign, and we followed him into a little room which looked cosy and clean compared with the big outer dining-room. While we were enjoying our meal, he informed us his name was Flanagan, and also that his wife occasionally took in respectable sailors as boarders.

"'Where on earth do you put them to sleep?' enquired my chum (whose name, by the way, was Greenwood).

"'Aha!' laughed Flanagan, 'there is only the cook sleeps here; our house is away over yonder near the water. So if you have a mind to take a room, you can do so at eight dollars a week—take it or leave it,' said he, with a flourish of his hands.

"We told him we would not decide before evening, as we wanted to see the town and take a general look round after seeing to our baggage.

"'Just as ye like, b'yes! Just as ye like!' he replied, in an off-hand manner. 'But tell me now,' he continued, with a puzzled look, 'Have yez just come in on some ship or other?'

"After explaining that we came from the lakes, Greenwood asked if the shipping was good.

"'Yes, fairly good!' answered Flanagan. 'I am often applied to by captains for men. If yez like to give me your names I'll keep a look-out for you—that is to say,' he added, 'for the usual consideration. Nothin' for nothin' is my motter.'

"Promising to return to supper, we strolled out and proceeded up town. I do not know if either of you fellows have ever been to St. John; if you have, you will agree with me that it is a very pretty town. One very fine street (I forget its name), leads up the side of a hill from the wharves, and the summit is crowned by a nicely laid-out little park.

"While sitting here, admiring the view, Greenwood again mentioned his dislike of our host, and suggested that we should not return to his place.

"I certainly did not admire his looks myself, but it seemed to me to be rather soon to say a man was a bad rascal after seeing him for only a few minutes; and as we had promised to go back, I held we were bound to do so.

"'All right,' grumbled Greenwood, 'Have your own way, and if we get into a scrape I promise not to say, "I told you so!'

"We prowled around till supper-time, and then again betook ourselves to Mr. Flanagan, who greeted us very effusively, and, as a special mark of favor, again gave us our meal in his private room, this time sitting down with us.

"He was in (what no doubt he considered) a jolly mood, and his tongue ran at a rate of knots. Yarn followed yarn, till I began to think he would keep it up all the evening. As for Greenwood, he maintained a grim silence, the only time he spoke being when he sarcastically asked Mr. Flanagan if he always entertained his guests as well as he was entertaining us.

"This started our long-winded companion on another tack, protesting that it was seldom he had seen two men he liked so much the appearance of.

"'Well, b'yes" he said at last, 'have yez determined what ye will do?'

"'Yes,' I replied, in response to a nod from my friend, 'We will stay with you for a few days till we get a ship.'

"I could not help thinking he looked very well satisfied with our decision, and also not quite so satisfied, when, having enquired where our *dunnage* was, we answered that we had left it at the station, and intended keeping the checks for a few days, as there was nothing we needed particularly.

"'But sure,' said he, 'there will be something or other yez will be needing, and if ye let me have the checks, I'll get the stuff sent up to the house *to wunce*.'

"Very fortunately for us, we resisted his offers, and intimated our desire to be conducted to his house as soon as convenient.

"Well lads, seeing ye've no traps wid ye, av coorse it will not be thought unreasonable if I ax ye to pay a week in advance, for by the powers I've been did so often, that I don't care to run risks. Besides, what proof have I that ye've got baggage at the station.'

"'Look here, now!' said Greenwood, 'Here are our checks, you can examine them, and that should satisfy you. We're not going to pay any week's board in advance, but we will pay each day, the first thing in the morning—if you don't like it, say so, and we can soon go elsewhere.'

"Seeing us thus independent, he finally agreed to our plan, and rather crossly remarked that he would send a note to his wife, telling her to prepare a room for us.

"He soon slashed off a few lines of heavy sprawling-looking writing, and dried it on a new pad of blotting-paper which lay beside him. As he rose to go out, Greenwood asked if he might be allowed to write a letter while we

were waiting, and, receiving permission, took the seat Flanagan had left. His first act, as soon as the door had closed behind the boarding-boss, was to quietly tear off the top sheet from the blotter and put it in his pocket, next he scrawled some heavy characters over two or three pieces of notepaper, and dried them on the clean pad. I was on the point of asking him what he was doing this for, when he signed to me to be silent, and fell to writing a letter in real earnest. In about an hour a boy appeared at the door and announced that Mr. Flanagan had gone aboard one of the ships, and had sent him to conduct us to our lodgings.

"We were soon ready to accompany our guide, and on reaching the house were admitted by a slovenly-looking servant, who shewed us into a rather well-furnished parlor; telling us the 'missus' said we were to make ourselves at home.

"'Well then, my dear,' said Greenwood, 'kindly give us a light, and shew us to our room, so that we can get a wash.'

"The girl did not at all object to his familiar manner of addressing her, but smilingly said she would do so at once.

"We found we were to sleep in a double-bedded room, rather better than some I have since seen in sailors' boarding-houses, but for all that it was none too large, nor too well furnished.

"When the girl had gone, I at once tackled my chum about his strange behavior in regard to the blotting-paper, asking what on earth he intended doing, and declaring that I did not think it was at all honorable of him to pry into another man's correspondence.

"'Possibly not!' he replied coolly, 'but I distrust that joker, and you want to find out if he deserves it.'

Placing the lamp on the dressing-table, he carefully smoothed out the piece of paper and holding it up to the looking-glass, read its conten s on the reflection.

"'Come here, Foggerty!' he whispered. 'It's worse than I expected, but perhaps I can think of a plan to outwit him.'

"I leaned over his shoulder and read the letter, but it did not make me much wiser, although I could plainly see some rascality was intended. As nearly as I remember, it ran something like this:—

"'I am sending you two boarders, and you must be very careful not to scare them. Look sharp after the shortest one; he's up to tricks, but I think I can ship them to-night. Put the shanghai medicine in the left-hand corner of the sideboard (they drink Scotch whiskey), and put a little in a decanter on the right-hand side. Don't put too much—about four drinks or so in each. On second thoughts, you had better not see them; you might talk too much, and one of them is sharp.'

"'Well, what is shanghai medicine?' I enquired.

"My friend stared at me as he asked: 'Don't you know what it means to be shanghaed?'

"I confessed that although I had often heard the term used, I did not exactly know what it meant.

"He then explained that if our worthy friend intended to shanghai us, he would get two crimps to sign a ship's articles, most probably in our names, draw a month's pay in advance, and when the time came for them to be aboard, we should be drugged and shipped instead; a few rags put in a bag would be sent with us as our clothes, the rascally land-shark keeping possession of all our belongings.

"'That's all very well,' said I, 'but if that happened to me, I would take precious good care to get back to this or any other port at which it occurred, and prosecute the rascals for abduction.'

"'And for all the good you would get out of it,' retorted Greenwood, 'you might as well leave it alone

Law isn't meant for sailors of the merchant service, except when they mutiny or refuse duty.'

"'The next question,' continued Greenwood, 'is how to circumvent the swab. How the deuce did he know we preferred Scotch whiskey?'

"'That is very easily understood,' I replied. 'Don't you remember we were talking at dinner-time about Jamaica rum, and we both agreed we should like it much better if they served out Scotch whiskey aboard ships.'

"'Yes, I remember,' said my friend, and it was he that started the topic—with the purpose, of course, of finding out what our preference was. Come, let us go down stairs—I have a plan, but am not sure if it is workable.'

"I suggested we should leave the house at once; but this Greenwood would not hear of. He said he was going to try to beat the rascal at his own game.

"We went down into the parlor, laughing and talking in a careless manner, so as not to arouse any suspicion in case we were watched. The servant met us in the hall, again saying the 'missus' desired us to make ourselves at home. 'The *Boss* will not be in for about half an hour, but you will find plenty of papers and magazines, in case you care to read.'

"There was a lamp burning in the room, and piles of illustrated papers and magazines placed on the table. A large sideboard stood in one corner covered with glasses, and further embellished with some trumpery-looking plated ware.

"Giving me a significant look, Greenwood lounged carelessly round the room, talking loudly about the different pictures and ornaments, till he reached the sideboard. The doors were locked, but the key was there, and a burglar never turned a key more cautiously and cleverly than did my chum at that moment. Without the slightest noise he opened the door, and while talking (rather too loudly, I thought) about a sea view on the wall near him, pointed triumphantly to the two decanters exposed to view.

"The next instant he had changed their positions, and was quietly shutting the doors.

"'Put the shanghai medicine in the left-hand corner,' he whispered. 'We'll give the confounded crimp a dose of his own stuff, and I hope he will enjoy the headache he will have in the morning. When he is well-loaded, we will clear out.'

"As nothing more was to be done, according to this plan, till our worthy landlord arrived, we lighted our pipes and looked over some of the papers.

"I am not at all sure that I enjoyed this adventure, for I was quite new to such phases of a sailor's life; but my friend smoked and read as unconcernedly as though we were berthed in the most respectable house in the Dominion of Canada.

"Presently we heard the front door open, and very soon Mr. Flanagan entered the room, accompanied by a villainous-looking fellow, such as would be hard to find outside a seaport town. This worthy was introduced to us as his brother-in-law, Mr. Morrison. The fellow shook hands with us with great warmth, and began questioning us about our life on the lakes.

"Both men had evidently had a good deal to drink, but were not by any means incapacitated. After a little while Flanagan arose and said he would tell the women to go to bed; 'and then,' said he with a half-drunken grin, 'we'll mix our night-caps.' He soon returned, carrying a small jug of hot water; and while the door was open, I heard a noise as of two slipshod women ascending the stairs.

"'Now, b'yes, what will ye have?' asked Flanagan, as he opened the sideboard.

"'I should prefer Scotch whiskey,' announced Greenwood; 'but if that is not convenient, I can take something else.'

"'If it is all the same, I would

rather have a little brandy,' said I 'but I am not particular.'

"'Well, b'yes, here's some Scotch whiskey, as good as any ye can get in St. John,' said our host; 'just taste it, Mister Foggerty, and if yez don't like it, I will see if I can foind ye some brandy.'

"As he spoke, he produced the decanter from the left-hand corner of the sideboard, and poured out for each of us a moderate dose. We added a little hot water and sugar, and then at his suggestion squeezed in some lemon juice.

"'I guess, Mike,' said he, with a grin, as he fetched out the other decanter, 'we'll have to content ourselves with some Oirish. There is not enough Scotch to go round.'

"We supped our grog unconcernedly, and praised the quality.

"Flanagan poured out two stiff bumpers of the medicine, and, after a plentiful flavoring of lemon, pushed one over to his friend, Mr. Morrison.

"'Yes,' said Greenwood. 'This is very good Scotch, but it has a rather peculiar taste'

"'It'll be the wood, me b'ye,' hastily exclaimed Flanagan, as he drained his own glass. 'Take a little more lemon.'

"Morrison had already finished his glass and was looking dubiously at the dregs. 'Seems to me, Flan,' he growled, 'it does not taste altogether right. You did'nt make any mistake, did you?'

"'Mistake, nothin',' ejaculated Flanagan, with a cunning look. 'Think I don't know Scotch from Irish? It's what you have drunk before has put your mouth out of taste. Take another and it will be all right. Go easy, now; leave some for me, and remember you've got a walk ahead of you.'

"Noticing that Greenwood was feigning a half-tipsy attitude, I did my best to imitate him, for I saw Flanagan was watching us as closely as the liquor he had imbibed would allow. So when our kind entertainer offered to refill our glasses, I held mine out as eagerly as did Greenwood.

"The second drink was beginning to have a very visible effect on the two crimps—both seemed to have an inclination to sleep. Just then, Greenwood rolled off his chair with a crash, and lay on the floor breathing heavily.

"Flanagan gave a drowsy chuckle. and then suddenly exclaimed: 'D—if I don't believe the confounded woman has fixed both!'

"'Both what?' growled the amiable Morrison.

"'Both-both-de-de,' muttered Flanagan. He had risen to his feet apparently with the intention of going to the door, but, losing his balance, he fell over his brother-in-law, and they rolled on the floor together.

"After a few minutes' quietness, Greenwood cautiously picked himself up, nearly choking with suppressed laughter.

"'Come,' he said. 'Let us clear out. It will not do to be found here.'

"Before I could reply, there was a ring at the door.

"We looked at one another in dismay—we were certainly in a tight box now.

"'Come with me to the door,' whispered Greenwood, 'and see what turns up. Be ready for a run.'

"When we opened the door, we found ourselves confronted by a burly-looking seaman—a mate or captain by his dress.

"'Good evening,' said he. 'Is this the place where the two hands are staying who shipped to-day on the American ship, the *Indian Maid?*'

"To my horror, Greenwood answered, 'Yes! But they are both in the parlor dead drunk. I don't think they can get aboard to-night.'

"'Oh! they'll have to; we go out with the tide at two o'clock. Wait here; my boat is at the wharf across the street. I will go and fetch two of the fellows up, and we will carry them down.'

"While he was gone we went in and surveyed the intended victims. They were sound asleep. Fortunately they were dressed nearly enough like sailors to pass muster while they were under the effects of the drug. So we clapped their soft felt hats on their heads, and waited for the mate's return.

"We had left the door ajar; so he came right in accompanied by two strong chaps, who at once picked up Flanagan and carried him off, Greenwood and I following with Morrison. When our burdens were safely deposited in the boat, the mate stepped back on the wharf, and motioned us to follow him. On reaching the street he stopped, and facing us, burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter.

"'Oh, boys,' he gasped, at last, 'this is the best joke I've heard of for many a day. D'ye think I did'nt see through it? I know the faces of those two damnable crimps as well as I know my own father's. They tried to shanghai you, didn't they, and you turned the tables on them? This is rich! We're bound to Callao, and by the great horn spoon I'll make sailors of them before they get back. I'll fix it with our skipper. He's a good fellow, but dead on crimps.'

"'Now, look here, boys,' he continued, 'what can I do for you?'

"'Tell us if you know of any ship that is going to sail soon, and is needing men,' Greenwood replied.

"After some reflection, he said, 'I have it! There's a London ship lying at —— wharf, bound to Barbadoes to load sugar for England. She sails the day after to-morrow, if she can get men. Now, that's your plan, lads. Good-bye! Keep a quiet tongue about this affair till after you leave St. John.' And with a cordial handshake the genial American left us.

"You may depend we did not wait around there very long, but cleared off up town to a decent hotel which we had noticed during our walk in the afternoon.

"Early the next morning we went down to see the captain of the West Indiaman; and he said what he wanted was a first mate and one foremast hand.

"You may imagine how very surprised I felt when Greenwood answered. 'I should like to offer myself as chief mate. I was suspended for a year on account of a collision, and the time is more than up.'

"'Humph!' said the captain. 'That is not much of a recommendation. What was the collision?'

"'Between the *Penguin* and the *Royal Tar*, in the Channel,' answered Greenwood.

"'Ah! Which vessel were you on?'

"'The *Royal*,' replied my friend.

"'In that case I'll take you, for I read the report very carefully; and I know of several shipmasters who agreed with me that you were unjustly treated.'

"That ended the matter for Greenwood, and I shipped before the mast.

* * * * * *

"There, boys," said Foggarty, "that's the way we shanghaed the crimps."

"Mates!" said one of the seamen, "I axed Bill just now why he did'nt bear up for the church. But now I say this—our shipmate will be in parleyment yet, for he's a born *horator*."

ASTRONOMICAL NOTES FOR DECEMBER.

If the night-skies be clear, which is not always the case in Canada, the month of December is one of the best in the year for astronomical work. Such constellations as those of Cassiopeia, Andromeda, Perseus, Taurus, Orion, Lyra, Aries, Gemini, Canis Major and Canis Minor, with their hundreds of objects worthy of attention, are well situated, during some portion of every night, for observation. Then, too, planets which come into opposition in the autumn and winter months are always, in these latitudes, seen to better advantage than when they are in opposition in the spring and summer months. For instance, Mars and Jupiter are almost perfectly placed just now for study. The nights being longer, there are more hours for work, and, if the air be free from moisture, the seeing is generally better than at other seasons of the year. For this reason, a clear and cold and even frosty night often presents advantages of a high order.

During the first half of the month, Mercury may be visible between six and seven o'clock in the morning. His position will be in the south-east; on the 10th he will rise near the bright star Beta-one ($\beta 1$) Scorpii. At this as at all other elongations, the planet, in the telescope, will appear as a half-moon.

Venus is an evening star, but too near the Sun for observation.

Mars is still in excellent position for examination, as he comes to the meridian early in the evening. Already some interesting reports respecting this planet are being received from the greater observatories. The south-polar ice-cap was invisible in fine telescopes so early as the 16th of October, said to be almost unprecedented so far as speedy melting away is concerned, the Martian summer being now at its height in the planet's southern hemisphere. The surface workings are being mapped at many observatories, and to judge by the drawings, appear very differently to different observers.

Jupiter is rapidly assuming the place of first importance, an importance that will increase as Mars begins to set earlier and earlier, and that will increase until Saturn comes into a good position, which will be about the time Jupiter, in turn, passes away from our skies. This magnificent object will be in opposition to the Sun, that is, in a line with the Earth and Sun, on the 22nd He will then be visible all night. The belts and spots on Jupiter are of interest to every observer, and may be seen in moderately powerful telescopes. The satellites are visible in almost any telescope and are easily followed, as they continuously change their places with reference to the planet and to each other. Their transits, eclipses, and occultations are predicted to the minute, and tables of these predictions may be obtained from the almanacs. The transits of Satellite III the largest of the moons, are usually worthy of observation, the moon, as well as its shadow, sometimes crossing the face of the planet as a very dark body. One of these transits, easily observed, will occur on the night of the 27th. The satellite will enter on the disc of Jupiter about 5.30 o'clock, and be followed by its shadow about 6. Both of these will be steadily visible on the face of Jupiter until about 6.30, in the case of the moon, and about 9, in the case of the shadow. Another object of interest is the great red spot which, or at least the position of which in the great southern belt, should be seen to be central in the planet about 1 o'clock on the morning of the 11th, and continuously thereafter at intervals of 9 hours and 55 minutes. For those who use small telescopes, it may be noted that the moons will be west of the planet at midnight on the 23rd and 30th instant, and 18th and 31st instant.

But of all celestial objects for the observer with telescopes of low power, none approaches our own moon, which is certain to be well-placed in December, especially after the first quarter. In addition to the usual lunar train of interesting events, there will be on night of the 10th and 11th instant, the unusual spectacle of an occultation of the Pleiades. The moon will reach the immediate vicinity of these stars shortly after midnight; the first occultation will occur about 1.30 a.m. The moon will be nearly full, but still, in a good telescope, there will be enough of the dark edge left to blot out the stars before the moon appears actually to touch them.—G. E. L.

Canada's New Year Arrives.

Drawn for the Canadian Magazine by Frederic W. Falls.

THE

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THE FOURTH CENTURY OF CANADIAN HISTORY.*

BY O. A. HOWLAND, M.P.

My learned predecessor in the chairmanship of the Historical Section of the Canadian Institute, Dr. Caniff, in his inaugural address a year ago, presented an able and earnest plea for the systematic collection and preservation of historical facts and relics relating to the Province of Ontario.

The subject is one which it would be a failure of duty to lose sight of. It should be continuously pressed and urged upon popular and official attention until the desired result is attained.

Not unconnected with it is the subject of this article;—the nearly approaching close of the fourth century since the discovery of the gulf of St. Lawrence. That event, I venture to characterize as the beginning of Canadian history.

It was a habit of our native Indian races, (borrowed by our woodland pioneers,) to direct their exploratory pathways from hill-top to hill-top. Each commanding summit enabled them to note the landmarks past, and to prospect for fresh ones in advance.

It is a practice which we may, as a nation, usefully imitate. The present is an epochal period of change and development in Canada. It is, moreover, marked by a collateral circumstance of singular interest. The approaching year 1897 will close the fourth century since the history of the region formerly known as British North America, and now embraced in the Dominion of Canada, was originated by its discovery by John Cabot on the 24th June, 1497.

It seems to be now sufficiently well established that John Cabot's voyage in 1497 antedates any other historically recorded discovery of the continental part of America; as that of Columbus, in 1492, resulted in the first historically recorded discovery of the island outposts—the West Indies.

It is necessary to emphasize the adjective *historical*, because of the existence of a number of prior but traditionary or conjectural claims, more or less plausibly asserting discoveries prior to both Columbus and Cabot. We have the story, embalmed in the Sagas of the Northmen, of their mysterious landfall in the tenth century, somewhere on the New England coast; supposed remains of which near Boston have lately been reported upon by our learned townsman, Dr. Boyle. Another, and even earlier claim, extracted from an early manuscript, supposes a discovery of Mexico by an Irish monk, drifted thither in his leathern coracle, some time in the eighth century, and leaving traces of

* This article was embodied in an address recently delivered before the Historical Section of the Canadian Institute, Toronto.

his presence in traditionary and religious teachings found extant in Mexico by the Spaniards. A claim has been raised on behalf of a Portuguese discovery of Brazil early in the fifteenth century, the evidence for which has quite recently been assembled and argued with great zeal and ingenuity before the Royal Geographical Society, by an English scholar, Mr. H. G. Oldham, Cambridge lecturer on geography. Indeed, there is hardly a maritime nation of Europe, of that period, on behalf of which there has not been put forth a theory that some of its subjects did discover, or at least probably *might* have discovered America. But these obscure, traditional discoveries, if they took place, were utterly dissevered from the course of history. They possessed no more value or fruitfulness than the broken branches from West Indian trees, which, drifted by Atlantic currents upon the coasts of Spain or Iceland, may have supported the conjecture of a land beyond the sea. It was only from the recorded discoveries of Columbus and Cabot that historical results followed. It is only with them, therefore, that history has to do.

To no country did American discovery prove more important than to Great Britain, and nowhere did it ultimately work a greater revolution. In due time her peasantry and industries were to share the benefit of the rising wages. While the Spanish galleons were pouring great freights of precious metals into the lap of Europe, meantime the contagion of emulation spurred England's princes to ambition and her merchants to new enterprise; with those well-known results in the spread of the English language and race, of religious toleration and freedom of government, whose ultimate scope speculation hardly yet ventures to measure.

"Cosmography and the Art of Navigation," proudly writes the Elizabethan author of the Voyages of Frobisher in 1578 "is now, in Her Majesty's reign, grown to his highest perfection." But in the time of King Henry VII., he states they were "very raw in England." Navigation, "then took (as it were), his beginning, (and ever since had had by little and little continual increase.)"

In this "raw" state of cosmography and the art of navigation in England, the nation was indebted to a foreigner for being enabled to claim a footing in the New World.

John Cabot, an Italian by birth, and a citizen of Venice, put the science and skill acquired as a native of the country which was then the western centre of the arts of commerce and civilization, and the leader in maritime enterprise, at the disposal of the nascent maritime power of the North. In the year 1496 proposals made by Cabot, then a resident of Bristol, one of the chief shipping ports of Britain, were acted upon by King Henry the VII., though in a manner marked by the King's accustomed financial prudence. A Royal Patent was granted to Cabot for the discovery—"at his own private cost and charge,"— of unknown lands in the Eastern, Western or Northern seas, with the right to occupy such territories, and have exclusive commerce with them, "paying to the king one-fifth part of all the profits." When Cabot obtained the Patent, he was probably in the position of an adventurer, richer in skill and conception than in purse. There is evidence that the funds he was to find for himself were furnished by substantial citizens of Bristol. The crew of eighteen was also chiefly English, and the ship, named the Matthew, no doubt also belonged to some of the substantial Bristol merchants.

Thus, at the outset of English occupation of the new continent in the west, there was impressed upon it that stamp of individual enterprise which continued to be its distinguishing character, and which predestined its ultimate triumph in the long com-

petition with rival foreign establishments, all initiated by governments, and hampered to the end by despotic control.

Armed with his *generous* commission from the thrifty king, in the early part of May, 1497 Cabot set sail from Bristol, with a company of eighteen to man his one small vessel. Its model, no doubt, was like that with which we were familiarized by the visit of the caravels in the summer of 1893, on their way to the Columbian Exhibition at Chicago. In that frail and perilous craft, John Cabot, probably accompanied by his son Sebastian, arrived at the northern extremity of Cape Breton on St. John's Day, the 24th of June, 1497. He must have laid a fairly direct course, with favorable winds, for he made the land in considerably less than two months, or not much over the average time of the north Atlantic voyage down to the middle of the eighteenth century. The records of John Cabot's expedition, derived at second hand, are obscure in description of localities and movements in a hitherto unknown region; but it is sufficiently clear that he led the way to the great northern estuary of the continent, the Gulf of St. Lawrence, about which and its tributary rivers so much history was thereafter to accumulate. His first landfall on the continent was on Cape Breton, where he planted the cross and the standard of the British king, Henry the Seventh, under whose commission he had sailed, with the flag of his own Venetian republic beneath it. He is reputed to have navigated northerly through the gulf, sighting Prince Edward Island, to which he gave its ancient name of St. John's Isle, and thence making his way out of the gulf by its northerly entrance, the Straits of Belle Isle, now constantly followed by Canadian shipping during the like summer months. Passing through that narrow strait, he would have had the Labrador coast on his left hand and Newfoundland on his right. Either thence, or from Cape Breton direct, he shaped his return course for England, arriving after a brief absence of about three months.

Strong doubts have been thrown by Dr. E. E. Danson, in a learned and ingenious paper read before the Royal Society Canada (1894), upon this supposed extension of John Cabot's voyage into the Gulf. The identity of the discoverers of St. John's Isle with Prince Edward Island seems to be conclusively disproved. At the same time the learned writer establishes, critically and conclusively, the principal fact of Cabot's landfall in Cape Breton on the 24th June, 1497.

The English claim through John Cabot's discovery in 1497 was confirmed by a more extended voyage of his son Sabastian in the following year along the Atlantic coast, and was admitted on the face of the earliest Spanish maps of the world. On one prepared in 1500 by Juan de la Cosa, a companion of Columbus, what is now called Cape Breton is named *Cavo de Ynglaterra*, and along the coast appears the legend "*descubierta por Ingleses.*"

Edmund Burke stated in Parliament, during the debate over the American colonies, that the fact of Cabot's discovery was sufficiently certain "to establish a right to our settlements in North America." Five years before Cabot's discovery of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Columbus' discovery had been made known to the world. To the great adventure of Columbus, dazzling the mind of Europe with golden visions and the wealth of sunlit lands, priority of interest and renown will always attach. But it was an event only second to that in interest, and I believe one yet more auspicious to humanity, when John Cabot set the prow of his Bristol merchantman, bearing the flag of England, towards the dark waters and immeasureable forests of the north. Brief and obscure is the modest nar-

rative of his discovery, Yet it was a circumstance of no small importance, not merely as a matter of dry historical record, but as pregnant with the course of future events, that on that 24th of June, 1497, John Cabot took possession of the mouth of the Gulf of St. Lawrence for the English king, and set flying the red cross of St. George from the headland of Cape Breton. St. John's Day, June 24th, 1497, the date of Cabot's discovery, may fairly be taken as the true beginning of the history of Canada.

For what is the history of Canada? In its true scope I think it is to be regarded as the history of the series of European settlements attracted into the great northern estuary of the continent, the Gulf of St. Lawrence, spreading along its coasts and tributary waters, overflowing into the territories westward to the Pacific Ocean, and ultimately becoming grouped under the united government and common name of Canada. The history of Canada is the history of that Northern Mediterranean; of the various migrations and settlements; of rivalries and conflicts which attended its occupation by men springing from different European races; and of unification, first by conquest and cession, afterwards by the peaceful cooperative processes of time.

From the date of Cabot's discovery, European enterprise seems never to have quite lost its hold upon the newfound lands. Cabot brought home to England, whence the news spread over the maritime countries of Europe, glowing reports of the profusion of fish to be found in those western waters. The fact was recalled upon every subsequent map. An island or port upon the coast of Newfoundland, was, it is supposed, named by John or Sebastian Cabot, after the Baccalios fish well known to Basque and Breton fishermen. These sturdy mariners, attracted by the report, and already accustomed to extend their fishing ventures as far north as the boisterous waters of Iceland, seem to have rapidly diverted their course westerly to the new fishing grounds beyond the Atlantic. The obscure enterprises of merchants and fishermen are not among the matters recorded in the histories of the period, which take little note of acts of daring or enterprise which were not performed under a royal warrant. Still, we meet with incidental traces of the presence of these continental fishermen. When Jacques Cartier made his voyage, under the auspices of the French crown, in 1535, his report refers to Cape Breton under the name of "the land of the Bretons." He also mentions the circumstance of meeting, on the coast of Newfoundland, certain shipping from La Rochelle. Both these references are recorded in a manner to indicate a certain notoriety in regard to the preexistence of a Breton trade in that region. Recent patient explorers of seaport records of the Norman and Breton ports, Honfleur, Rouen, and Dieppe, have brought to light the precise names of ships and ship owners that voyaged to Newfoundland waters, at least from the year 1506 onwards. Thus, the new-found land and the great estuary it guarded were never lost to European knowledge during the intervals between the English or Cabotian discoveries, in 1497 and 1498, and the voyages, under French auspices, of Verrazano, in 1524, and of Jacques Cartier, in 1535.

Verrazano's expedition merely followed the track of Sebastian Cabot up and down the Atlantic coast. Cartier took up the thread of exploration, under a commission from Francis the First of France. On his first voyage, in 1535, he traced the outlines of the Gulf of St. Lawrence to its northwestern limit, rounding the island of Anticosti. A second voyage in the following year led him, (always in pursuit of the fleeting vision of a waterway to China), into the St. Lawrence itself, which mighty stream he followed still hopefully, until he left the

tides behind him, and his adventurous keel confronted the impassable barrier of the Lachine Rapids. His journey was not without reward. Cabot had brought back from his voyage the tale of a lonely land wherein he had encountered no inhabitants, although he had picked up some scanty traces of unseen, perhaps extinct, humanity. Cartier, on the other hand, discovered, on the smiling banks of the beautiful St. Lawrence, a country known to the natives, as it has ever since been known to the world, under the sonorous and pleasantly suggestive name of Canada. The meaning of the word Canada,—"Place of habitations,"—describes an inhabited country. While the mysterious volume of the great river maintained the tradition of a possible passage to the Orient, this "inhabited country" offered to European enterprise that additional link of interest, trade—the great bond of national intercourse and travel. Having in view the little note made of other than royal enterprises, the silence of history does not disturb the probability that the valuable and abundant peltries at once attracted shipping into the St. Lawrence waters; hence, that from Cartier's discovery forward the French language continued to be heard at intervals by the inhabitants between Tadoussac and Quebec. Through trading visits, if not by establishments, the white race kept a footing, preparing the way for the regular colonization which was to begin under the command of the great Champlain more than a hundred years after the first discovery of the inland Mediterranean.

Champlain set out on his voyage in 1603, commissioned by the French king to establish posts and settlements, not apparently in the future Nouvelle France alone, but at such localities as he might select upon the unappropriated new continent.

At that moment the fruits to England of Cabot's discovery seemed to be on the point of being lost. Let it be remembered that to that date, the first years of the seventeenth century, perhaps had had some transient fishing stages erected here and there upon the coast of Newfoundland. These were flittings, obscure and unrecorded, of French traders in and out of the River St. Lawrence. No European settlement or post existed from Florida to Labrador. Could we see reenacted before us in a visible drama the history of four fateful centuries, we should follow with breathless interest those colonial voyages of Champlain. His white sails move from harbor to harbor, like a winged spirit of destiny; now turning northwards to the Gulf, now hovering along the coast southwards as far as the neighborhood of Newport. A vast and vacant continent lies open to him. Where will he plant the lilies of France, bearing with them the shadow of the old régime, its withering reign and its exclusive religion? We watch him enter the lonely waters of Massachusetts Bay. The future sites of Boston and the other Puritan settlements, untenanted and unchosen, invite him. His foot seems to hesitate over Plymouth Rock. We recollect, as we watch, that the event of 1760 was prepared by the wear and tear of the persistent Puritan attacks issuing from Boston and Connecticut, the repeated sieges of Louisburg, the frontier warfare by Lake Champlain. We reckon the lavish Provincial contributions of men and money to campaign after campaign, culminating in that of 1759. We can hardly forbear to speculate upon the changed consequences had the Massachusetts Company found no footing north of Virginia, and had New France in consequence commenced with no eastern frontier between the St. Lawrence and the Atlantic Ocean.

Fate, however, had another history in store for these regions, and for the course of humanity. Not Boston Bay, but Quebec, with Nova Scotia, the gatepost of the St. Lawrence, was chosen

by Champlain to be the citadel and centre of French settlement. Acadia did not extend further south than the opening of the Bay of Fundy. After establishing these outworks upon the Atlantic entrance, Champlain entered the Gulf, and following his pennon, the main wave of French settlement swept on through the valley of the St. Lawrence to Quebec and Montreal and the great lakes and the West.

Meantime, England was awaking tardily to the necessity of preserving for herself some fruits of her discoveries in the north-east of America. Champlain met, on the coast of New Brunswick, a ship of the British Navy, which was in fact engaged upon an errand similar to his own. At the time of these tentative expeditions, a temporary peace existed between the two countries, whose traditional jealousies, however, never slept. So far as the record shows, neither cannon shots nor courtesies were exchanged by the ships of the two nations. Sighting each other on those lonely seas, they sullenly passed by without sign of recognition. In the minds of both commanders, there may have been a gloomy prescience of the one hundred and eighty years of bloody rivalry which those yet untenanted regions were to occasion between the contending nations—a struggle ending not in 1760, but in 1783; for the recovery of Canada was the secret aim of the fleets sent to the assistance of the revolting colonies.

England had neglected, but not forgotten, her claim, resting upon the discoveries of the Cabots, to the region from Florida to Labrador, which France was claiming by virtue of Verrazano's exploration in 1524, following in the track of Sebastian Cabot's second voyage in 1498. A few years after Champlain's simultaneous voyage and encounter with the British ship on the coast of New Brunswick, the patent to the Massachusetts Company was granted by the British crown. Before long appeared the first contingent of the Puritan emigrants, who were to become a thorn in the side of the French settlements founded by Champlain in Acadia and on the St. Lawrence.

How completely, nevertheless, must human foresight at that date have failed to project the singular and contradictory chain of cause and effect which was to evolve itself out of these events. Who, in the first quarter of the seventeenth century, could have foretold that Massachusetts, so far behind at the beginning of the race, should signally assist to bring the French settlements under the British flag; that shortly after that hour of triumph, New England should become separated from and hostile to the British Crown, with the French Crown as an ally; that the once rival settlements of France should become the nucleus of the most important link in the world-wide chain of a renewed and extended British Empire; and that—most strange of all—the fugitives, expelled for loyalty to Britain, from the separating English colonies, should in time stand side by side with the descendants of the French, in peace and in war, in the territories marked out by Champlain for the Dominion of New France, helping under the British Crown, to protect the rival language and religion from extinction at the hands of the revolted descendants of the English settlers of Massachusetts?

Regarding, then, the history of Canada as the history of European colonization upon the coasts of the St. Lawrence River and Gulf, we may regard the appearance of Cabot upon the eastern border of that region, as the preliminary landmark in our annals. The progress of Canada, as we review it in this light, is seen naturally dividing itself into successive stages, two of which, already accomplished, have led us to the threshold of a third. The first division is occupied with the period of discovery and colonization; the second is the period of union and

internal development; the third period, upon which we are now entering, is one in which we may expect to reap the fruits of union and development heretofore accomplished. We have become a nation, and as a nation are brought into developed relations with the people with whom we are constitutionally united, and into fresh relations with the other nations of the world. We might find in the earlier stages past our equivalent to the heroic period of classic European history. It was a scene of physical struggle and pioneer difficulties, of Indian ravages, and internecine war between the rival European settlements, ending in their merging into one people. The early narrative is rich in records of daring and devotion, full of semi-legendary adventure and romantic individuality. This pioneer or colonizing stage, beginning with the discovery by the Cabots, ends at the session of New France in 1760. Within this period falls the establishment of the various French and English settlements in Acadia and Canada, and the discoveries from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Mississippi.

The period was chiefly devoted to exploration, a pursuit which seems to have especially suited the French genius in that age. It was carried on enthusiastically and effectively by French missionaries, French merchant adventurers, and the native French-Canadian races which grew up in New France. Over all the continent the French-Canadian voyageur made himself known as a marked and picturesque feature of pioneer history. He has left his traces in local names and traditions, southward as far as Texas, north-westward along the lakes and plains to the Rocky Mountains, and across their seemingly impassable heights to the Pacific shores of Oregon and Washington. When John Jacob Astor, early in the present century, undertook his bold but unfortunate expedition to found Astoria on the Columbia, it was to Montreal and its far-famed voyageurs that the Philadelphian fur-trader resorted to recruit the rank and file of his adventurous force. The pioneer qualities had become hereditary traits.

By the Conquest, the scattered settlements of various European origins became merged under one flag, preparatory to becoming consolidated by unity of interests and similarity of institutions. The period of consolidation embraces the constitutions of 1774, 1791, 1840, and 1867. They are the monuments marking the steps in a process of unification and constitutional development by common legislation, and of a growth of internal commerce and civilization. The progress was confirmed and accelerated by united resistance to foreign invasion in 1775, 1812, and 1866, and lost nothing by the educational effect of the internal struggles, which were necessary to shape constitutional development in accordance with the progress of the country in population and public spirit.

This period, following the Conquest, may be called the English period, devoted, as it was, as a whole, to constitutional and material development, in which the British races established an admitted pre-eminence. The planning of railways and canals, the growth of cities, shipping and industries, kept pace with the enlargement of the political machinery.

The present or third stage upon which we have fairly entered I might make bold to call the Canadian period, because the great lines of internal constitutional right and practice having been previously settled, the nation has begun to be occupied in united effort to secure a just position for itself in its external relations; while it also witnesses within itself the action and interaction of opinion of its various elements of population, differing and debating upon great internal questions of social and moral, rather than political, tendency. They are questions not singular or limited to

Canada, but such as are coming to occupy, in a constantly enlarging measure, the attention of all civilized countries. They are conflicts to be settled by reason, not by arms; battles in the air, rather than upon the solid earth.

Those who have made some study of past Canadian history, and who are at the same time alive to the events and changes going on around them, will agree without much difficulty that a moment of great interest, one which may perhaps be properly regarded as a turning-point, has arrived in our national career. We have seen within the last twelve months an unprecedented assemblage, representing the world-wide citizenship of our great modern Empire, holding its sittings at our national capital. We have seen it preparing great undertakings, of imperial moment and in an imperial spirit. Partly as a consequence of that assemblage, advancing contentions are being asserted, some on behalf of Canada, some on behalf of other colonies, some on behalf of the colonies as a whole, which must tend at no long date to a definite and logical ordering of this vast series of communities upon the basis of co-equal rights and mutual interests. A few weeks ago a vast assemblage took part in dedicating in the city of Toronto an effigy, in enduring bronze, of a statesman, whom all Canada acknowledged to be worthy of such honor; a man for whom Time, perhaps, has predestined a yet more lasting monument. More than any other one man in our history he contributed, by his patriotism, and his persistence in a farsighted policy, to preparing the place for Canada, within the Empire and before the world, which she is now on the point of assuming. It is perceived that the formative epoch is rapidly closing. A definitely new scene is opening, bringing, with larger prospects, the duty of appreciating them gravely, though hopefully.

Who, contemplating this remarkable evolution, and attaching value to its results, can fail to grant a high degree of historic interest and national importance to that discovery of the Gulf of St. Lawrence by John Cabot, which laid the basis for the British claims to Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, New England, and Virginia, and which, at the same time, pointed the way to French colonization and explorations in the interior?

In less than three years we shall reach the end of the fourth century from the date of John Cabot's auspicious discovery. In what manner can we best show our recognition of its importance as an event in history, and of our indebtedness to it as the foundation of our existence as a nation, one of the constituents of an empire of free and happy nations. Scarcely a monument exists to recall Cabot and his deeds to our recollection. Cabot himself seems to have shown unusual modesty in exercising the privileges of a discoverer. With the exception of giving, according to the pious custom of the times, a name to St. John's Isle in honor of the saint on whose day the isle was discovered, and also noting the name of Baccalios upon the coast of Newfoundland, as a record of the abundance of fish in that locality, John Cabot seems to have refrained from attaching any names to the places he was the first to see or touch at. His own name was not perpetuated upon the scene of his explorations, either by himself or any of his successors.

The industrious, patriotic and scholarly first Governor of Upper Canada, seems to have been the first to recognize the duty England owed to the memory of the discoverer of British North America. By his direction the name of Cabot's Head was placed upon the map of Upper Canada by the Surveyor-General at the close of the last century. The north-western extremity of the western peninsula of Ontario, still known by that designation, was, perhaps, as fitting a single

geographical feature and situation as could be chosen for the commemorative purpose. The bold promontory, terminating the peninsula, and jutting far into the waters of Lake Huron, points onwards, by way of Lake Superior and the far west, the road to the distant Cipango and Cathay, which Cabot, like his predecessor Columbus, and his successors for more than a century, set out in the delusive hope of finding. The name "Cabotia" was at one time proposed as the designation for what was then more commonly known as British North America. It is to be found in that position on at least one published map known in Canada early in the present century. The late eccentric William Lyon Mackenzie, in his journal, *The Messenger*, seems to have been an advocate of the adoption of that name for the provinces. Again, in 1866, when the project of confederation was about to be carried out, and the subject for a name for the new Dominion was under discussion, the proposal of "Cabotia" was revived. Fortunately that means of honoring the discoverer was not approved. The imposition of a new name upon a long inhabited territory would not have been either convenient or appropriate. Wisely it was determined to apply to the whole Dominion, that ancient and prophetic designation: Canada—"the inhabited country"—which Cartier had adopted from the natives; which had besides become familiar to Europe and this continent, and which to a large portion of the inhabitants of the united Dominion had become a national, almost a racial name.

A statue of John Cabot ought to adorn some public place in the capital city of Ontario. It might fitly stand in front of our Provincial University, or in the midst of the beautiful square around which are grouped the numerous affiliated colleges. If its dedication were arranged for the year 1897, the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery, the ceremonies might be converted into an educational event of the highest influence and interest, not only to ourselves, but I should hope to the inhabitants of the empire generally, and even to nations which have hitherto known and thought little of Canada or her historic or future relations to the world. Arrangements are already being made for the reception in that year of the British Association in Canada, under the auspices of the Canadian Institute. It would seem very appropriate, and not very difficult, to extend the occasion into a purely historical exhibition, commemorative of the momentous changes which have followed, and in a large measure resulted, from that discovery made in the grey day-break of St. John's Day, 1497. For the collections a purely historical exhibit might bring forth, and for attendant congresses and proceedings, a great part of the necessary space stands ready provided in the public institutions centralized in the pleasant neighborhood of the Queen's Park. An exhibition opening on the 24th of June, and continuing to the end of September, might find accommodation without inconvenience in the Parliament Buildings, the Provincial and affiliated universities and colleges.

I do not think it is out of the power of Canada to set on foot a national or even international commemoration worthy of the discovery and of its results.

A first resolution on the subject was introduced at a meeting of Historical Societies held at the Pioneer Lodge during the Toronto September Exhibition of 1894. The project has since been approved by a meeting of the Council of the Canadian Institute, authorizing communications to be opened with the authorities of the colleges on the subject of providing the necessary accommodation. It is to be hoped that the public spirit of the Provincial and city governments, and of private citizens will be aroused,

and that the Dominion Government and the sister Provinces will lend their friendly aid. Nothing so impracticably ambitious as an imitation of a general Industrial World's Fair need be aimed at. If such a project would have any real importance it would be quite beyond our means to attempt, and would certainly meet with a cold response from other countries. On the other hand, a purely historical exhibition is quite within the limits of our means, and I might add, of our claims upon the attention of the world. Already we have in Canada archæological collections of great extent and interest. Our various public and university libraries are rich in appropriate materials. The historical societies and the Federal and State governments of the American Republic might be appealed to with confidence to contribute out of their invaluable collections. They would not refuse to thus practically exhibit their recognition of the alacrity with which the Canadian and Ontario Parliaments voted to contribute to the success of the Columbian Exhibition, at a time when so many other nations were hesitating and even discouraging the project. These repositories and the libraries and museums of Great Britain, public and private, must contain a collection of portraits, historical pictures, and documents, and other materials of immense interest, if brought together to illustrate the men, events, and manners of the successive periods of progress which led from the fifteenth century to the closing years of the nineteenth.

There is more reason to hope for such a response, not only from Great Britain, but from many foreign Governments, because such a vast exhibition, purely historical in character, fitting the closing years of the most marvellous century in history, has never yet taken place In the Columbian Exhibition, the historical was less attended to than the industrial. As a feature, it was practically lost in the dazzling immensity of that magnificently successful undertaking.

Toronto, with its central and accessible position in respect to the Continent, its inviting summer climate, its amplitude of houseroom, and the accommodation offered by its numerous public buildings, possesses many practical qualifications for holding such an Exhibition. Nor is it a site quite lacking in appropriate historic interest. The monument planted by the York Pioneers in the Exhibition Grounds marks the spot where Fort Rouille once overlooked the blue distances of Lake Ontario. But the French Fort, erected in the latter days of the old *régime*, was only an intermediate landmark between the present time and an immemorial antiquity of human occupation. The name, Toronto (perhaps as old as "Canada"), signifies the "meeting place of nations." The neck of the peninsula of Western Ontario was a prehistoric trade route between the Upper Lakes and Lake Ontario.

Two miles up the neighboring river, almost within the city limits, rises a pine-crowned bluff, (by some happy chance, still sacred from the axe) traditionally known as the Indian Burying Ground, and formerly rich in relics of the aborigines. It was the customary terminal camping-place of the tribes, beginning or ending their toilsome traverse, by tortuous and interrupted streams, across the watershed between Lakes Huron and Ontario.

Fort Rouille was planted to command this ancient communication. From its palisades could be seen the fleets of canoes leaving the lake for the brown current of the River Humber, often in those days crowded with the leaping salmon. Following a rule almost invariable in the experience of this continent, we find Indian sagacity anticipating the choice of commerce. On the sites of the wigwams of the past, stand the chief modern centres of civilization.

Not far from the memorial of Fort Rouille, the decaying blockhouses and ruinous abattis of the "Old Fort," recall an incident of the invasion of 1812. On the heights overlooking the city was fought the first skirmish in Upper Canada of the short-lived, but not unfruitful, rebellion of 1837.

As a monument, both of earlier and later times, stand the antiquated Parliament Buildings, still occupying, though abandoned, the site originally allotted for public purposes, by Governor Simcoe, on the plan of the town. They were the scene of some of the most interesting and critical debates, in the long struggle for the rights of colonial self-government, preceding the constitution of 1840.

With some fitness, therefore, may an invitation be extended to hold an Intercolonial Historical Exhibition, in honor of the discoverer of Canada, in Toronto, the prehistoric 'meeting place of nations."

While disclaiming any desire to attempt a World's Fair in Toronto, it does not seem that it would be too great an effort for the Directors of our annual Industrial Fair to expand it for the occasion into a general industrial exhibition for the Dominion, perhaps participated in by all the colonies of the Empire, as a demonstration of some of the material results of that course of maritime discovery and exploration, of which Cabot's expedition was the forerunner.

BY KEPPELL STRANGE.

(Illustrated by A. G. Racey.)

It is always the same, always the same, always the same—begins and ends and begins.

Through all the long hours I sit and brood—amid the grated walls, the fiends that mock, the fools who gibber, and the strong, cruel men—and the grim walls vanish with the gibbering mimes and the curse and blow, and into the light there comes a youth—a happy, light-hearted child—with a future full of bright possibilities. And every morning rushes to meet the night, so quickly pass the days amid scenes so fair, and crowded, joyous life, and mother's love past comprehension. I see a lamp-lit room, with that mother sitting there, and that youth kneeling at her feet, as before a sacred shrine, their voices mingling in a simple, holy prayer, while the joy-bells of love and sweet affection ring in mine ears, intense almost as pain; and in the night, from out fair visions, loving eyes linger about the dreamer, and a voice, sweet as angel's whisper, murmurs on the air: "God bless and guard thee, mother's dearest one!"

Another youth appears by the side of him first seen, and these two are knit together by the ties of holy friendship and a common love for the beautiful and the true. Together they watch the sun painting the vaporous clouds with amber and purple and dazzling gold, while the dewdrops yet glisten in the long, tangled meadow-grass and the sylvan warblers raise their glad voices to the morning sky. They wander through miles of woodland, intermingled with undulating hills, silver streams and pretty villages, ivy-clad churches and moss-mantled tombs, meadow-lands and fields of waving corn. Propped on couch of moss and fern, fragrant as amaranth and moly of old, they lie, in the long, summer afternoons, beneath the cool, umbrageous foliage of the forest trees, where the stately elm, the spreading oak, the patrician beech and the other woodland monarchs have lived so long in close communion that their branches embrace and intertwine. And even so closely are the souls of these two interknit, and the communion of the trees echoes their soul-voices, while they build fair cities and stately palaces in the domain of thought, where only good prevails and all around is fair.

Time passes, and the friendship increases with the increasing years and the added cares of the day, and maturer thought and more defined aims. They are working together, side by side, their toil, their pleasure, their hours are united—one roof covers them in the sleep-time. A com-

mon vista stretches before them of toil in the seed-time, of plenteous reaping, and a well-filled garner of accomplishment at life's eventide. But whatever betide, whether of sun and shine or storm and stress, through placid waters or storm-tossed seas, the silken cords of love might ne'er unbind; nor dangerous reefs, nor jagged rocks, cut friendship's bonds in twain.

"Through the long hours I sit and brood."

The hours fly by, and another face appears,—a sweet, girlish face, with wondrous eyes, like soul-windows, and fair, wind-kissed hair, and a mouth as the portal of beauty's temple, from whence issue sounds divine. Exceeding fair and graceful she appears, encircled with a halo of spotless purity—the type of glorified maidenhood. Her goodness, sweetness and pity holy and unfathomable. Hating nought but baseness and dishonor—and these, with an exceeding loathing.

She smiles on both the same—and these two sing in chorus her unmatchable divinity—beneath the broad sun, in the gloaming, beneath the moon and stars, like a vision of light from some fair world far away.

She smiles on both the same, and in sweet converse the bright hours fly by all too quickly; but in the slow hours come reveries and visions—and two only are walking in a pathway set with light. And these two friends are the same, and yet not the same, and they do not understand; and then it is not the same and they each know; but no outward show reveals the estrangement of the soul—and the hours go by.

In the circles of the moon there comes a time when one is filled with an exceeding great joy—a joy surpassing knowledge; only that fading friendship strikes a minor cord of sorrow; that gain, so precious to one, to the other brings loss and pain. And the rift widens.

The hours fly by with woven wings for one—that first youth—through dreams of love enchanting. The unclouded blue of heaven's high dome deepens, and the pale moon rides above amidst the myriad stars: she silvers the tips of the rustling foliage, and mirrors herself in the depths of a glassy lake, while the sweet, clear voice of the melodious nightingale floats upon the peaceful air of night—and thus, and then, in beauty's setting, is love revealed and glory glorified.

Is it but a dream, a fantasy; or do the angels sometimes hallow a spot of earth and transform it into a paradise?

Out of the darkness rises an old-world home, set in a garden fair, in the midst of a fertile valley hemmed in by wooded knolls. Every line, every character, each color and perfume and sound, every fine gradation of light and shade, is graven deeply into my very soul. I see the old rambling walls overset with rough warm stucco, to which cling ivy, jessamine, clematis and honeysuckle, roses,

red and white and golden; the worn tiled roof, vari-colored and gay with patches of lichen and houseleek and moss; the swallows circling to their nests beneath the eaves; the sparrows twittering in the spoutings; the pigeons cooing among the tall chimneys and on the ridges; the pearly smoke lingering in the massed foliage of the trees; and the windows reflecting the dying glory of the sun.

It is a fair, spring evening. The sweet, smiling moon and the stars are out, and the garden is bathed in opalescent splendor; so peaceful, so calm, so holy. The incense from the sleeping flowers lingers awhile in its upward flight, perfuming all the earth. The violet, jonquil, and daisy, the sad-eyed pansy and forget-me-not, mingle with the tall hollyhock and quaint-cut yew, and plats of soft, deep grass, smooth as velvet. The pathways rise and fall, and wind under avenues of laburnum, yellow and purple; and lilac, and May-red and white; past odd nooks and shady bowers; from light to shadow, from shadow to light; where the brook plays sweet airs amidst the pebbles, and the trees murmur softly to the moon.

A WOODLAND MONARCH.

The hours fly by with woven wings in that enchanted garden. It is a summer night. These two I see wandering, with hands clasped, through that fairy expanse; and the voice of Philomel is less sweet than that maiden's whisper, nor deems he that Paradise contains more of bliss than is his. Upon a rustic bench they sit them down, and for a while the silence is unbroken, save only for the subdued harmonies of nature's voices. The pearly moon reveals the wondrous beauty of the maiden, and the youth can do nought but gaze upon her face —thrilled with the tender love-light of her eyes. To-morrow she will be his bride. To morrow! Only a few slow, creeping hours. Soon will the night close-fold her raven wings, and

with the first blush of the morn they will meet again. Then, one other brief parting, then, a meeting for evermore.

"Those two I see wandering."

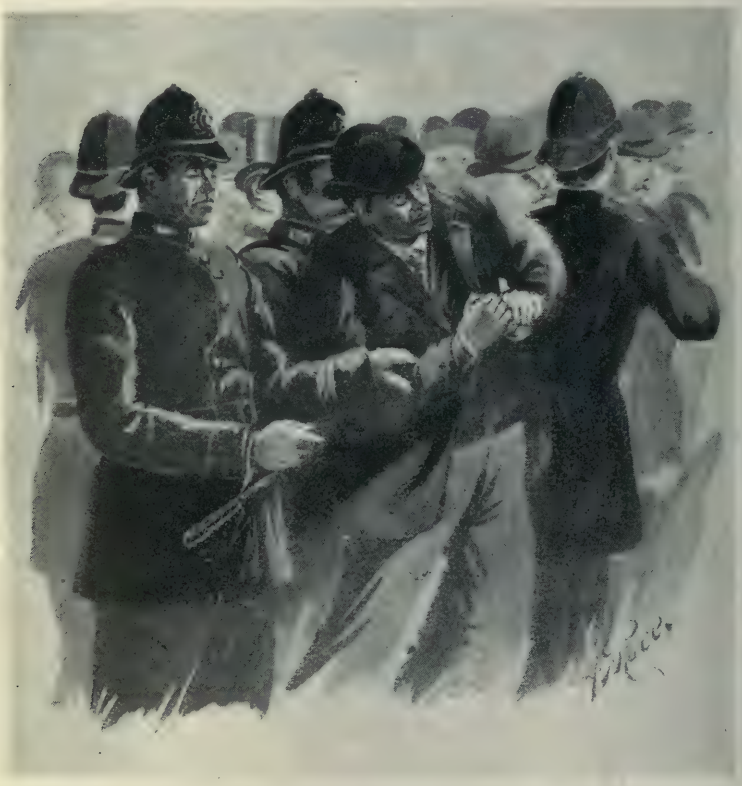
There comes a time for parting, sooner or later, soon or late—for those who love—happy those who only part to meet again. Slowly they wander through the pathway set with flowers. The branches of one fair rose-tree, whose frail blossoms the moon-beams tip with silver, overset the narrow way, here they linger, and each for the other chooses a flower, as life's love pledge, to nestle near

each heart through all the future years.

And thus he passes into the night.

Is it but a dream, a fantasy—or was that friendship all a seeming, a mockery and a lie; the treacherous garb of hate? Was it all a seeming—or may love turn to enmity, and trust to betrayal, and desire conquer over all? What is this foul accusation that drags the brimming cup of joy from the lover's lips and dashes it to the ground—this horror, that ends in a prison cell? Ah, devilish cunning of plot and plan, web enmeshed and forged,—unparalleled villainy! It burns like hot iron into the soul, and he dwells alone in the night amid shapes that are horrible and unreal.

I see someone in the dock, someone very like myself, with a face cold, white and drawn; his hands twitch and clutch the rails, while all around is a sea of cruel eyes—eyes that wait, and watch and stare—like those of beasts of prey. At times he has been raving mad, but he is calm now; calm, with the sad calm of resignation and hopelessness. They have all forsaken him, one by one, even she—his guilt is written against him so plainly. And



"It is my mother!"

that black heart, he sits there and he knows, and they will not believe—such fiendish baseness cannot be, they say; and the mother, only the mother remains.

Hush! The jury has found him guilty. The judge pronounces his doom. They are leading him away to a prison cell. A woman screams and faints. My God, what a cry! "Poor woman," he says, "poor woman, per-

haps she is his mother!" His mother, his mother," he repeats, "why, it is my mother! And I, I am that outcast!" And then he beats the ground and shrieks aloud.

The stake that fiend played for has been won, and the wedding bells jangle, jangle, ever in his chains. "Honored, and happy, and fiend, and traitor; Judas and devil, and honored, and

"At last!"

Then follow ten long years, when only impressive memory-pauses relieve the suffering soul. Ten long years of torture and degradation, and one purpose only to feed his thoughts.

happy, and married, to her who loved you, to her you love so." Thus it goes, always, and always. and always. Day, hour, minute, insult, loathing, toil, privation, succeed and fail, their acute-

ness dulled by the monotony of pain, and the one thought that excludes all others,—the purpose wrought of wrong and bitter hate. And a voice whispers, whispers without, within, in field and cell, all the days and through the nights: "Your mother is dead, he killed her; your mother is dead; he broke her heart; she died dishonored, in agony; your mother is dead, he murdered her; he has stolen your liberty, your honor; he has stolen your loved one, your wife; he is a fiend, he is accursed—kill him, kill him, kill him!"

And at length he is free, and once again he reaches his boyhood's home.

I see a glorious mansion, set in a wide stretch of valley, leading to wooded heights, where the waters wander and the moon looks down. I see a figure crouching in the shade with the lust of hate and the lust of blood in his eyes, and ever he mutters over and over to himself, "At last, at last!" He creeps across the lawn, slowly, softly, muttering, muttering; "You within there, you within, at last, at last!" Ever and anon he pauses and crouches behind a bush on the

"And thus he passed into the night again for evermore."

damp grass, and feels and fondles a gleaming blade of steel, and mutters, mutters: "Ten years, mother, love, liberty, honor—pain, pain, ten years —at last, at last!" Slowly still and creeping, with every nerve tense and in accord, he nears the casement and the light and glare within the room, where the lamplight gleams and the ruddy fire glows, and the happy family are gathered. He sees her sitting there, as his mother used to sit, and kneeling at her feet, in their robes of night, are three little childish forms. Listen, they are repeating a prayer after her, as he used to repeat it after his mother—the same prayer; he had almost forgotten it: "Our Father which art in heaven," and "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us," and "Deliver us from evil. For Thine is the Kingdom." And "God bless my papa, and keep him from harm throughout this night!" Ah, the innocent and trusting, they cling about the father with good-night kisses and tender names, and the mother's eyes are filled with love and pride and peace.

Ah, the innocent, the trusting, the innocent.

He cannot, he cannot do it. He knows not why, but the tears fall thick and fast, like rain; something akin to joy and triumph transforms him as he turns away; and thus he passes into the night again for evermore.

I see the grey dawn breaking, breaking, so cold, so pitiless, on a poor man who is not old, as years are counted, but, oh, so cold in suffering—so old, so worn, so gray. He is counting, counting, counting, always ten, always ten. Hush! His heart is broken and bleeding,—I know. They say he is mad, and they take him to where the fools gibber, the fiends mock and strong men are cruel, cruel—but they do not know, how can they know? But I know.

It is always the same, always the same, always the same—begins and ends and begins.

RECENT FICTION IN BRITAIN.*

BY G. MERCER ADAM.

NOT without trepidation do we approach the subject of fiction. And this not because of the legion of writers who have worked and are working in this prolific field, but because of the unspeakable character of not a few latter-day novels. The "new woman" has taken possession of the field, and the shades of the Jane Austens, Charlotte Brontes and George Eliots of a by-gone age may well lift their brows in surprise at what their modern-day sisters are giving to the world in the guise of this once favorite form of recreational reading. The degeneracy of the novel in the hands of the new woman is not assuring that when the sex comes politically into its own, we shall see an ideal condition of society, ethical and social. If the feminine "up-to-date" novel is to be the result of the revolt of the sex, we can well understand the anxiety of the more conservative women, whose innate delicacy is shocked at the loathsome tendencies of the sisterhood, to hold aloof from, if they cannot stem, the movement for emancipation, which to their wholesome minds means license. Stale by this time, no doubt, is domestic infelicity as a theme for the writer of fiction, though why the novel, in the hands least of all of a woman, should become the vehicle for the revolting outpourings of a medical treatise, or for the depicting of inconceivably callous pictures of the effects of disease-smitten heredity, is beyond decent conjecture. That this class of fiction is written is, we confess, not so great a surprise (for any one with a taste for defilement), as that it is everywhere read, talked of, and lauded even in reputable journals, and by people who are known to be fastidious in regard to personal cleanliness. Time was when the stage was pointed to with reproach for its indecencies and immoral associations, but compared with the fictional horrors of the type of "A Superfluous Woman," and even with those of "Keynotes," "A Yellow Aster," and "The Heavenly Twins," the stage is much less objectionable, and exercises, in the main, a wholesomer influence. The outpourings of this class of fiction, if the defiling stream is to continue, would reconcile us to a censorship of the press, which should be despotic as well as stern. Indeed, if morals and decency are to be preserved, some autocratic interposition will become imperative, such perhaps as Macaulay hinted at in his day with regard to revolutionary violence, when he suggested that if it were allowed to go unchecked, the world might find it necessary to destroy liberty in order to preserve civilization. It is said, we know, for these objectionable novels, that they are clever, and on that account, if not exempt from censure for violating decency and good taste, are to be tolerated; while in any case they are strong enough to carry the sins of their authors. Reasoning so mischievous as this is not to be argued with, either on the score of morals or of art. We can only trust that the vogue will soon pass that has given such examples of fiction as we have cited their temporary notoriety, and that the mind of the conventional votary of the novel will recover its tone and return to wholesomer reading.

In these strictures, it is proper to say, that while they are suggested by the character and tendencies of the

* From advance sheets of "The Later Literature of the Reign" in new edition of Justin McCarthy's "*History of Our Own Times*." MacMillan & Co. Published by permission of the writer and of the publishers.

novels that have recently come from the female pen, the sex is by no means the sole sinner and violator of the proprieties. Not a few of the latter-day creations of the masculine pen are marked by the same degeneracy which we deplore in the novels of certain female writers, while a like excuse is made for their objectionable character on the score that they are cynical and clever. This is specially true of novels of the realistic order, such, for instance, as George Moore's "Esther Waters," in which, however masterly the art of the story, one has to wade through scenes of such revolting detail as make parts of the book abhorrent to the pure-minded reader. Mr. Benson's "Dodo" and "The Rubicon" are further instances of the ruthless length popular writers of the cynical school go in sketching character, where feminine cleverness and social brilliance are set against every qualification that unfits a woman for home and a reputable life. The effort to be realistic, and to depict actual life with an unsparing hand, is in truth an unpleasantly painful one, and leads the modern novelist into many an extravagance and libel on the race. Even Mr. Hardy, great writer as he is, has been led away by this dangerous gift—witness his "Tess of the D'Urbervilles"—into unpleasant paths which he hitherto knew not, and to the depicting of unsavory details, which he was not given to in his earlier creations.

Happily, the novelists of the older dispensation have not all departed, nor has a beneficent fate failed to transmit to the successors of a Thackeray and a Scott the traditions and tone of their wholesomer art. In this field of purer fiction many are the novelists still left to us whose writings diffuse no vitiated atmosphere, nor do they embellish their work with the realism of the dissecting-room, or flavor it in the purlieus of a sewer. Very remote from such taintings are the themes treated of by writers such as Black, Besant, Barrie, Baring-Gould, James Payn, R. L. Stevenson, J. H. Shorthouse, and George Macdonald; or by Mrs. Oliphant, Mrs. Walford, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and Rhoda Broughton. These writers, among many others whose savor is good, have each a constituency of readers of unquestioned taste, and their collective influence, added to that of the higher criticism, must be potent in keeping clean the main stream of modern novel-writing. Nor does the commerce of literature of to-day know only the demand for the baser fiction. Not unsound at heart is the society that still devours the novels of Scott, appreciates the biting but wholesome satire of Thackeray, and laughs over the kindly caricatures of Dickens.

Of the gallant school of Scott, there have reeently arisen two new writers —Mr. Stanley J. Weyman, author of "A Gentleman of France," and other stirring tales, and, on his historical side, Dr. A. Conan Doyle; for the latter combines, with the creation of historical romances, the writing of thrilling detective stories, which he has carried to a high art. Mr. Weyman is a vivid and strikingly picturesque writer, who has achieved success almost at a single bound. The age and country that seem to attract him most is mediæval France, and his pictures of the period, in the work we have mentioned, and in "Under the Red Robe," are instinct with the life and movement of a romantic time. His other novels are "The New Rector," "The House of the Wolf," and "The Story of Francis Cludde," which have much of the fascination, as well as the lively movement, of the author's more famous tales. Conan Doyle, as we have said, presents himself in two aspects to the novel-reader. In "The White Company," a work not unlikely to have inspired Mr. Weyman, and in "Micah Clarke: a Tale of the Monmouth Rebellion," we have stories of fascinating historic interest, as well as great dramatic skill in narration. In

"The Sign of the Four," "A Study in Scarlet," and in his enthralling series of Sherlock Holmes' ingenious mysteries, the author more than rivals Gaborian in imaginative power and mastery of the mental process of analysis in the manipulation of the detective story.

Mr. R. L. Stevenson, in "Kidnapped," "David Balfour" (Catriona), and "The Master of Ballantrae," makes a happy approach to the consummate art of Sir Walter, in dealing with Scotland in Jacobite times and its types of high-spirited Highland and Lowland character. Mr. Stevenson* seems to have made his home now in Samoa, and his later books have not dealt with the "land of the heather." We can ill afford to lose his adventurous tread on his native heath, even though the gain be to throw the halo of romance over the Southern Seas. Of the same literary lineage, and deriving his inspiration from both Scott and Stevenson, is Mr. S. R. Crockett, the Pennecuik minister, whose romance of Galloway—"The Raiders"—has much to remind one of Rob Roy, Alan Breck, and other outlawed catarans of Scotia's moors and hills. "The Stickit Minister and Some Common Men," by the same writer, is somewhat in the vein of J. M. Barrie, that modern master of Scottish fiction. Few novels of humble Scottish life have borne so unmistakably the marks of genius as those entitled "The Little Minister" and "A Window in Thrums." "The Little Minister is, in its way, a masterpiece, strong, vivid, and intensely human, the rugged Doric in which it is written imparting to it both dignity and pathos. In "A Window in Thrums," and "Auld Licht Idylls," Mr. Barrie has sketched for us, with inimitable fidelity and humor, the simple annals of the Scottish village, and with kindly sympathy for its "pawky" moral types. The Scottish novelists of an earlier day, William Black and George Macdonald, have not been so frequently heard from of late as one could wish, while Robert Buchanan, another master of the craft, has recently been drawn into the polemics of literature, pleasingly relieved by writing for the stage. In the latter field, we can, in passing, only mention the admirable comedies of Arthur Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones, which prove that the modern stage is not altogether left to its inanities, or to the *jeu-d'esprit* work and catchy airs of collaborating librettists and musical composers. With these lighter effusions, we must be pardoned for bracketing Mr. A. W. Ward's scholarly "History of English Dramatic Literature to the death of Queen Anne," and Henry Irving's cultured lectures on "The Drama."

Few writers of fiction have more deservedly won high place than has W. E. Norris, whose novels deal with essentially modern and English topics always artistically constructed, and written with polished ease and occasional epigrammatic force. His later stories, "His Grace" and "The Countess Radna," are delightful reading. S. Baring-Gould is another able writer of fiction, with a marked individuality and vigorous power of sketching character, chiefly of the Devon type. His more recent novels are Mrs. Curgenven," of Curgenven, and "Cheap Jack Zita," the scene of the latter being the fen districts of Ely. James Payn, Walter Besant, and Grant Allen continue to charm their *clientèle* by their periodic appearances, and can always be trusted to give them something worth reading. In "Perlycross," the author of "Lorna Doone" still comes short of producing a rival to his Exmoor classic; nor has George Meredith quite risen to the heights of "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel." though he steadily enlarges the circle of his cultured readers. Mr. Meredith, it is trite to say, wants translating for the stolid novel-reader; but though he is caviare to the general it is worth while to

*A report of this gifted writer's death has been received since this article was put into type.

know him, if for no other purpose than to confound the Philistinism which is intolerant of culture and impatient with any marked variations in mental idiosyncrasy. "Lord Ormont and His Aminta," it may be said, is a measurable return to Mr. Meredith's earlier and less brain-taxing manner. The author of "The Deemster," "The Bondman," and other Manx stories, has fully established his claim to be ranked among the first novelists of the day. In another vein than these powerful novels, Mr. Hall Caine has produced "The Scapegoat," an absorbing romance of Morocco, with at least one finely-drawn character in Israel ben Oliel, the statuesque figure of the book, set in the background of a touching and impressive story.

The period continues to be full of promise of young writers, who have begun well, and are likely to make names for themselves in the realm of fiction. Among these may be mentioned Anthony Hope, author of two entertaining stories, "Mr. Witt's Widow" and "The Prisoner of Zenda;" Gilbert Parker, whose "Pierre and His People" opens a new field of romance in Indian and Half-breed life in the solitudes of the Hudson Bay Territories; Percy White, in "Mr. Bailey-Martin," the audacious biography of an English snob; and J. Maclaren Cobban in "Master of His Fate," and "A Soldier and a Gentleman." Since Mr. Rider Haggard exchanged army life in Zululand for literature, he has been a rather weird and magical figure in fiction. His wildly romantic stories have had a great, but it would seem a passing, vogue. Much more healthy have been the breezy sea tales of W. Clark Russell, who has done for the merchant-marine service what Marryat did for the Navy. Nor must we omit notice of Mr. McCarthy's contributions in the field of political and social romance, which are always entertaining, and written with animation and good taste. Rudyard Kipling is a writer of whose personality and clever work we have also to take stock among the literary gains of the era. So versatile and full of resource is he, that one hardly knows where and in what field of work he will not turn up. His latest excursion has been an exceedingly amusing dash into Æsop's animal kingdom of allegory, though Æsop, we may be sure, never dreamed of endowing his animal life with the felicitous qualities which characterize the menagerie of "The Jungle Book." Kipling's "Anglo-Indian Tales," like his "Barrack-Room Ballads," are marked by an epithet and phrase-making power, of which he is a master. Equally notable are his unfailing humor, virile strength of style, and faculty of writing picturesque and animated narrative.

Large and varied is the legitimate work of women in the domain of the novel. In the literary activities of the time this seems, as we have already said, to be their pre-empted field, which, in these latter days, and in an especial degree, they have made their own. Nor can there be doubt that the sex possesses many of the gifts essential to success in the writing of fiction. Besides their qualities of literary style—a certain grace and lightness of touch—they usually bring to novel-writing a freshness of theme, insight, observation, and a power of depicting romantic scenes and the emotions which passion kindles, which lend attractiveness to their work, and, when they keep from girding at the other sex, and refrain from "revealing souls," make it both wholesome and entertaining. Their chief stumbling-block is a want of humor, which leads many an otherwise able writer to take herself and her subject too seriously, especially when she becomes didactic, as in the *tendenz* novel, or leaves the rôle of the romancist for that of the realist. This is the serious defect of Mrs. Humphry Ward, who is regarded, and in many respects justly, as the George Eliot of the time, and of not a few others of her

sex who have taken to the writing of the propagandist novel, or, in popular phrase, the "novel with a purpose." It may be replied that the age is a serious one, and so it is; but is it well to make it more serious still by abolishing humor? Besides, is the novel the legitimate place for the discussion of the serious problems which have of late invaded it? We think not. Notwithstanding the defect we have referred to, Mrs. Ward is a person to be reckoned with among the more serious latter-day novelists. Her "Robert Elsmere" has been spoken of as "on epoch-making book." If it is this, it is so in relation to the author, rather than, as we think, to the subject of the book as a theme in fiction. In that now famous novel, as well as in its successors, "David Grieve" and "Marcella," we see a great talent at work, with a passion for truth, and manifest sympathy for the strivings after it in broadly educated, cultured minds, as well as intense interest in the social and religious problems of the time. "Robert Elsemere" took with the public by its daring, unorthodox treatment of theological questions; "David Grieve" was read because it had been written by Mrs. Ward; "Marcella," however, stands on a footing of its own, and from a literary as well as an artistic point of view is far more satisfactory, though the book, like its predecessors, is too weighty for a novel, and, in our judgment, lacks those qualities inseparable from a great and abiding work of fiction,—imagination, and humor.

Of the less ambitious but more attractive novelists of the serious school are the women who write under the pen-names of Edna Lyall, Maxwell Gray, and Ralph Iron (Olive Schreiner.) The first of these has done admirable work in "Donovan," "We Two," and "In the Golden Days." They are inspiring stories, with a fine atmosphere of elevated, earnest thought. The author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland" and the "Last Sentence" is a writer of unusual power, whose work is instinct with the thought of one who has looked deeply into the problems of life. The author of "Dreams" and "The Story of an African Farm" belongs to the meditative class of writers of which William Smith, in his "Thorndale; or, the Conflict of Opinion," is a notable example. The longer story is told with remarkable vigor and a deep undertone of feeling, in a series of broodings over the problems, as it has been phrased, "which trouble a strong intelligence and an imaginative ambition remote from any possibility of culture." Among writers who have recently come under this class we are dealing with are Adeline Sergeant and John Strange Winter. The former has opened a new vein in "The Story of a Penitent Soul," a novel constructed on strong lines and told with real pathos; the latter has turned from the writing of charming army stories to discoursing on religious problems, if we are to take "The Soul of the Bishop" as a sample of the fiction we are henceforth to have from Mrs. Stannard. The success of Beatrice Harraden's "Ships that Pass in the Night" is due in part, to a poetic title, and in part to the novel but sympathetic picture presented in the story, of the meeting at a German health resort of a hypochondriac old bachelor and an invalid old maid. The dialogue between the two is human and kindly. Margaret L. Woods, author of that remarkable tale, "A Village Tragedy," has enhanced her fame by the publication of "Esther Vanhomrigh," a novel dealing with the age of Swift and his relations with "Stella" and "Vanessa." Mrs. Woods, in this clever character-study, has thoroughly humanized the historic story, if she has not succeeded in taking it out of the region of the enigmatic. One thing she *has* done is to make Swift and his period more real to the reader, while

he is wisely considerate towards the reputations at stake.

The present, and we might add the past, generation owe much to Mrs. Oliphant's industrious pen for the delight of many charming stories in the highways and byways of fiction. Her sphere is the "quiet circles of modest gentility," and her gift the power of portraying social types and the romance of domestic life with a fine perception, a sure touch, and the faculty of interesting the reader. With all her productiveness, her work is always well and carefully finished, never rising very much above, and rarely ever falling below, a certain high and even standard. Among the best of her later novels are "The Heir Presumptive and the Heir Apparent" and "The Cuckoo in the Nest." Somewhat on the same high plane stands Mrs. Walford, who has written a series of charming stories, the best of which perhaps are "Mr. Smith" and "The Mischief of Monica;" Mrs. Alexander, whose best-known work is "The Wooing O't;" Florence Marryat, author of "How Like a Woman;" and the late Jessie Fothergill, author of "The First Violin" and "Oriole's Daughter." Two other writers of promise are Laurence Alma Tadema, daughter of the famous artist, whose laurels rest upon "The Wings of Icarus," and Mrs. Craigie, the clever satirist of "A Bundle of Life," and better known under the nom de plume of John Oliver Hobbes. Miss Braddon (Mrs. Maxwell), "Ouida," Mrs. Hungerford ("The Duchess"), and Florence Warden, are authors too familiar to the reader to call for comment. A new name, of Canadian origin and Anglo-Indian domicile, is that of Sara Jeanette Duncan (Mrs. Everard Cotes), whose bright stories, "A Social Departure" and "An American Girl in London," have deservedly won fame for this interesting writer. Her later works are "The Simple Adventures of a Mem-Sahib" and "A Daughter of To-Day." In an age much given to probing the mysteries that surround us, fiction has naturally concerned itself with the occult. The high priestess of the new religion is Marie Corelli, author of "Ardath," "Wormwood," "The Romance of Two Worlds," and "The Soul of Lilith." Her writings, which have the merit of an attractive style and much elevation of thought, are pervaded by an element of mysticism and the supernatural, very fascinating to the reader who longs to peer behind the veil of the flesh.

MARS AND JUPITER.

BY FRANK L. BLAKE, D.L.S.,

(Astronomical Assistant, Toronto Observatory.)

SHINING with a ruddy glow in our midnight sky, the planet Mars and giant Jupiter rule supreme, being the most conspicuous of the celestial bodies, (with the exception of the Moon), visible during our autumn nights. Jupiter rises in the eastern horizon considerably later, and will eventually surpass Mars in beauty and brilliancy, as the two approach conjunction.

Mars has always been an object of great interest to astronomers, owing to its comparatively close approach to our Earth at opposition, or, in other words, when it is on the same side of the Sun as we are, and exterior to us, and consequently near enough to allow of a close study of its physical features to be made to the best advantage.

Mars is the fourth planet in order of distance from the Sun, and the next outside the orbit of the Earth, and it moves in a path around the Sun, at a mean distance of about 140 millions of miles, in about 687 days, thus making the Martian year very nearly equal to two of our years. This path around the Sun is not circular, but elliptical, and has considerable eccentricity—much more than the Earth's orbit. Owing to this, it is only 128 millions of miles from the Sun at perihelion, or nearest approach, while at aphelion, or farthest point, it is 154 millions of miles distant.

If the period of revolution of Mars in its orbit were exactly two years, it would make one revolution while the Earth made two, and they would come together at regular intervals of two years; but, as it goes a little faster than this, it takes the Earth about fifty days on the average over the two years to catch up to it, so that oppositions occur in various portions of its orbit, and owing to its eccentricity, the distance from the Earth to Mars varies considerably at successive oppositions. Now, when an opposition occurs while Mars is at perihelion, it is only about 35 millions of miles from us, while at an opposition in aphelion, the planet is some 62 millions of miles distant. An opposition about the end of August occurs while Mars is at perihelion, and that is therefore the best time for observing that planet; and it was at one of these that Professor Hall made the discovery of two tiny moons revolving around it.

Mars resembles our Earth in its physical features more than any of the other planets, though the proportion of land to water is much greater than on the Earth. There is no reason why human life should not exist there, perhaps of an order superior to what we have on the Earth. Speculation may be made freely upon life on this most interesting planet, and we may safely speculate, without the fear of contradiction, if we keep within the bounds of the possibility of life existing there under the physical aspects as shown in our telescopes.

There is no doubt that Mars has arrived at a stage in its existence not yet reached by the Earth, but which has been passed by the Moon. According to the nebular hypothesis of the formation of the solar system, cosmic matter, existing in space in inconceivable tenuity, has gradually, through long ages, collected together until a nebulous, vaporous mass has been formed, extending, it may be, far beyond the present known

limits of our system. During this formation a whirling motion would naturally be induced, and most probably the nebulæ would not be of the same density, but have several points of more or less condensation. In course of time the mass, by gradual shrinkage, would begin to assume the shape of nebulæ, with small, well-defined nuclei, the condensation at the centre beginning to glow and assume an incandescent appearance, and the same conditions occurring at the minor points of condensation. The whirling motion would be faster at the central points or nuclei. After a time, by continual shrinking, these nuclei would eventually become separated, and the matter belonging to each would contract on its own centre, and gradually become a fiery liquid mass, thus forming the different planets, but greatly in excess of their present volume.

In the course of ages of various lengths, according to the sizes of the different masses thus separated, the several planets and the central nucleus or sun would arrive at a point where condensation would no longer take place, and, cooling by radiation, would exceed the heat caused by contraction; a crust would begin to form on the liquid mass, beginning much like the formation of a scum, and gradually thickening until a solid surface, like that of our Earth, was formed, and which eventually would continue to thicken until the whole became a cold solid. The Moon is very nearly, if not quite, in that state at present.

The satellites or moons which revolve around most of the planets, have been formed in a similar manner, the planets acting as central masses in their own comparatively small whirling motions; and centres of condensation have taken place just the same as in the larger mass, and these have condensed and formed moons. The stream of asteroids or small planets which revolve around the Sun between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, have no doubt condensed in the same zone on numerous small points of condensation comparatively close together.

Now, in accordance with this theory, we may easily arrive by analogy at something like the conditions which exist at the Sun and different planets, by comparing the known state of our own Earth, its shape and mass, with the known sizes and masses of the various planets.

The Sun, we know, is a glowing liquid mass of immense size, surrounded by an envelope of fiery vapor. Changes are continually going on. Immense eruptions and whirlwinds or cyclones of gases and metals reduced to the vaporous or molten state, occur on so vast a scale that our fiercest hurricanes, compared with them, are nothing more than calms. No life such as exists on our globe can be there.

Of Mercury we know very little, its close proximity to the Sun allowing of but small opportunity to study its features. No markings on its surface can be detected with certainty. The heat it receives from the Sun is very much greater than that received by the Earth, and if its atmosphere be of the same density and condition as ours, human life would be scorched out in very short time.

The planet Venus approaches the Earth more nearly in size than any of the other planets, being but a few miles smaller in diameter. At her periods of elongation she is one of the most brilliant objects in the sky, and for similar reasons to those which apply to Mercury, although somewhat modified, as her distance from the Sun is greater, nothing satisfactorily as to her physical condition can be ascertained. She is apparently surrounded by a dense atmosphere filled with masses of vapor, which in the upper regions form into thick impervious clouds that reflect the sunlight more brilliantly than would the unobstructed surface, much as the snow-white cumulus clouds in our own atmosphere, with the sun shining brightly

on them, reflect the light. This atmosphere, densely laden with clouds, no doubt absorbs a great deal of the solar heat. Her climate is, most likely, a great deal more humid and warm than ours; perhaps there is no land, or if there is land, it is only in small detached pieces, and teeming with soft, rank vegetation dripping with moisture from the excessive warm humidity. However, this is mere speculation; and it is doubtful if any glimpse has ever been had below the heavily moisture-laden atmosphere. Venus, apparently, has not reached that period of her life which corresponds with that of the Earth, but is in that state in which our globe was just prior to the advent of the creation, by the fiat of the Almighty, of our continents, oceans and seas.

Our Earth has passed the period of scum formation on liquid matter, and has a crust estimated by some geologists to be about 2,000 miles thick. The interior is still in a molten condition, as is evidenced by the action of volcanos, which are nothing more than funnels reaching down to the liquid mass and acting as vent holes for the escape, in the shape of streams of lava, of the bubbling matter within.

The Moon has apparently cooled down, perhaps to the centre; all the water has disappeared, and there is no indication of any atmosphere whatever. Not a particle of vegetation can be seen. It is, in fact, a dead world. Its surface is very rough; ranges of mountains and extinct volcanic peaks dot its face very thickly in places; these, together with the basins or beds of what were apparently at one time oceans and seas, make up what to the naked eye is commonly called the "Man in the Moon."

The next planet to the Earth in order of distance from the sun is Mars, which presents a ruddy appearance to the eye; but in the telescope this appearance vanishes to a great extent. It requires a rather large glass and good atmospheric conditions to study its surface well. This planet shows well defined markings that are supposed to be land and water, and also at the poles white patches are seen, which evidently are masses of snow, judging from the fluctuations in size they undergo according to the change of seasons. The time of the rotation of Mars on its axis has been very accurately determined, and does not differ much from that of the Earth, and its inclination to the plane of its orbit is only a little greater than ours, so that the seasons are somewhat similar, but nearly double the length of ours. The soil of Mars is of a reddish nature, resembling our red clay, and should be very productive, and if the human race goes on improving as time advances, the inhabitants there are as far ahead of us in social life, and in the arts and sciences, as we are of, say, the savages of the interior of Africa.

Owing to the planet's small size,—some 4,000 miles in diameter,—it has passed through the present stages of our existence, and human life has advanced beyond what it is on the Earth. We may imagine people there to have enormous lung and chest development, owing to the rarer atmosphere, and that they have solved most of the problems that are exercising us now. Electricity is better understood, and is applied almost universally. Great air ships, propelled by electricity, may be moving with the greatest rapidity and ease through the air. Flying machines of the lightest structure, and worked by the same agency, are perhaps used by everyone, man there living as much in the air as on the land. The waters are not navigated as we navigate ours: boats propelled by wind and steam are too slow, and railways are a thing of the past. The age in Mars is an electrical one, in the fullest sense of that term.

On the other hand, life, owing to the rarity of the atmosphere, may have dwindled down to the extent

of only organisms being able to live that do not require the amount of air that higher types do; or, the human race may have passed through all the phases of existence that have occurred on the earth, and attained to the highest state of perfection within the power of man, and then gradually and steadily, through the long stretches of time, declined as the planet cooled and lost more and more of its water and air, and was rendered less habitable, until only a small remnant, the survival of the more robust, now are left, and perhaps live in a state approaching that of the aborigines of Australia. All this is purely conjectural, for the optical power at our command does not enable us to distinguish more than markings on the surface, indicating land and water and snow at the poles, with certain patches supposed to be clouds on account of their changing position.

In the planet Jupiter we have an illustration of a world that is still partially in the liquid state at the surface. This immense globe has apparently arrived at that state in which a crust is beginning to form much after the manner of large loose cakes of ice floating about in the Arctic seas, only a great deal more scattered. These cakes are not, like those of the polar waters, cold solid masses, but are more like red-hot iron in a plastic condition, and they are of immense size. The large red spot that has been visible for some years may be regarded as one of these. In a telescope, even of moderate power, Jupiter and his moons present a grand view. At times the four satellites—we do not here consider the recently discovered fifth moon, as it is a very difficult object in the very largest of telescopes—may be seen strung out in a line on either side of the planet, while at other times one or more may be on one side, and the others on the other, or one may in its revolution around the parent orb be either in front or behind it, or else immersed in its shadow. All these different positions form interesting occasions for telescopic study and observation.

Jupiter has a rapid revolution around its axis, and, in consequence, the vapour, or whatever is emitted from its hot, molten surface, is drawn into belts, which extend around the equatorial regions. These belts are distinctly visible in almost any telescope where a magnifiying power of 70 or more can be obtained.

On Jupiter, under these conditions, nothing can exist in a state of life as it does here, and we may with certainty conclude that the planet is still in too hot a state for habitation, and that it will be vast ages yet before it will arrive at the life-supporting conditions of this earth.

If we glance at the different members of the solar system and view them in the light of the nebular hypothesis, and what our telescopes reveal of their physical features, we may, I think, safely come to the conclusion that with the exception of Mars, and perhaps Venus and the satellites of Jupiter, none of them, other than the earth, are in a fit state for the support of life as we know it. What exists in the vast stellar systems outside of our own system, insignificant when compared to them, we shall probably never find out; but this we may be certain of:—that God has never created such immense and innumerable star masses simply for the purpose of studding our night sky with points of light.

CRUMBS.

BY H. CAMERON NELLES WILSON.

"AIN'T it a beauty, now, Martha?"

"Yes, as chickens go. But I reckon it won't live long with a leg like that. Don't Speckle take any notice on't yet?"

"No, nor she won't, unless I'm mistook."

The candle, which Crumbs held in his hand, flickered and quavered, casting weird shadows about the cow-stable; one moment it lit up the stalls, revealing the drowsy, steaming cattle, asleep, or watching the proceedings with their large wondering eyes; a pile of turnips in the corner would show up distinctly for a moment, and then fade away into darkness and the shadows; the rakes and hoes hanging upon the stone walls looked like straggling legs and arms in the semi-darkness.

"Good night for spooks!" said Crumbs, abruptly, after he had safely deposited the lame chicken in a miniature pile of straw at the bottom of a barrel.

"Lor! No!" Martha exclaimed, covering her rosy face with her apron, and almost dropping her milk-pail at the prospect of meeting anything so uncanny as a spook.

Without the stable, the cold November rain could be heard falling with monotonous persistency; the trees were moaning loud "wi' angry sugh," and the door rattled on its hinges; little puddles of water had formed all over the barn-yard, and the straw-stacks looked like isolated barges. The few boards from the stables to the garden gate had almost sunk from view; Martha and Crumbs on their way to the house ,hopped from one plank to the next with accuracy born of experience, finding their way along by intuitive perception rather than by any visible agency: the lights in the farm-house kitchen served as their guide.

"My! Ain't a fire refreshin?" exclaimed Martha, as she passed the glowing fireplace.

"Fetch a chair, Crumbs," said she, "and we'll crack some o' them hickory nuts."

Martha sat gazing at the glowing logs, one arm resting upon her knee and the other wrapped snugly in a corner of her checked apron.

She was past thirty—a large strapping woman, with an abundance of brown hair coiled neatly in a faded net; her plump cheeks had that enviable pinky freshness which tells of the fields and the sun and brisk breezes; her hands were brown and muscular (Martha was far-famed as a corn-husker); altogether she had that comfortable appearance suggestive of a happy, cheery disposition. She had lived with Farmer Stubbins for years, and had, owing to her fondness for her mistress, refused many an offer to leave Hillcrest Farm and to settle down in a house of her own.

Crumbs would be thirteen next Christmastide; he had been left on Farmer Stubbins' doorstep one blustering January night, and though four stalwart, growing boys of his own graced his hearth and home, he and his good-wife found they had room in their hearts for one more, and so Crumbs remained. He had looked such a helpless bundle of humanity that he had forthwith been christened Crumbs by the boys—and Crumbs he was called.

He possessed that ragged and untidy picturesqueness which invariably betokens true genius. His hair was of a straw color, which, when the sun

fell on his philosophical head, as it often did shine, assumed a tinge that very nearly approached red; his eyes were his chief charm—they were of a deep blue, expressive, tender, and sometimes wistfully pathetic. His mouth was too large, but that defect was forgotten completely when he indulged in one of his cheery bursts of laughter. His clothes had that made-over appearance, which is unmistakeable. In summer, he wore a straw hat, part of the crown of which had been eaten by rats one night when he had left it in the barn; indeed, the sun that glistened on the first fall of snow often beamed upon Crumb's straw hat, and the first April showers fell benignly on its yellow crown; and when, with many regrets, it was banished for its winter slumbers to a shelf in the apple cellar, its place was supplied by a worn-out sheep-skin cap, from which every vestige of wool had long since vanished.

Crumbs was indeed a philosopher; he was the envy of all the boys and farm-hands the country round; his knowledge was extensive and varied; sage he was to a degree; no one could find the latest nest hidden by the wandering hen-turkey with the same celerity as Crumbs; and when the nest was found, no one could insert his hands among the thorns of the blackberry bushes, secure the spotted eggs, and escape with as few scratches as he carried away on his brown hands. No one could tell with the same unfailing perception that Crumbs evinced, which of the golden, nodding shocks of wheat would be the most likely hiding-place for field-mice, and no one could capture the hasty rodents with the same skilfulness and agility as the young philosopher exercised.

He was ambitious, too, and the height of beatitude, the consummation of his mildest longings, aspired to and ended in the prospect of possessing a pair of boots of his very own—boots bought for himself—boots in which his feet could rest quietly without having to hunt in the darkness for the compartments respectively allotted to toes and to heels. It had always been Crumbs' fortune to fall heir to the discarded foot-wear of Farmer Stubbins' sons, the youngest of whom was twelve years his senior, so very often the boot and foot combination was not of the most satisfactory order.

He was somewhat of a taxidermist, and an entomologist of a truly scientific turn of mind.

His room in the attic of the homestead was a source of never-failing enjoyment to Crumbs and his friends A huge hornet's nest hung suspended from the rafters by a bit of faded green ribbon, one of Martha's contributions to his sanctum; a ground hog's skin was stretched on the wall drying; he was going to make a mat out of it to put before his fireplace—into which, by his imaginative faculties, the rusty stove-pipe running through his room was transformed; birds' nests (unheard of numbers on one small branch), adorned every conceivable nook and cranny; on a red card he had a string of birds' eggs—pilferings from farm, meadow and orchard; an oriole, which he himself had stuffed, reposed in a wildly terrified manner on the small table in one corner—it was a work of art: boot-buttons formed eyes of a brilliancy not inferior to that imparted to nature herself; hairpins, supplied by Martha, furnished most life-like legs; to be sure, bits of the straw with which it was stuffed protruded from more than one orifice, but on the whole it was a highly respectable specimen of bird-hood; innumerable puff-balls, pieces of fungus, beautified by Crumbs' artistic endeavors; an owl's beak, one foot of the big gobbler that had formed Thanksgiving dinner at the farm; the backbone of a lake salmon, and countless other treasures, furnished his cosy nest.

But Crumbs had one possession dearer than all others; it was the

neglected chicken of Speckle's latest brood, a poor unfortunate that had been tramped on by the big drake, and, as a result, limped along as best it could with one straight and one crooked leg. During the last summer Speckle had proudly hatched and reared two families of little Speckles, and "Jane," (for so Crumbs called his wounded pet, in honor of Martha, who rejoiced in that name as a second title, as was shown by her daily text-book), had been one of four who composed Speckle's most recent attempts at farmyard colonization. They had first opened their eyes—or rather, their shells—upon an unsympathetic world during the second week in October, when the pumpkins were glistening beside the corn-shocks and the hazel-nuts formed brown patches amid their varied foliages; so, at the time of our story, only three weeks had passed over Jane's fluffy, gold-brown head. Crumbs had become devotedly attached to his invalid friend, and found that Martha was as true a sympathizer with and as ardent an admirer of her feathered namesake as he could wish. When he had time, he would take his pet during the warm noonday to some sunny grass-plot, where it could hop about, catching stray bugs and belated worms. But as winter came on, these lively hunts had to cease, and Jane was allowed to explore the mysteries of the granary.

One night as Crumbs was coming home from the village store he met Jim Leigh, the son of a neighboring farmer, who was deeply jealous, and still more deeply afraid of Crumbs. Jim greeted him with a boyish "How de do!" and then, when he thought Crumbs was too far distant to turn back, he yelled saucily, "I say, Woodpecker, how's yer bandy-legged pipkin gettin' on?"

Jim Leigh had been mistaken for once in his life, and turn Crumbs did with a vengeance. With well-feigned bravery and clenched fists, Jim advanced to meet him; two bright spots shone in Crumbs' cheeks, and, without waiting to parley, he rushed into the fray with all the gusto of youth backed by a quickly rising temper. Each rolled the other several times round in the dust; punches, impelled by pugilistic ardor, were freely and generously exchanged; pinches were administered with a zest that spoke volumes; at last Crumbs gained the upper-hand, or, to be more correct, he secured his opponent's ear, and long and loud were the groans and supplications that issued from the dusty throat of Jim Leigh.

"There, now, take *that*, and *that*, and *that!*" said Crumbs, emphasizing his words by sundry kicks, inflicted by a pair of boots erstwhile possessed by the second representative of the Stubbins' family. Take them Jim Leigh did with as good grace as he could command, and with them he imbibed a realization of the strength of Crumbs' fists, and the quality of the boots which adorned Crumbs' feet; and when he perceived that the ordeal was over, he departed on his way, rejoicing that he had anything left to take its departure, and inwardly vowing vengeance, deep and lasting, against the victor.

It was about ten o'clock before Crumbs reached home; he had one or two cuts on his face, but otherwise he was uninjured; he was also in a state of mind to look with favor upon the world in general and himself in particular. He went straight to the barn, and to Jane's roosting-place, Having found her, he caressed her softly, rubbing his injured cheek against her downy feathers. Jane gave several 'chucks' of pleasure, and pecked gently at his scratched nose. In return for her affectionate demonstrations he related to her in soothing whispers the story of his night's adventures; Jane seemed to appreciate the graphic account, and Crumbs declared that her three tail-feathers quivered with angry emotions when

he told her the names to which they had been subjected.

He then went to the house, where Martha's sympathetic fears had to be set at rest and the pains of his scratches alleviated by court plaster. Martha bathed his face with warm water, muttering imprecations the while on "that Leigh imp," and threatening to "break every bone in his rascally neck," when she could get near enough. Mrs. Stubbins was tearfully agitated, and insisted on rubbing salve on the wounds, which Crumbs scorned as being "nothin' but skin *irrigations!*"

The winter months passed by, and the enmity between Jim Leigh and Crumbs thrived and was fostered tenderly by the former, though Crumbs had almost forgotten about the fight and its causes. Spring blossoms bloomed and perished, and summer flowers took their place. One sunny June day, Crumbs rushed into the house with face aglow, tore into the kitchen, causing Martha to raise her hands from a pan of flaky dough and utter:

"Lor! What now! Seen a spook?"

Crumbs did not reply; but depositing a fresh, white egg upon the table, he said, breathlessly, "Jane did it!"

"Bless us! I heerd her cacklin' down by the coach-house, but I thought Thomson's dog had skeerd her. When will wonders cease?"

For two weeks each day Crumbs brought a fresh laid egg to Martha, who carefully deposited it in the kitchen cupboard; then, one morning, instead of the customary egg, he conveyed to the house the startling information that Jane wanted to set. Her maternal instincts had been aroused, and she limped among the other hens with an air of proud superiority.

The eggs were restored to the nest by the coach-house, and in three weeks Jane was seen issuing from head-quarters with eight fluffy balls following in her train. As soon as Crumbs perceived his new possessions he grabbed the proud hen and implanted four hearty kisses upon her motherly head. Jane accepted his congratulations with satisfaction expressed by a succession of maternal 'clucks', and then marched off to teach her progeny the art of scratching for worms.

Summer had come and gone; autumn glories, manifold and beautiful, had faded away; dull gold sunsets, purple clouds and radiant orchards had given place to cheerless skies, snow-sprinkled meadows and chilly winds; Christmas was fast approaching.

Crumbs had prospered; he had sold Jane's family to Father Stubbins for a good sum, and his ambitions were to be realized—the boots were to be his. He was revelling in the prospect; five dollars were securely hidden in his room. Boots, a new tie for Martha, fur-tipped gloves for Mrs. Stubbins, presents for all the rest. Crumbs chuckled as he folded the bill after gazing at it for the twentieth time—and only two days more till Christmas.

The snow was falling very softly, shrouding the rail fences and the trees, as Crumbs wended his way towards the village; he plodded along with difficulty, bending his head and the sheep-skin cap so that the wind would not bite his face.

There was quite a crowd in the store: Thomson's two daughters were giggling and laughing in the corner over some intended purchases; old Steve Goodall sat on the vinegar cask, smoking his pipe with calm indifference; and, leaning over the counter, as Crumbs opened the door, was Jim Leigh; some jackets were spread on the counter for his inspection and as Crumbs caught sight of them, Jim rose considerably in his opinion, for he knew that he was buying the jacket for none other than the tired, patient mother who was toiling at her sewing to provide a home for herself and her boy.

Crumbs asked to be shown some boots; with ill-suppressed excitement he took off one of the clod-hoppers in which he had tramped through the snow and slush. When he had selected a pair that had caught his fancy three weeks before, he perched on one of the high stools and slipped his foot into one boot with deepest pleasure; it was a proud moment for him; the boots fitted perfectly.

During the interesting proceedings between Crumbs and the shop-assistant, the store had been gradually deserted, till only Crumbs and Jim remained. The boots were done up in a piece of brown paper and placed upon the counter; Crumbs then busied himself in the choice of a tie for Martha; he was not sure whether she would like rose-color or blue best, and was deliberating upon the respective good qualities of the two ties, when he heard Jim Leigh say:

"No. It's more than I've got."

Crumbs turned in time to see his quondam enemy going out of the door; and as he disappeared into the darkness, he was sure he saw him brush his sleeve across his eyes.

The jacket lay upon the counter, and not far from it the parcel containing the new boots. Jim's words were ringing in his ears as he said to the kindly woman behind the counter: "I say, Mrs. Sprague, what's the price of them jackets?"

"Three-fifty, and a bargain at that," said Mistress Sprague, as she leaned towards her customer, with her iron-gray wig on one side of her head, and her gaily-trimmed cap on the other. "Yes," she continued, shifting her glasses, "they *is* beauties."

"Well, I'll take one of them 'stead of the boots. And will you be so kind as to send it to Mrs. Leigh in the morning when Charlie goes for the milk. Don't say nothin' about it, or who'ts from."

Crumbs paid for the jacket, and having made a few small purchases with the remainder of his chicken money, he started for home. After he had closed the door, he poked his head in again, partly to wish Mrs. Sprague a merry Christmas, and partly to take a last, longing look at the paper parcel on the counter.

"Well, he's a rum un," said Mrs. Sprague, shaking her head till the gay head-dress quivered wildly, and her hirsute adornment did the same in an equally brisk degree.

"Charlie, here! 'Take them boots as quick as you can down to farmer Stubbins.' Get there before Crumbs if you can; the boy deserves to have them boots as a gift."

* * * * *

Christmas morning dawned bright and clear; the village bells clanged loudly, and the little church, with its simple decorations, was almost filled. Crumbs entered rather shyly; the new boots squeaked like a whole detachment of field-mice, and his cheeks were a burning crimson as he took his seat in the Stubbins' family pew. The first person he saw was Mrs. Leigh, looking sweetly happy in her new jacket, and as Crumbs caught her eye for a moment, her usually sad face beamed with a radiant joy.

The service was quickly over; Crumbs paused in the porch to thank Mrs. Sprague for her grand surprise, and as he was talking to her he felt both his hands seized. He turned, to find Mrs. Leigh vainly trying to express her deep-felt gratitude, and to hear Jim say, in a voice that craved forgiveness: "Crumbs, you're a brick!"

MY DEAD SELF.

A Canadian Tale.

BY R. F. DIXON.

CHAP I.

I WAS sitting in the reading-room of a Detroit hotel, smoking a cigar, when something caught my eye in the columns of a city newspaper lying near by. I took up the paper, and running my eye down the column, found a paragraph and read the following:

"FATAL RAILOAD ACCIDENT AT HIGDEN, ONT!—On Thursday, Mr. Wm. Horseman, a commercial traveller residing in Brighton, Ont., was run over by the east bound morning express, and fatally injured. The unfortunate man, it appears, was crossing the track and was struck by the cow-catcher, and thrown forward on the rails, after which the whole train passed over his body, mangling him horribly. As soon as possible, the train was stopped and the remains were carefully gathered up and coffined, and forwarded to his family in Brighton, where the interment takes place on Saturday. Deceased, who was universally and deservedly liked and respected by his brethren of the road, leaves a wife and one child, an infant, and was about thirty years of age. Although mangled beyond all recognition, no doubt exists, whatever, as to his identity. He had just alighted from the west-going accommodation, and was on his way to the village, where he was expected that day by several customers."

The blank astonishment with which I read this paragraph may be faintly imagined, when it is understood that I, the reader, was the individual referred to therein; I, William Horseman, commercial traveller of Brighton, Ontario, in a state of excellent health and absolutely sound in body and limbs. I read the paragraph over a second time, and after spelling over the name a couple of times to make sure I was not mistaken, and pinching myself in the fleshy part of the leg, I laid down the paper to consider the first step necessary to be taken towards enlightening and undeceiving the public in general, and my own friends, blood and otherwise, in particular.

My poor little wife's distress, of course, first flashed before my imagination. And with a consolatory telegram in my mind, I half rose from my chair. But a sudden thought caused me to relapse into my seat. The shock of a telegram might be serious. And, of course, as she had long ere this learned the terrible news there was not the urgency there might otherwise have been. Now that she had been fairly plunged into the abyss of woe, an hour more or less was not of such surpassing importance, as to make it worth the while risking the effect of a telegram. It is commonly said that people never die of joy, but a shock is a shock for all that. Sudden good news strikes about as hard as sudden bad news, and a wrench, whether upward or downward, is a wrench.

Consequently I sat down again to consider some other and more gradual and less "shocking" manner of breaking the joyful news to my bereaved wife. And thus it was that on some demon-inspired thoughts, the little practical joke, or whatever you like to call it, here recorded, began to shape itself in my imagination.

To make matters perfectly clear, I may say that I was spending the day

in Detroit, where on my own responsibility I had gone in hopes of hunting up a certain absconding debtor of the firm. I had, however, failed to find him, and was now waiting for my supper, after taking which I purposed recrossing into Canada and resuming my regular beat. I had been due that day at Higden, a small place of a few hundred inhabitants, not a hundred miles from the River St. Clair. And it was no doubt largely owing to this fact that the mistake already recorded had arisen. During the five or six years I had been on the road this was absolutely the first time I had failed to present myself, as previously promised, to the day and the hour. But in expectation of making a brilliant stroke for the firm, I had, on "information received," made this dash across the lines, and so missed my appointment.

Who my "double" was I hadn't, of course, the faintest glimmering suspicion. And to simplify matters I may say here, that his identity was never established.

But what of the "demon-inspired" scheme that was now shaping itself in my brain. Nothing more or less than that having effectually disguised myself I should attend my own funeral, which took place on the following Saturday in Brighton. Then I could repair to my own house and, as opportunity presented, reveal myself. It isn't, on an average, say more than once in a lifetime that such an opportunity is afforded a man of assisting at his own obsequies. Besides that, it was more than probable that I would gather incidentally a good deal of valuable information as to my own personal peculiarities, history, characteristics, virtues and failings. Such an enlightening and possible disillusionment would, I couldn't help feeling, be "worth millions" to a man. To use the language of a celebrated historian, I would be able to read my own character "in the cold, clear light of the judgment of posterity."

And then the study of my "widow's" attitude would be most interesting and suggestive. Although I can affirm with my hand on my heart that we were in general a most affectionate and united couple, yet we were only, after all, of mortal mould. Our married life, therefore, had been diversified by those occasional little "livelinesses," those *iræ amantium*, which a classical writer has so well and truly called the "revival of love," and without which I boldly affirm married life is not worth the living. Only the previous day, and just before our parting, we had had one of those little matrimonial "tiffs," subsequently made up, that had occasioned a little plain speaking, on the part of my wife, on the subject of my undeniably quick temper. That I have an irritable temper, like most warm-hearted, *generous* men, I must freely confess, but I hardly think it justified, on that occasion at all events, the characterization by my wife as "bearish," 'cranky," "savage," etc., etc.

However, as already stated, everything had been duly made up. We had parted on the most affectionate terms, and my last recollection of her as I turned the corner to the station, had been as standing on the door step and waving kisses to me with all the demonstrative energy of a six months' bride.

That the trick, therefore, that I contemplated playing off was a mean and contemptible one, and somewhat cruel, I cannot deny. But the temptation of attending one's own funeral, and talking to one's own widow was too strong to be resisted. Accordingly I hatched up the following plan:—Shaving off my somewhat scrubby whiskers and moustache, I would procure a thick luxuriant black beard, side whiskers and moustache, and stay all night in my present hotel, where, fortunately, I hadn't as yet registered. Early next morning I would cross to the Canadian side by the ferry, and there, by a roundabout

route take the slow train to Brighton late on Friday night. I would be able to ascertain the hour of the funeral on the following day. I might possibly run across a few brother commercials on their way home. There was a possible element of risk in this, I thought at first. But a glance in the looking-glass after the assumption of my disguise, the details of the procuring of which is no part of the story, reassured me. No one, I felt convinced, could, unless by an intuition of penetration more than human, have identified the fine-looking, full jet-black-bearded, luxuriantly whiskered, middle-aged man, with the straggling hay-colored, whiskered, beardless young fellow of eight or nine and twenty, known for the last four or five years on the road as William Horseman, and now proclaimed throughout the Dominion as the unfortunate victim of a fatal railway accident.

My plan was favored, moreover, by the fact that I was totally unacquainted in Detroit and the neighboring Canadian town.

So, with a confident and dignified air, as became the possessor of such a pair of whiskers and patriarchal beard, I walked up to the station on the Canadian side, took my ticket, and boarded the train.

CHAP. II.

It was not until I had travelled for several hours, and was within one station of Higden, that my disguise was put to any severe practical test. Among the off-and-on-getting passengers I had only recognized two, and they mere chance acquaintances, a couple of Toronto commercials. But at a small place recently boomed up by some oil discoveries into the dignity of a village, of some hundreds of inhabitants, named Derrick City, came suddenly and unexpectedly the first real test.

As we got fairly settled on the siding to wait for the east bound express, I heard the sound of familiar voices. Then the car door opened and in walked two brother commercials, both Brighton men, and exceedingly well and intimately known to me. Scarcely a trip had I made without running across them. I had spent hours in their company, and one of them had been a frequent visitor at my house.

Both of them were characters in their humble way. "Jock" Fraser was a big, rawboned, coarse-grained Scotchman, chuck full of capital stories, flavored to suit every palate, a great fund of quaint racy sayings, of unbounded good nature and overflowing animal spirits, a most pathetic and impressive singer of Scotch songs, a tremendous consumer of tobacco, a discreet lover of good whiskey, a furious Grit and Presbyterian, about thirty-seven or eight years of age, and one of the most successful and popular travellers in his line (hardware), on the road.

Billy Nichols was in many respects the exact antithesis to Fraser. He was a chubby-faced, pot-bellied, bushy-whiskered little cockney Englishman, with about as much humor or music in his soul as a Chinaman, decidedly "uncertain" temper, stubborn and self-conceited beyond the capabilities of the English language to faintly indicate, a bachelor and professional "lady killer," a red hot Tory and High Churchman, about forty years of age, and yet, somehow or other in his own way, a very successful traveller in his line, which was the same as mine, viz: boots and shoes.

Like a great many more dissimilarly constituted people, these two men were sworn cronies, and, whenever practical, inseparable companions. Differing as widely as the poles on almost every conceivable speculative question, they were continually arguing. Smoking cars, hotel parlors, bar-rooms and bed-chambers, had for the last seven or eight years resounded with the din and clangor of their wordy warfare, without, I believe,

impairing their friendship by one degree or imperilling it for a second. In fact, I think their differences rather tended to cement their friendship. To certain kinds of minds a common difference is a great bond of union. Like a debt owed by one to the other, it binds men together by a common, if reversed, interest. It is like two men pulling against each other on the same rope.

A regular field night between these two men in some village hotel, after the work of the day was done, used to afford immense and unspeakable enjoyment to the "boys." Lately it had got to be an established custom among the "boys" to start some good solid controversial subject, generally political or religious, for the purpose of starting these two "war horses" on the tilt at each other.

It was delicious to see the two men, at the height and climax of an argument, rise to their feet and solemnly defy each other,—the little Englishman capering about with clenched fists and flashing eyes and upturned face; the huge, ruggedly-hewn Scotchman towering above the other, like one of his native mountains, immovable and immobile as a granite monument, rolling back his defiance. Then, after a great deal of slapping of fists on open palms, frantic appeals for a moment's hearing from the Englishman, mutual charges of prejudice and onesidedness, Jack's face would suddenly clear up. "Let's cut a long story short with a drink," he would say, in his broadest Scotch. There would be an immediate adjournment to the bar-room, where, not at all unlikely, the whole subject would be reopened and re-argued, peace only being restored by a second judicious pouring of whiskey on the troubled waters by Billy or one of the brethren.

But I must ask you to pardon an old fogy for dwelling on the memory of these brave, merry, old days. The glory, so alas! they tell me is largely departed from the life of a traveller, and the jolly, rollicking old days, when the "boys" dwelt together like brethren, are now forever passed. However, this is neither here nor there.

The two men above described then entered the car. As usual, they were arguing. "I tell you, Billy," I heard Fraser say, as the door opened, "you're talking rubbish. You can no more make a country richer by protection than a man can make his pants longer by cutting a piece off one end and sewing it on to the other. It's robbing ten men to make one man richer."

"Look here, Fraser, you don't know what you're talking about," replied Billy. "You've been loading yourself up with a lot of twaddle out of the *Globe*."

"Well," said Fraser, "let's get settled before we go into that question. I'm crazy for a smoke."

They sat down on a seat just behind me. I waited till they got their pipes filled and steadily going, and then, before they could resume their argument, turned round and said in a somewhat disguised voice: "You had a very sad accident in this neighborhood the day before yesterday, hadn't you?"

I saw the cockney dart a momentary second look at me as I spoke.

"Yes," answered the Scotchman, who was in a genial home-returning mood. "Yes, a commercial traveller of the name of Horseman,—William Horseman; travelled in the boot and shoe line for Bagley & Winterbottom of Brighton."

"Oh, indeed; what sort of a looking man was he?"

"Not much to look at," replied the Scotchman, with a readiness and directness of a slap in the face, "a medium-sized, scrubby-whiskered man, small-featured and insignificant-looking. He used to go by the name of 'Wise Willie' among the boys You see, he was a good deal struck upon himself, was poor Horseman; never

would argue; always laying down the law like a judge; one of those kind of fellows that saw so much of both sides of the question that he couldn't come down to the level of ordinary men, and so we used to call him 'Wise Willie.' But for all that," added Fraser, a little self-reproachfully, and apparently only for form's sake, "there were worse fellows than poor Billy Horseman."

In half-a-dozen words I had got more insight into the popular estimate of my character than I could have dreamed in a lifetime. And to my profound astonishment I learned for the first time that I had been honored with a nickname.

"Left any family?" I asked.

"Yes, a wife and one child, and a mighty good-looking woman, too," he added.

"Pretty well provided for?" I asked. "You see," I continued, by way of explanation, "I'm a connection of his, although I've never seen him."

"Yes, I believe he's left his widow pretty well fixed,' replied the Scotchman. "He was in three or four insurance societies I would'nt be surprised if it would tot up to a matter of eight or ten thousand dollars Say, Billy," he continued, turning suddenly to the Cockney, who had been digging out his pipe, and slapping it on the knee, "Say, Billy, there's a chance for you—a rich, handsome, young widow. I'll give you an introduction."

"No, thank you, no widows for me," replied the horrid little cad, with an upward toss of his pug nose.

I confess my fingers itched to throttle the fellow, and it cost me a real struggle to keep from plucking my disguise away. But having gone into the thing, I was bound to go through with it.

"Well, if there is no widow good enough for you, you little pot-bellied, bull-headed, pug-nosed, Cockney scrub, who have you got your eye on?" asked the Scotchman, playfully.

"Speak for yourself, you great, lubbering, bullet-headed, whiskey-soaked, psalm-singing, goggle-eyed Scotch rebel," responded Billy, pleasantly. "But you were talking about Horseman, weren't you. Do you want my opinion of him."

He gave a silent assent to the question.

"Well, the man's dead and gone, and I don't want to say anything bad about him, but I always considered him a conceited, over-bearing, underhanded snob, who thought he had a mission to set everything right. And he was as full of low, sneaking tricks as——an egg's full of meat," he concluded, relapsing into one of the old-fashioned, stock illustrations of his early youth.

"Tut, tut, Billy, that's a little too rough on a dead man. And this gentleman was a relation of his."

I hastened to explain that the relationship was distant.

"Well, I'm sorry for it," said Billy, who was one of that common type of Englishmen who would have sooner had his tongue cut out by the roots than allow it to shape a retraction of anything, however lightly spoken. "I'm sorry for it, but it is'nt a tenth part of what I could say about the fellow."

Of the deep and deadly grudge cherished against me on the part of Nichols, I may say, I had never previously had the faintest suspicion. We had always been friendly and even cordial in our relationship, and although rivals in business, had never come, as far as I could remember, into direct collision. Little, however, had I dreamed of the volcano of hate that for years had slumbered in the little man's breast.

The train's starting to move put an end to our conversation. At the third or fourth station the two men got out. As at their entrance, they were fiercely arguing, this time, if I remember aright, on the subject of

Apostolic Succession, and the last words I heard Billy say, were: "You great, hulking, dunderhead, can't you see that you haven't a leg to stand on."

To which the other replied, with a tremendous slap on the back:

"Have a cigar, Billy, I'll take your word for it. Let's put up at Murphy's."—

Where I have no doubt the discussion was renewed in all its bearings.

Chapter III.

Until I reached a town, distant about twenty miles from Brighton, I met no more of my old acquaintances. As I had to change cars there, I waited about the town until evening, and the early spring night had closed in, when I boarded the slow train for Brighton.

I ensconced myself in the little smoking car. Hardly had I settled myself when the door opened, and in walked another exceedingly well-known brother commercial.

He was of a totally different type from either Nichols or Fraser. A Canadian by birth, and somewhere in the neighborhood of fifty years of age, he was a tall, straight and rather cadaverous man, very dark, and almost clean shaven, with a long neck and features to match. Although quite intimate with him, he was not a favorite of mine by any means. Despite the somewhat frigid estimate formed of my character by Fraser, I was a companionable man, and could thoroughly appreciate joviality and "off-handedness" in others. But George Hobbs, so smiling, soft-spoken and complaisant, always warned me off. There was an undertone of sarcasm that seemed to run through his conversation. Besides this, he neither smoked nor "indulged," was scrupulously correct in his language, never expressed a decided opinion upon any subject, never fully agreed or fully disagreed with you. Altogether a most unsatisfactory sort of a man, and yet one whose candid opinion about myself I instinctively felt would be very interesting.

So, by way of introduction, I leaned over the back of my seat and offered him the daily paper, which I had just finished reading. He accepted it with a courteous acknowledgment, and we naturally and easily fell into a conversation on the weather. Then, watching my chance, I said: "That was a very sad accident you had up at Higden the other day?"

He looked at me in such a mystified way that I added by way of explanation:

"I mean the death of Mr. Horseman, the commercial traveller, killed by the express"

"Oh, yes," he said, "I had quite forgotten it. Yes, a very sad affair. Well insured. I believe."

I realized at that moment strikingly and almost startlingly the oft-quoted, trite saying, that the world misses no one after he is gone; and I was foolish enough to feel a little nettled.

"Well acquainted with him," I asked, as carelessly as I could.

"Yes, I knew poor Horseman pretty well; although he wasn't the kind of man I cared particularly for."

"Oh, indeed," I said, considerably nettled this time.

"You see he was one of those kind of men that thought themselves better than other people, because he knew who his grandfather was."

In answer to my enquiring look, he proceeded: "He presumes too much on his pedigree. His father was a Church of England minister, somewhere down east, whose father, I believe, had been an admiral, or a colonel, or something of that sort, at the battle of Waterloo, and poor Horseman used to brag a good deal about it when he got a chance. He used to show his family crest, and say that his ancestors came to England with William the Conqueror, or William, Prince of Orange. I believe he went by the name of 'Gentleman Billy' among some of the fellows."

So this had been the result of my very occasional and guarded references to my family history, and I had actually been the possessor of two nicknames.

"What was his personal appearance?" I asked. "Fine-looking man?"

"No, anything but that," replied Hobbs, who spoke with a decision and directness of statement quite unprecedented in my experience of him. He was a small, insignificant-looking man, with a washed-out, whitey-brown complexion; thin, straggling whiskers, the color of dead grass, and a greenish-grey eye. He had a fine-looking wife, however. It is queer what she saw in him, but it beats everything how those fine-looking women throw themselves away on little runts of men. There'll be a fine chance there for some smart young fellow.

The train began to whistle, and Hobbs to wistfully finger the paper. So on my own part, having had a quite strong enough dose, I left him, and, to get away from the oppressive heat of the stove, took a seat at the far end of the car.

I was meditating on the vanity of human life, and the marvellous power all of us possess of self-deception, and our wonderful unconsciousness of the real estimate our fellow-men form in regard to us, when the train having stopped at a siding to let an express pass, someone from the seat behind leaned over and touched me on the shoulder.

I looked hastily round, and saw a fine-looking, full-bearded, middle-aged man. "Can I have a word with you?" he asked, in a low and rather excited tone.

I readily granted his request, and he left his seat and sat down beside me.

"You must excuse me, sir, as a total stranger, for speaking to you, but I overheard your conversation regarding the late Mr. Horseman. My name is Barkley. I live, when at home, in a place called Oaktown, about halfway between Mountainville and Toronto."

"Oh, indeed," I said politely, with a vague sense of having heard the name before. "Were you acquainted with the late Mr. Horseman?"

"Not personally, although I knew him by sight, but I knew his wife very well before she married."

In a moment the whole thing flashed across my mind. So this was the "rich, handsome old bachelor" that my wife occasionally used to mysteriously allude to as being ready at one time to "break his neck" (to use her own expression) for sake of her, and whom I had had the distinguished honor of cutting out. I looked at him with a new interest. He was an exceedingly well-preserved man of forty-eight, faultlessly dressed, with irreproachable linen, a dark-brown beard, just getting grey, aquiline nose, and brown eyes,—a decidedly handsome man. There was about him, however, that pernicketty primness of dress and manner, and that slow, measured manner of talking, that unerringly indicates the old bachelor. He was a perfect specimen of what Sir Walter Scott calls a "beau garcon."

"Have you seen her lately?" I asked.

"No, never since her marriage," he answered with a sigh, "but as she has no relations, and I've known her since she was a child, I have come up to the funeral, and shall probably call upon her."

"Take care, Mr. Barkley," I said, slyly. "Widows are proverbially dangerous, and as the saying is, an old flame is easily rekindled."

He looked at me intently, and half-suspiciously for a moment, then, lowering his voice, he said: "Are you a friend of the family?"

"Yes, I'm a distant relation, although I never saw Horseman. I'm going to the funeral."

"Well, in that case," he said, with a look that was intended to be hugely sly: "I don't mind telling you that

perhaps you have made greater mistakes in your life than you did a minute ago. A nod's as good as a wink to a blind horse." And he gave another sly look, which I must admit made me experience a sudden desire to kick him. Truly there is no fool like an old fool. And yet I am bound to say the man was apparently a thoroughly good fellow underneath, handsome, refined in appearance and manner, and quite pardonably self-confident as to his acceptability with the average woman.

"Yes," he continued, with another sigh, and collapsing into sentimentality again, "Yes, poor girl, she's sat on my knee many a time."

"The deuce she had," I thought, with a sudden, shooting pang of jealousy. "What next?"

"As a child of course, I mean," he hastened to add, observing my startled expression. "I may say I've known her all her life. I doubt she hadn't the happiest of lives with poor Horseman."

"What do you mean?" I cried, half forgetting myself. The plot was thickening. Like Sir Mungo Malagrowther, I was getting it 'on baith haffits.'

"Hush, hush," he said, glancing over to where Hobbs sat, "Perhaps I am mistaken, but I heard it rumored that Horseman was a man of very violent temper, and led her a dreadful life."

"Where did you hear that? Not from or through her?"

"Oh, no," he replied hastily. "I heard it from a friend of mine, a commercial traveller, who used to live at Brighton. He used to visit at the house a good deal. He is now in the States."

Surely that couldn't be my old bosom friend, George Dillon. And yet the coincidence was too close to admit of a reasonable doubt. George Dillon, whom in abject pennilessness I had befriended and opened my house to, for whom I had obtained his first situation, and who on parting with me some nine months previously had declared, with tears in his eyes, that he owed everything in life to my generosity!

"Yes," continued Barkley, in his prim, old-maidish way, "this individual informed me that they used to have dreadful quarrels, and that he had more than once heard Horseman use very strong language towards her."

"A lot," thought I parenthetically to myself, "do you know about such matters, you old goose."

And he said he several times felt like condoling with her on the subject of her husband's unhappy temper.

"I would like to see the man who would dare to 'condole' with my wife on any such subject," I thought, with a grim smile behind my false moustache.

"But," concluded Barkley, who, I began dimly to suspect, was, with all his good looks, one of those namby-pamby twaddling 'old maids' of men that women detest, and only marry in self-defence—"but" (with a comfortable sigh), "perhaps it's been all for the best. Who knows?"

I felt I would have given a good deal to be able safely to say: "Look here, you old drivelling donkey; Maria Horseman wouldn't marry you if you were the Czar of Russia."

But for the dozenth time I restrained myself, and said, "I suppose you will be calling upon the widow as soon as possible after the funeral."

"Yes, I shall spend Sunday in Brighton, and call upon her on Monday to pay my respects."

"I'll put a spoke in your wheel, my old boy," I thought grimly to myself.

Next moment the moving train put an end to our conversation. Unless under compulsion or protest, I never carry on a conversation on a moving train. The moonstruck, lovesick Barkley made one or two attempts to renew the conversation, but after one or two snubs, subsided.

We reached Brighton about seven. I put up at an obscure hotel, and having ascertained, by sending a messenger to the clergyman, the hour of the funeral, smoked my pipe and then turned in at an early hour.

CHAP. IV.

The funeral was appointed for three o'clock from the house. This, reckoning the inevitable delay, would make the funeral cortege due at the cemetery about four. Having to "draw the line" somewhere, I decided not to go to the house, and so wended my way to the cemetery, where I owned a lot, in which reposed the mortal remains of our infant son.

I reached the cemetery about half-past three, and found a couple of men toiling at my grave. It was somewhere in the middle of March, and the frost being still deep in the now bare ground, it was not the easiest of jobs. I overheard more than one muttered curse as the men pounded with their picks and jarred their arms.

What a thought it was that men half grudged their fellow-men the graves they lay in. Here was my last earthly resting-place grudgingly prepared by grumbling hirelings, with as little feeling as if they were digging a foundation for a house. I stood and watched them, and for the fifth or sixth time realized to the very innermost marrow of my bones the vanity of human life.

As I was thus musing, I happened to look up, and recognized the caretaker of the cemetery.

"Pretty tough job, that," I said, looking at the grave.

"Yes, but they've got over the worst now," he said. "Pity, if the fellow had to be killed, he hadn't waited till the frost was out of the ground," he said, with a brutal laugh. "The winter's no time for planting, anyway."

I almost shuddered at the man's language, which, probably, considering everything, was natural enough. All men come in time to regard the most solemn and momentous events of life in a professional light. You could hardly expect a man in his position to be very profoundly impressed with such a commonplace event as the digging of a grave. It would be like a butcher moralizing ever the death of a calf, or a parson of forty summers over a wedding.

"Did you know the late Mr. Horseman," I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "and by the same token I've good reason to remember him, because he owes a balance on that lot of seven dollars and fifty cents."

"I'll pay you that now," I said, putting my hand in my pocket. "You see, I'm a relation of his," I continued, "and I'll take upon me to settle it before he's put in the ground."

The money was paid, and a receipt duly made out.

Shortly afterwards, the procession entered the cemetery. It was, I must confess, disappointingly small, and consisted of only seven vehicles, counting the hearse and the clergyman's rig. There were no females. Among those present, as the newspaper reporters say, I "noticed" Jock Fraser and Billy Nichols; Mr. Barkley, looking very washed-out and "made up" by daylight; Mr. Winterblossom, the junior partner of the firm; several clerks and a couple of the packers from the warehouse, about half-a-dozen fellow-commercials, one of the wardens at the church where I worshipped, and others.

As the hearse stopped to disgorge the coffin at the nearest point to the grave, I noticed Barkley whisper to the undertaker and point to me. The undertaker at once approached me.

"You're a relation of the deceased, aren't you?" he asked.

"Yes, but only distant."

"You wouldn't mind following the coffin, would you? Mr. and Mrs. Horseman have no near relations, and

you're the only blood relation here, I believe."

And thus I became chief mourner at my own funeral.

The six pall-bearers were Mr. Winterblossom, Jock Fraser and Nichols, Barkley (so soon to be undeceived), the churchwarden and one of the warehouse clerks, a young Englishman of the name of Stanley.

I stood by the grave while the service was being read, heard my body committed to the ground, and the frozen clods, according to the barbarous and hideous custom, rattle on the lid of the coffin, then the benediction.

Even for an assemblage of mere acquaintances, the gathering, I thought, separated with unusual alacrity. I lingered for a while behind the rest, as became a blood relation and chief mourner, and then turning my back on the half-filled grave, walked to the gate of the cemetery.

Four or five men, including Fraser and Nichols, were standing just outside the gate waiting for their cabs. As usual, Fraser and Nichols were at it hammer and tongs, arguing this time on Imperial Federation.

"Shut up Billy and give us a rest," I heard another of the travellers say, "I believe you'd argue on the way to be hanged, Billy."

Billy turned promptly around upon the speaker, a big, burly brother Englishman, like a bantam cock upon a gobbler.

"Well," interposed Fraser, who, like a good-hearted fellow, I suppose, felt he had to say something, "that's the last of poor Billy Horseman, but it's the road we've all got to travel. But," addressing Nichols and the rest, "come round to my place to-night for a game of poker, and I'll sing you a Scotch song that'll make your hair stand on end." And so they separated to their respeccive cabs.

Declining, with some difficulty, an invitation to return with Barkley to his hotel for tea, I waited until the cabs and hearse were well out of the sight, and then started on a leisurely walk to my own house, pondering by the way the most fitting manner of achieving the *denouement* of my little plot. I was, I honestly confess, growing a little tired of the affair. I had heard quite enough of my own shortcomings and insignificance to last me for the next twenty years. And I had realized to the fullest extent, my utter unimportance in society, and the exceedingly small place that I filled in the estimation and affection of those whom I had hitherto regarded as my warm, personal friends.

I reached my own house in the course of about half an hour's walk. As I crossed the street, the door opened, and the clergyman who had officiated at the funeral came out, and walked off in the opposite direction. Evidently, he had lost no time in obeying the Scriptural injunction as to the consolation of the widow. He was well and not favorably known to me, being one of those mincing, moustached young fellows, whose whole manhood (if they ever had any) is smothered in affectation and vanity. A single man he was; however, prodigiously admired by my wife as the very pink of clerical propriety. In short, he was one of these creatures known and admired by the ladies, and despised of his fellow-men as a "nice man." "What the Dickens," thought I to myself, "is this airified, dandified, young humbug doing in my house." And yet the man was only doing his duty.

I knocked at my own door, and enquired for my wife of the answering servant girl, with a coolness that I suppose the practice of the last twenty-four hours had given me, but which I certainly had not anticipated.

Mrs. Horseman was in, but did not receive any callers. I presented myself as a relation of the late Mr. Horseman and was very anxious to see his widow on very important business.

I was shown into the parlor by the girl, who, I observed, eyed me closely

and curiously, while she carried my message to my wife.

The parlor was much as I had left it, except that every visible relic of my occupation thereof had been religiously removed. Sympathizing feminine hands, no doubt, had removed my picture from the wall and the centre table. My pipe of state, a tasselled, curiously carved affair, which I very occasionally smoked, and which also adorned the wall of the room, had disappeared, as likewise an absurd, brilliantly embroidered smoking cap, worked by my wife's own "fair hands," in the days of our courtship, and worn to match the pipe. Sundry other articles, fitted, no doubt, to evoke harrowing reminiscences in the mind of my heart-broken widow, had vanished.

While I was taking stock of these matters, and rather grimly speculating as to the depth of my wife's feelings on the subject of her "irreparable loss," the servant reappeared and bade me follow her.

I was ushered into a little back parlor, commonly used by us in the absence of company. My wife, attired in deepest mourning, rose from the arm-chair in which, as became one so grievously bereaved, she was half reclining, and made me a bow.

I positively started at my wife's appearance. Always an uncommonly good-looking women, she looked charming beyond all my powers of description. Her marble pallor and dark ringed eyes and pensive expression, joined with her severely handsome dress, combined to make her by all odds one of the most bewitching women I had ever had the good fortune to behold. And her attractiveness was by no means lessened by the thought that all these evidences of overwhelming grief were on account of the "irreparable loss" of my own self. And it was then I began dimly to realize how a handsome young widow holds the average man in the hollow of her hand. As it was, I fell madly and consumedly in love at first sight with my own widow.

I returned her bow and said in a carefully disguised voice:

"I must apologize madam, for intruding upon you at a time like this, when you are crushed under the burden of this great sorrow, but I think I can explain it to your satisfaction."

As I proceeded, I saw an eager, startled expression overspread her face. She sat up, gave a sort of gasp, and pressed her hand upon her left side.

"I see you are startled by the tone of my voice, madam, which I am told closely resembles that of your late lamented husband. But considering the fact that we were cousins—I am one of the Horsemans of Prince Edward Island—this is not surprising."

She drew a deep breath, and sinking back in her chair, signed me to proceed.

"My object in calling upon you is this: I am at present engaged in collecting materials for a work entitled 'the Knights of the Road,' containing an alphabetical collection of the lives of eminent Canadian commercial travellers. Hearing of the sad death of your husband, I at once prepared a sketch of his life, which I purpose submitting to your approval. I am also anxious for some particulars as to his personal characteristics, which are always interesting. My excuse for this rather unseasonable call is that I am called away east this evening by telegraph on urgent business. If you have no objection I will proceed to read you what I have already jotted down."

More than once, whilst I was speaking, my wife visibly started. I produced from my breast pocket an imaginary biography of myself which I had scribbled on the train the previous day, and read:

"William Horseman was born in the year 1855 in the town of Thebes, Ontario. His father, Rev. John Horseman, was a very well known and widely

respected clergyman of the Church of England, who came of a very ancient English family settled for many years in the county of Sussex, and he was the youngest son of General Horseman, a distinguished Waterloo veteran. The subject of our sketch, after receiving his education in the Grammar school of his native town, entered the employment of Messrs. Pendleton & Gibbs, Toronto. in whose service he remained five years, whence, followed by the regrets and sincere good-will of his former employers, he removed to Brighton, having accepted the position of western commercial traveller for Messrs. Bagley and Winterblossom, the well known boot and shoe firm of that town. He had for five years discharged the duties of his position to the perfect satisfaction of his employers."

"But I will spare you this," I said, laying down my note book. "Now as to your late lamented husband's personal characteristics," I continued: "He was a man of good appearance, very popular on the road, I suppose." "Yes indeed," murmured my wife, pressing her handkerchief to her eyes.

"A very genial man and even tempered, I understand?" I said enquiringly.

"O yes," gasped my wife, with a sudden choking sob. "He had the temper of an angel."

I applied myself to my note-book for several minutes, and then, laying down my pencil, said: "How will this do?"

I read:—

"Personally, Mr. Horseman was a man of fine presence, and exceedingly popular among the firm's customers and his professional brethren Of remarkably sweet and even temper, he was in every respect a model husband and father, and his married life was singularly unchequered by those matrimonial jars, which in the case of less happily constituted men, poison and embitter the lives of so many couples. Scrupulous in his language—"

Here I paused and looked enquiringly at my wife, who was silently weeping. "How will that do, not too strong, is it?" I asked.

"O no, not half strong enough," responded my wife, in broken accents. "If you had only known him!"

"Of remarkably sweet and even temper," I repeated, as if thinking aloud, and then in my natural voice, and looking my wife full in the face, I said: "Isn't that laying it on just a leetle too thick, Maria."

My wife started to her feet with a shriek, clasping her hands upon her breast, and then, with a scream that rang through the house from cellar to attic, woke the baby up-stairs and brought the servant girl rushing into the room, fainted dead away.

And so in the most approved dramatic style ended this cruel and ghastly hoax.

On the whole I may say I decidedly gained by my little escapade. I have only to repeat the concluding lines of my obituary, which I have long since learned by heart, to turn the tables at any moment upon my wife. And as Barkley never made his promised call upon the "widow," I have always been able to mysteriously allude to the man on whose knee she used to sit before she knew me, and whom the first news of her widowhood brought, on the lightning wings of resuscitated love, to her side.

I have also been completely cured of the temptation to brag never so mildly about my family, although from what I have since ascertained, I feel persuaded that Hobbs grossly exaggerated matters, and that my nickname was the creation of his own brain. It is a common habit with some men to fasten nicknames in this way upon others, and just as natural for them as it is for the puffing adder to blow its venom from a safe distance.

Jock Fraser expiated his plain-

spokenness by an oyster supper to the boys, and several dozens of Bass' ale and a box of cigars to myself. Characteristically enough, Billy Nichols vowed that he knew me from the very first moment I opened my mouth in the train. Which, though possible, isn't probable, although Billy, as Jock Fraser says, "isn't, by at least twelve and a half per cent., the fool he looks."

Barkley, as already stated, left without calling upon "the widow." About a twelvemonth later he succumbed to the blandishments of some "grass widow" in his own town, with whom he mysteriously disappeared, presumably to the States, and has never since been heard of. I can't say I very deeply deplored his downfall. For apart from his milksoppishness, his confounded impudence and lack of delicacy in his contemplated renewal of his suit before I was cold in my supposed grave, disgusted me. But wouldn't my "widow" have promptly sent him to the right about. I think I see her.

WHERE THAME WINDETH.

The call to early morning pray'r
  Hath rung from gray church tow'r;
The anvil-beats sound on the air;
  The forge-fire glows in Vulcan's bow'r—
  The smithy's tree-clad bow'r.

The forge-fire gleams as in a bow'r;
  The milk-pail chinks anear;
The sun is climbing up to pow'r;
  The grass still hides a pearly tear,
  Still hides a last-night's tear.

The grass still hides a diamond tear;
  The lark is in the sky;
The squirrel through the leaves doth peer;
  The stoat doth prey and gambol nigh,
  Doth play right merrily.

The stoat doth play and gambol nigh;
  The thrush in thicket sings;
The field mouse peeps; the rat runs by;
  The scythe through all the meadow rings,—
  It swishes and it rings.

The scythe through all the meadow rings;
  The blackbird pipes a tune;
Above the banks, where ivy clings,
  The fragrant hedge doth speak of June,
  Doth tell of coming June.

The scented hedge doth whisper June;
  The meadow banner waves;

The sexton's spade spells out in rune
Its story drear of tombs and graves,
Among the tombs and graves —

Its irksome tale of tombs and graves.
The idle lock is green
With lichen, moss; the bent rush leaves
Its broad leaves in the water's sheen —
In broken shade and sheen—

Its leaves in broken shade and sheen;
The weir is white with foam;
The kingfisher's among the treen;
The stately lady sits at home,
The lady sits at home.

The stately lady sits at home,
The moments slowly pass;
She sits as pond'ring o'er a tome;
Her thoughts are far away, alas!
Are far away, alas!

Her thoughts are far away, alas!
(Her lord rides o'er the wold)
It cometh then and there to pass
She shivereth, as if a-cold —
Affrighted and a-cold.

A something turns her heart a-cold,
And chills her soul to fear;
As to herself she hath foretold:
Before her stands a shape severe,
A youth of mien severe.

There standeth one of mien severe,
And moved by wrath and hate:
"An hireling's tale hath brought me here;
Long years you left me to my fate,
My dark and dreary fate.

"Long years you left me to my fate,
(For shame is worse than crime.)
The secret hidd'n in wedded state
Bethought thee till the end of time,
Until the end of time,

"Bethough thee till the end of time
I ne'er might vex thy troth,
And all thy life a pleasing rhyme—
Nor did thy conscience rise in wrath,
In bitterness and wrath?

"Nor did thy conscience rise in wrath,
Nor felt thy soul its flame?
With wealth and pow'r, in fashion's froth,
To me thou gav'st not e'en a name —
I bear an alien name.

"To me thou gav'st not e'en a name,
And I had none to own,
Had none to love and none to claim,
A pointed outcast and alone—
Despised and alone.

"An outcast I and all alone!—"
The lady's cheek is pale,
Her eyes are fixed; she maketh moan;
Her haughty lord hath heard the tale—
The coarse-clad peasant's tale.

Her lord had heard the shameful tale;
His soul is hot with flame;
His teeth are set; he doth not rail;
And, oh, but for a word of blame—
Not e'en a word of blame.

Alas, not e'en reproof and blame—
A word of blame in sooth;
The weir's wild minstrelsy doth frame
Her dying song of death and ruth,
A dirge of death and ruth.

A requiem of death and ruth,
The waters fret and yearn;
The wind is sweet as love and truth,
It softly woos the moss and fern—
The stippled moss and fern.

It dallies with the moss and fern;
The crescent moon looks down,
Remorse has lessons one must learn;
And far away the lights of town—
The irksome lights of town.

Across the leagues, the glare of town,
And one doth moan and stare—
Where armour glints and dark brows frown,
And vesper bell doth call to pray'r—
The sinner call to pray'r.

The vesper bell doth call to pray'r;
So sweetly doth it call,
We'll bow our heads and enter there,
And pray that God may help us all,—
That Christ will save us all.

KEPPELL STRANGE.

BEHIND THE READING DESK.

BY THOMAS O'HAGAN, M.A., PH.D.

READING has of late years become a very popular factor in the entertainment of the people. Scarcely a programme is now made up in which the elocutionist does not figure. But with this widespread demand for reading has set in a manifest degeneracy in the character of the readings which obtain at our public entertainments.

MARGUERITE DUNN.

There was a time when reading meant literary interpretation crowned by every grace of mind and soul—the consummate flower of true culture and scholarship: now, however, it has lost this primary and very essential signification, and means a hundred other things, but not this one thing necessary.

I attribute this evil that has of late years possessed our Reading Desk to the innumerable "shoddy" schools of elocution which have sprung up across the border in well nigh every city of the Republic—schools whose sole aim is to grist out graduates bearing in every part of their elocutionary outfit the trade mark of their respective schools as distinctly emphasized as the brand upon a Texas steer. This is notably an age of sham, as is evidenced in the aged patriarch who dyes his hair to cheat high heaven in the bestowal of her gift of kindly but frosty years, that he may thereby the better coquette with the things of the earth.

I remember in my boyhood of being privileged to hear the great English reader, Bellew, and I have treasured up the memory of that delightful evening ever since. I am not much given to the admiration of things English, but I must confess that nearly all the *really* great readers I have ever heard have hailed from that "tight little island." As the scholar, emerging from Cambridge, or Oxford, or Trinity, Dublin, has much less sham in his educational make up than the graduate of any other institution I know of, so the English reader carries about him a polish, a culture, a grace and ease of manner, as well as a genuine scholarship, which are but vaguely seen in the readers of our land!

Let it be remembered that I am not

arraigning all the American Schools of Elocution and Oratory for their inefficiency, nor am I contending that we have no good readers in this country. No; the evil lies in the multitude of poor schools, and, as a logical concomitant, in the multitude of inferior readers that infest the land. There are at present in this goodly Province of Ontario, whose people are of such intellectual stature as to attract the eyes of the foremost nations of Europe at the World's Fair, no less than twenty readers who, if the press of the country is to be believed, are nothing less than *new editions* on an *improved modern plan* of Bellew, Brandam, Vandenhoff, and Mrs. Scott Siddons, with a suspicion of Garrick, Kean, and Henry Irving thrown in—for flavor I suppose. But when you see and hear many of those readers, the scales suddenly drop from your eyes, and you cannot, even with the aid of a search warrant, find the "glorious voice," the "charming presence," the "magnetic personality," or the "tear and laughter-provoking faculties" so copiously dilated upon and presented to a gullible public by the over-generous but indiscriminate press of the country. The reason for this "*sham*" and "*fakism*" is very obvious. To fill the public eye, unmindful of the public heart, is the aim of the reader of to-day. Readers are too nervously anxious to mount the ladder of public fame, and refuse to move slowly and surely along the plane of honest, faithful and solid work, which, in elocution, as in every other study, is sure in the end to bring the best reward.

EFFIE ELAINE HEXT.

Again, the elocutionists of to-day no longer take their selections from the masterpieces of literature, but watch current literature for catchpenny pieces, and are overjoyed when they can drag into a recital the aid of a musical accompaniment—a substitute for the lack of their own soul power, coaxed out of the bosom of a piano, or from the strong throats of an orchestra. The idea of planting a background of music for a recital of such a poem as "King Robert of Sicily," is absurd in the extreme, and an indignity offered to art—and this I heard a well known American reader from Boston do a short time ago.

We have a few Canadian readers who are faithful interpreters, doing legitimate work, worthy of the Read-

ing Desk, and it is noticeable that they not only wear well with the public, but, with increase of years devoted to their art, they are acquiring an increase of fame. In the interest of the noble art of reading, may their numbers increase!

MRS AGNES KNOX BLACK.

It is also a great and good thing for an elocutionist to know his or her limitations. So capable and accomplished a reader as Mr. Belford, who read with such acceptance in this country a few years ago, knew this. Mr. Belford had studied his powers, and once in conversation with the writer, he remarked when discussing Shakesperean readers: "I know I can't read Shakespeare. When I read the quarrel scene between Brutus and Cassius, it sounds to my ears like a wrangle between Smith and Jones." This was indeed too self-deprecatory, as any person will acknowledge who has ever heard Mr. Belford in a Shakesperean reading. No doubt Mr. Belford was lacking in the temper and voice requisite for a great Shakesperean reader. But his good judgment, taste and scholarship, bore him across bridges which would have sunk beneath the heavy and rude step of self conceit.

The best beginning in preparation for the work of the Reading Desk, is an assimilation of the spirit of the great masterpieces of prose and poetry. In fact, if you start out in this way you will find it comparatively easy to have all other things added unto you. Voice is a God-given gift, and should receive careful cultivation, not for one or two years in an elocution school, but throughout life. But voice is meaningless without soul power—it is *vox et prœterea nihil*. How then can one add to his or her soul power? Through the means of a wide experience of human life, and by holding daily and hourly converse with the eternal, the absolute, the permanent in literature.

Let a reader read aloud daily for two hours the best thought to be found in Browning, Tennyson, Wordsworth, Burns, Moore, Longfellow, Whittier, Shakespeare, and such prose writers as Ruskin, Newman, Carlyle, and James Russell Lowell, and I will guarantee that such a reader will have a voice and soul tuned and toned to the needs and responsibilities of the Reading Desk. Mere seasons of vocal culture or scraps of recitation bear

little fruit. The true spirit of literature can not be wooed in such a way.

> "We get no good
> In being ungenerous even to a book,
> And calculating profits—so much help
> By so much reading. It is rather when
> We gloriously forget ourselves and plunge
> *Soul-forward*, headlong into a book's profound,
> Impassion'd for its beauty and salt of truth—
> 'Tis then we get the right good from a book."

In regard to the readers of to-day, they may be properly divided into two classes: legitimate readers and mere entertainers. Legitimate readers aim to interpret literature, whether along the line of the dramatic, the pathetic, or the humorous, resorting to no clap-trap or adventitious means of music or costume, or vulgarized facial expression, in order to split the ears of the groundlings and bring down the house, sometimes reading above the tastes of the great body of the audience, but never descending to the low ideals of the vulgar few—even for the purpose of winning a momentary triumph. The chief aim of the entertainer being to please, the character of his or her readings—if readings they may be called—must vary according to the class of audience assembled in the hall. It is possible the audience in some instances may come out as to a circus for a "jolly good time;" and then, of course, the nearer the reader approaches to a clown the more acceptable he will be—the richer his conquests for the evening. If he is a good mimic—a very secondary thing in a great reader—he will feed them for perhaps an hour on that kind of chaff, and then leave the platform with the feeling that he not only has demeaned himself, but, what is worse, has made a fool of himself, while the audience all the time has paid the usual admission fee to see the performance. Yet bad as this is, there is a step lower in the work of platform elocution—or rather entertainment. It is where the entertainer, lacking soul power, as well as good taste and good sense, rolls off venerable jokes as a fitting equation for his share in the evening's performance.

Another feature of "*fakism*" which marks some of the readers of to-day is the generous publication which they give to the great event of having once rubbed against the garment or gown of nobility. None of our great readers in the past seem to have been anxious to appear in favor-bestowed drawing-rooms; but then of course,

LAURA M. MACGILLIVRAY.

they were simply readers, while our elocutionists of to-day add to this the undesirable gift of the *fakir*. I would rather touch the heart of a rough, tough newsboy, perched upon a back seat in one of our entertainment halls, and receive his honest and sincere applause, than the exclusive commendation of such a "conspiracy of fool's fashions, and refined hardness of heart." It is a pity, indeed, if the arts cannot flourish without being breathed upon by kings and noblemen.

What remains for the readers of this country is to grow strong and great through their own genius, studiously cultivating, along the line of honest, faithful work, the particular gifts and endowments with which each has been blessed.

LAURETTA A. BOWES.

THE CANADIAN THEMISTOCLES.

BY W. F. MACLEAN, M.P.

PLUTARCH'S LIVES: "As for moral philosophy and the polite arts he [Themistocles, when a boy], learned them but slowly, and with little satisfaction; but *instructions in political knowledge and the administration of public affairs he received with an attention above his years*: because they suited his genius. When, therefore, he was laughed at, long after, in company where free scope was given to raillery, by persons who passed as more accomplished in what was called genteel breeding, he was obliged to answer them with some asperity, "'Tis true I never learned how to tune a harp, or play upon a lute, but *I know how to raise a small and inconsiderable state to glory and greatness.*"

"Themistocles was a follower of Mnesiphilus . . . a professor of what was called wisdom, which consisted in *a knowledge of the arts of government and the practical part of political prudence.*"

* * * * * *

"In the first sallies of youth he was irregular and unsteady, as he followed his own disposition without any restraints. He lived in extremes, and those extremes were often of the worst kind. But he seemed to apologize for this afterwards, when he observed that the wildest colts make the best horses."

* * * * * *

"This [the public production of a tragedy at his own expense], gained him popularity; and what added to it, was his charging his memory with the names of the citizens, so that *he readily called each by his own name.*"

* * * * * *

"*But that which redounded most of all to his honor . . was reconciling the several Grecian states to each other.*"

* * * * * *

"At the next Olympic games [after the defeat of the Persians], as soon as Themistocles appeared in the ring, the champions were overlooked by the spectators, who kept their eyes upon him all day, and pointed him out to strangers with the utmost admiration and applause. This incense was extremely grateful to him; and he acknowledged to his friends that he then reaped the fruits of his labors." . . . . . .

"At last the Athenians . . banished him by the ostracism."

Pat as these extracts from Plutarch, the most entertaining of all biographers, are to Sir John Macdonald, it is not my intention to strain the parallel. It is only in the most general way that I would call the man, whose life Mr. Pope* has written so well and so eloquently, the Canadian Themistocles.

*Memoirs of the Right Honorable Sir John Alexander Macdonaid, G.C.B., First Prime Minister of the Dominion of Canada. By Joseph Pope. Two Volumes. Ottawa: J. Durie & Son

The Greeks as a people, more so in their public men, were the most acute politicians the world has known. We draw many of our political terms from their language. Statecraft, political sagacity, or, as Plutarch calls it, "political prudence," party strategy, were all fine arts in which they excelled. With them moral exactitude was not necessarily joined with political sagacity. But political sagacity was the one thing the Greeks looked for in their public men. Aristides the Just, the rival of Themistocles, we are told, "managed the concerns of government with inflexible justice," and, therefore, managed them only for a time, and soon went into banishment. Aristides did not possess this very complex and essentially requisite characteristic of "political sagacity." With Pericles and Themistocles it ran from every pore.

Sir John Macdonald, more so than any other Canadian, as much as any public man on the American continent, was surcharged with this political prudence. In his case, political sagacity meant a thorough knowledge of men and how to handle them, of men in the mass and individuals as they came shot out from the lot—and most of all, in having the knack of carrying on the government. A statesman, one of those who have made themselves famous, is a man not of a principle or principles, but who has an end in view, and carries on the public affairs at the same time. Another name than statesman must be invented for those men who are in public life, and make a stand for a principle. Themistocles had no great principle at heart, but he always had two ends in view, one to carry on the government, the other—best expressed in the phrase of Plut-

arch quoted above, "to raise a small and inconsiderable state to glory and greatness," and "to reconcile the several Grecian states to each other."

Sir John had two ends in view, to govern the Canadian people, and at the same time to weld the provinces into a whole. He had no great principle ever at stake. He never went out of office for a principle. But he had for rival a man who was always talking of a principle or principles, to wit, Mr. George Brown. George Brown got hold of the ideas of representation by population, of free trade, of the severance of church and state; and of these and other "principles" he was ever writing, ever talking, ever berating others for not seeing them just in the same light as he did. To all his principles, Mr. Brown imparted a moral significance, and regarded those who did not see them in his way as immoral and enemies of the public well-being. To misapply an excellent phrase from the German, he delighted in "the castigation of the moral principle." Not that his methods were much if at all superior to Sir John Macdonald's, but he was always declaiming and writing about the principles he wished to see realized, and attacking those who would not agree with him. Whoever disagreed with him, he thought dishonest. But he himself, he asked the people to think, was, like Aristides, always just.

Such a man as George Brown is not a statesman. He is not one to be entrusted with administering a state, or carrying on the goverment. Such men are much more than agitators; they are excellent citizens; perhaps of a higher type of mind, but they are not statesmen. They have their place, they confer great benefit on their fellows, and they fill a public function; they regulate and keep up to their work the men who are able and competent, by the possession of political sagacity, to carry on the affairs of the country. Sir John Macdonald, much as he might deny it, would have never been the man he was, or accomplished what he did, had it not been for George Brown. And it is just here where Mr. Pope is weak: he does not give George Brown his proper measure; he belittles him and his powers, exaggerates his weaknesses and errors. George Brown was a wonderful force, was the stimulus John A. Macdonald needed, and was heart and soul for Canada as his light went; he rendered her magnificent services, but comes not within the category of statesmen. George Brown, in a word, had no political sagacity. Nor has Hon. Edward Blake, the Canadian public man who has displayed, away and above all others, the greatest intellectual force. Mr. Mackenzie had a good deal of political sagacity, but George Brown frightened it out of him. Sir Oliver Mowat has plenty of it. His admirers imagine that Hon. Mr. Laurier is similarly endowed, because he is a parliamentarian and a finished orator, has an attractive personage and engaging manners. But none of these constitute political sagacity, though they often accompany it.

Of what, then, did Sir John Macdonald's political sagacity consist? First of all, as I have said above, in a knowledge of the Canadian people and of their representative individuals, and how to handle them. Next, in a thorough recognition of the fact that Canadians were of two tongues, English and French; of more races, Irish and Scotch as well; of two creeds, Protestant and Roman Catholic; and that in regard to race and creed, on which they were likely often to divide, they divided almost equally, and that, consequently, government was only possible on the lines of compromise, and still better realized by conciliation, rather than by the one-sided enforcement of what George Brown and William Lyon Mackenzie before him, would call a principle. Sir John Macdonald was always compromising, always conciliating, and *par consequence* always violating one or more, often

all, of the "great principles" of his storming opponent; but he was also always governing the country, carrying on its affairs, gradually accomplishing the high end he had in view —the consolidation of British North America. He trusted to time rather than to the exploitation of principles, to accomplish good for the Canadian people. George Brown stands in bronze, to-day, in the Queen's Park at Toronto, as the great advocate of Reform principles, while close beside him, also in bronze, stands Sir John Macdonald, as the founder of the Confederation. But George Brown must rank as an assistant—sometimes not even that—in his rival's great work of nation-building.

Sir John's political sagacity was best illustrated, as Mr. Laurier very aptly pointed out, in his management of his own party. "I doubt," said the eloquent leader of the Opposition, "if in the management of a party, William Pitt had to contend with difficulties equal to those that Sir John Macdonald had to contend with."

And having got this far in showing that Sir John Macdonald was possessed in a remarkable degree of political sagacity; was never an advocate of political principles, so called, but was always carrying on the government of the country by a policy of compromise and conciliation, and always working to the goal of a British North American consolidation, let us see what kind of a man he was in detail, and how his biographer has done his work.

Sir John Macdonald was well-bred, in the best sense of that term. He came of Highland stock, of people of strong, inherited characteristics, and long used to mental discipline, and of a people who had a high opinion of themselves. Self-respect is a strong Highland characteristic, but that word does not well express it. A Highlander accepts his lot, however low, but he himself pays, and expects others to pay, the highest deference to his self. His self is something equal to any other self, and may rise to any place and position, and though he is in lowly surroundings, he respects a self that for any act of his or his father's, might be the highest in the land. A Highlander regards himself of a noble line. As Macaulay delighted to tell us, it is never any trouble to him to be a gentleman, though his definition of that term is not quite of the modern Saxon significance. Sir John's forefathers were, nevertheless, ordinary Highland folk. His grandfather kept a store a hundred years ago in Dornoch, the shire town of Sutherlandshire, a town of which he was provost; his father drifted south, tried the cotton trade in Glasgow, but failed, and, like other families that we could name under similar experience, he sailed with his wife and two boys, one our "John A.," then five years of age, to try his fortunes in America. This Hugh Macdonald for twenty years passed a precarious existence as store-keeper and mill-owner in Kingston or about the Bay of Quinté. Sir John Macdonald had for a mother a remarkable woman, whose portrait shows us whence he got his pronounced physiognomy.

Here is Sir John's origin and rise, as told by Mr. Pope:

"He left school at an age when many boys begin their studies. He did this in order that he might assist in supporting his parents and sisters. * * * Life with him in those days was a struggle; and all the glamor with which it is sought to be invested by writers who begin their accounts of him by mysterious allusions to the mailed barons of his line, is quite out of place. His grandfather was a merchant in a Highland village. His father served his apprenticeship in his grandfather's shop, and he himself was compelled to begin the battle of life when a mere lad. Sir John owed nothing to birth or fortune—not that he thought little of either in themselves, but it is the sim-

ple truth to say that he attained the eminent position which he afterwards occupied solely by his own exertions. He was proud of this fact, and those who sought to flatter him by asserting the contrary knew little of the man."

Certainly Sir John could not claim "birth or fortune" in the sense used by Mr. Pope, but, as to birth in the sense of being descended from a line of people of strong and high characteristics, he could, and doubtless did, think himself the equal of any. The late R. W. Phipps used often to say: "Sir John, by his ways and looks is an offshoot of the Stuarts, the last of their line." It was mere fancy of his. Sir John had lots of breeding, as the term goes; he was never at a loss in the company of diplomats, peers, or sovereigns, indeed, seemed to be more at ease than any of themselves. Sir John had a great fund of polish and politeness, however he came by it, and the ease of a man always in high affairs and the upper world. But he never set up to be any one other than John A. Macdonald, son of the somewhat shiftless Hugh of that ilk; who had failed in the cotton trade in Glasgow, and had drifted with his family into a Canadian backwoods' settlement on the Bay of Quinté.

Sir John had a distinguished appearance. He was tall, slight, dark, with rich, black, curling locks, not of a beautiful face, but certainly a striking one. It carried lots of expression, and at times seemed to throw off scintillations of its brilliance. MacCarthy's statue, in the Queen's Park, has a squatty look about the shoulders that the old man never had. His son, Hugh John, of Winnipeg, though much shorter in stature and blonde in color, is a true copy. He has the great nose, the same style of hair; most significant of all, the same peek to the head, the same smacking of the lips. I shall never forget a view I had of them in '91, the father and son, sitting together at the one desk in the Commons, when both were members. All the world over would not produce such a peculiar cock and cockerel. It could hardly be said that Sir John had a Celtic cast of countenance, for there appeared in these pages a few months back the portrait of an Indian Chief of our own North-West who could have been the other Dromio to Sir John's. If all Sir John's photographs and portraits appear unsatisfactory, it is partly because his expression never was twice the same. Dickson Patterson's portrait of him is, to my mind, much the best. Sir John was generally very carefully dressed, loved to the last to be jaunty, and had a trick of pulling himself together when he would emerge from a car, come into a hall, or enter the House of Commons.

Sir John's habits have often been discussed. He grew up in a part of the country where and when there was plenty of hard drinking of Canadian whiskey. He succumbed like others to the temptation at times. Mr. Pope does not hide the fact, nor does he drag it forward into prominence, a thing which political opponents most unwarrantably did. He also loved to hear a broad story. But all this aside, he was the best and most exemplary instance of "a reformed man" in the last fifteen years of his life that was to be found in all Canada, and that is saying much for one who had passed through so much temptation; and like Themistocles, he could say that the wildest colts sometimes made the best horses. But Sir John's habits need no apology; political sagacity, public service, thank God for it, are shown mixed with all other traits. What a miserable world this would be if only the highest virtues went to those who had none of the little vices. How bankrupt we would be. But it is from Jove himself we get the term jovial.

Sir John had a wonderful influence over many men. They would go through fire and water to serve him, did serve him, and got, some of them, little or no reward. But they served

him because they loved him, and because, with all his great powers, they saw in him their own frailties. He abounded in the right kind of charity. And speaking of the love his friends and followers had for him, Mr. Pope dwells on the "old guard" and the old loyalty to the chief. So it was, but there were dark days also, when even those who afterwards enrolled themselves in the guard passed by on the other side. If ever there was a man in low water, it was Sir John as I saw him one day in the winter of 1875, coming out of the House into the bitter air, dressed in an old Red River sash and coat, and the old historic mink-skin cap, tottering down the hill to the eastern gateway alone, others passing him with a wide sweep. The lesson of Sir John's life is that he pulled himself out of those days and trials into higher and more solid footing. But Sir John's real "old guard" were not the men who stood with him at Ottawa, but the greater old guard who stood and fought for him in every township year after year, and to whom a call by name or a nod of the head was all the recompense they got and yet the recompense they most prized.

Mr. Pope gives us no clear idea of how Sir John maintained himself when devoting so much of his time to public life. And he strains a point in one of his foot-notes to indicate his chief's annoyance at others getting into debt. Sir John in his day had to put his name to notes and had to seek extensions, and was hard enough up at times, owing to neglect of his own affairs. And this brings me to one reason of Sir John's success: he was the one professional politician in Canada in the proper sense of that term. He devoted himself to public life and public affairs. He studied them, he fitted himself for them, like Themistocles, as quoted above. No other Canadian has done it in the same way. George Brown was a journalist, a farmer on a big scale, and at times an agitator. Sir John was never anything else than a politician. Others have devoted their time much to law as a profession, and less to politics as a side issue.

Sir John himself had leaders in Sir Allan MacNab and in William H. Draper. His conduct toward the former has been criticized, but of this I am not able to speak. Mr. Draper had a high opinion of the young Kingston lawyer as he bloomed into a politician. But Sir John as a leader thought little of his colleagues. His favorites were all followers. I think he thought as highly of Tom White as he ever thought of any colleague, and he was a much younger man, one for an old one to lean on. Sir John had a trick of "running down" in private nearly every colleague he ever had. His correspondence, such as we have seen, is of that character, and it would appear that Mr. Pope has suppressed much that is still more derogatory of others. Mr. Pope is weak when he shares Sir John's hatred of some, his contempt for others, of his colleagues and rivals. Because Sir John was unjust to Bishop Strachan, George Brown, John Hillyard Cameron, Alexander Campbell, Sir George Cartier, and many others, Mr. Pope should have avoided the same injustice. Sir John insisted on submission, brooked no rivals, kept himself strong by getting others by the ear, as many great men have done before and will do hereafter.

It is no wonder that the friends of the late John Hillyard Cameron—he has a widow, one son, and two daughters surviving him—feel outraged by the publication in Mr. Pope's book of the private letter written to Capt. James Strachan, eldest son of the Bishop, and dealing with the rising politicians of the day. The flippant remarks contained in that letter are no reflection whatever of Sir John's later opinion of Mr. Cameron. To Mr. Cameron and his extraordinary eloquence, Sir John was indebted for

more than one ringing defence on the floor of Parliament, and it was this Mr. Cameron who was the chosen chairman of the Pacific Scandal Committee. Had Sir John been alive, his consent to the publication of the letter would never have been obtained. If a second edition of the book is called for, it is to be hoped Mr. Pope will see the wisdom of excluding this unfortunate letter. No doubt he put it into print as a cook, with an insipid dish, introduces a sprinkling from the cruet stand, but he should have resisted the temptation. The letter was written when press copies of letters were unknown, nor had Sir John at that time a secretary to copy it for him. Such luxuries were unknown in the fifties. How then did this letter come to light? The reader shall know. When Captain Strachan's letters were overhauled, his executors found this letter, and sent it down to Sir John at Ottawa to show him how time sometimes changed opinions, and he desired him to burn it after perusal; instead, Sir John kept it, and his biographer, though made aware of the circumstances, and in spite of a caution to the contrary, unfortunately has the questionable taste to publish it.

Sir John has been praised for his statesmanship, and for this I, too, give him all praise. But his statesmanship was limited to two things: carrying on the government when no one else could do it and do it so well and so continuously, and forging the country together. He originated no great principle. He appropriated, however, freely from others when an opportunity offered, or when he thought another's idea would lead to or keep him in office. La Fontaine had greater and better ideas. The highest glory of our French-Canadian compatriots is the part they played, after La Fontaine's example, in working out a constitutional system for Canada, in agreeing to join together and trying to join together, in a loyalty to the constitution that has been unequalled in any other portion of the Dominion. Mercierism is but an ephemeral backwash of the great movement begun by La Fontaine, aided by Cartier, furthered by Sir Hector Langevin, and in the realization of which none of these men hold a place inferior to Sir John. Indeed, he got many ideas from them. And on another great question, where Mr. Pope would have us believe that because he quotes one sentence of Sir John's early stump speeches wherein he declared for the encouragement of native industries, he was therefore originally and continuously a protectionist, he trifles with our memories and our knowledge. Sir John was timid unto death of Protection, had to be bullied into it, led into it, committed to it by others. But when he thought it grown, he used it as a bridge to reach the power he liked to wield. And when his hosts followed over, they cried, "Behold the bridge Sir John has built." But some of us know the work to be of other handicraftsmen.

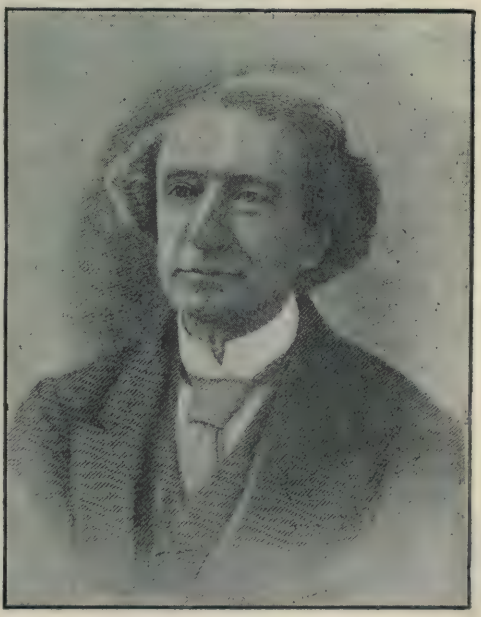
Of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the scandal in connection therewith, I shall say little on this occasion. That road is now Sir John's monument, next to Confederation. The scandal is something that can be condoned, but cannot be wiped out if we lay down a set of ethics that has never yet been realized in public life. In the language of the witness box, the money passed. Equally true also is it that the road was built. Posterity will extenuate the one in the light of the other, and pass a verdict on the two taken together. Sir John's name will come out of it with a lustre, and yet not without flecks.

Mr. Pope publishes a memorandum prepared by Sir John, and meant for his defence with posterity. The best defence of the transaction with Sir Hugh Allan was that published in the *Mail* newspaper, the day after the scandal was launched in the Toronto and Montreal papers. It was written by a man who, getting an inkling of

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, 1854.

what was coming, had rushed post-haste from Toronto to Rivière du Loup, where Sir John was stopping, to see what defence might be set up. To this trusted friend Sir John declared there was no scandal, and therefore nothing to defend. Relieved by this declaration, the journalist started back at once for Toronto. At Cobourg he got the morning papers with the scandal, and going to his office, wrote, notwithstanding Sir John's statement of his innocence to him two days previous, the only possible defence that can be offered to the affair. This defence was written without further consultation with Sir John, but in consultation with that Hillyard Cameron, who gets such hard knocks in Pope's memoirs. But politics are dotted with these incidents as a blackberry bush is in the height of its fruiting.

I have not much space in this article for a reference to that portion of Sir John Macdonald's career in which he reached, I think, the summit of his political greatness. I refer to the part he played in the negotiation of the Washington Treaty, as one of the High Commissioners representing Great Britain. Here, Mr. Pope gives us something new and something worthy of a historian, and his manner in handling the subject deserves our highest praise. His account of Sir John's conduct at Washington, his extracts from the correspondence which he wrote at that time, and his narration of the difficulties Sir John encountered in maintaining his position, all go to show the great Canadian as a man of first rank in the conduct of the highest affairs of State. While I consider that Sir John Macdonald's greatest service to Canada was his work on the foundation of Confederation, I believe that history will give him a yet higher position for the work he did in developing that new and wider field of imperial politics, which are just now beginning to burst upon the ken of English-speaking people, and to tempt the ambition of our ablest and most brilliant men. British politics as we know them, the politics of Pitt, of Canning, Disraeli, and of Glad-



SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, 1890.

stone, will yet be considered mere parish politics in comparison with the greater affairs of that new British Empire of which we are proud to form a part. Sir John Macdonald, more than any other man, has opened up this new vista, and the success which Sir John Thompson attained at Paris less than two years ago, was only possible by reason of the fact that he followed in the tracks and on the line of his great Canadian predecessor. The high imperial honors now being paid to the dead premier is a signal proof of the recognition by the authorities, and by the British public of the "Greater Britain." Mr. Cecil Rhodes, of the British possessions in South Africa, is to my mind another type of the coming Imperial British politician. He has made for himself a world-wide name, and I believe further, that it will be Colonials, and I use the term in no servile or secondary sense, who will shine with the greatest brilliancy in this new and higher field of Greater Britain. The "home" politicians, as they are called, have been slow to recognize this new territory. It is Colonials who have forced it upon their attention; and most of all was it Sir John Macdonald who first obtained recognition therein, and made it possible for others to emulate him, and even yet, we trust, surpass him.

SIR JOHN'S MOTHER.

For the book itself, we give Mr. Pope credit. It is only, as he says, a memorial of the life of a man, not the history of the rise of a country though however much they may be interrelated. He knew Sir John as he tells us, for the last ten years of his life only. But he has given us a most readable book, and a faithful portrait in many parts. If my review of it cause others to read it with the same pleasure that I have read it, I will be more than satisfied. Forcertainly the life of the greatest man our country has yet produced, and one who was among the first of his time, is worthy of the study of Canadians, and worthy of being enshrined in our memories, and venerated in our patriotism.

THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE.

(With Etchings by Frederic W. Falls.)

THE recent appearance in a leading American paper of a very interesting, commendatory and well illustrated article on our Military Educational Training School for Cadets, which it entitled "Canada's West Point," induces the reflection of how little has hitherto been published in the press of the Dominion about an institution in which we, as a people, may very justly take pride, and entertain a lively interest for its importance and practical worth. So proud are our neighbors of their soldiers' school at West Point, that every June, when an annual period is marked by the senior class graduating, and a recruit class coming in, the leading New York papers devote, through a week or more, whole columns—and well written and very interesting the recitals are, even to general readers—to the military exercises and exhibitions, *personnel* of the cadets who have distinguished themselves, the addresses made by prominent public men, and to the visitors who resort there at the time, and to the balls and parties and social events. Everything which arises in prominent connection with West Point is deemed of national importance, and excites public interest, and so becomes conspicuously chronicled. Here, in Canada, no similar interest appears, so far, to have arisen, and perhaps it is largely for lack of proper presentation and of published information—not from lack of merit of our own institution—for, as the generously presented article above referred

LIEUT. ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY: GRADUATE OF R. M. C., CANADA.

to would indicate, Canada's Royal Military College, near the head of the St. Lawrence, may, indeed, be claimed to equal (save in its equipment for cavalry instruction), in educational advantages, civil and military, in discipline and

VIEW OF PONTOON BRIDGE, LOOKING TOWARDS FORT HENRY.

manly training, that famous institution of the United States about which everybody knows, and which is so beautifully situated on the Hudson.

In contradistinction to its prototype of the neighboring republic, the Royal Military College at Kingston is an institution, the objects and utility of which, little is known and less understood by the public. Such knowledge as the public generally has is limited to the aspect of the grants made to the college—from public funds. The idea seems to have gone abroad that the college is a place where a few young fellows, who have more money than brains, play soldiers for four years' at the expense of the Canadian tax-payer.

It will, perhaps, be well, before speaking of the college as it is now, to give a short sketch of its origin, and the aim of its originators. The college owes its existence to the late Hon.

SERGEANT—ON TOWN LEAVE—OFF DUTY.

Alexander Mackenzie, and the Dominion Administration of which he was premier. The idea was to have a college where young men might be educated in military and civil branches, fitting them to become useful citizens of the Dominion in their thus acquired professions of engineers, surveyors,

A PONTOON BRIDGE.

COMPANY SERGEANT-MAJOR—WINTER DRESS.

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architects, etc., while preparing them to efficiently officer the military forces of Canada, whenever their country may require their services, which their special training would so eminently qualify them to do. Thus the Dominion would possess a staff of technically trained officers, without the expense of constantly maintaining a large staff in active service; moreover, vacancies in the active militia and civil service were to be filled and supplied from the graduates of the college.

Kingston was chosen as the site for the college on account of its central and also remarkably healthy location, and because the Government had already some available buildings there.

Colonel Hewitt, C.M.G., an officer of the Imperial army, now Major-General, and at the head of the Imperial School of Military Engineering, was the first appointed Commandant, and in June, 1876, the first batch of cadets reported at the college. This class is familiarly known

A BRIDGE IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.

among the cadets as "The Old Eighteen." For the first two or three years, two classes a year came in. This, however, was not found to work well, and the present arrangement was substituted. The college soon out-grew its original quarters, and in 1878 the present handsome building was opened. This building contains the lecture rooms, laboratory, mess room, reading rooms, offices, etc. "The Stone Frigate" (so called because the money used in erecting it, had been sent out from England in 1812, to build a man-of-war) at first afforded both instructional and sleeping accommodation, but is now fully occupied as a dormitory.

Since the college opened, about three hundred and eighty cadets have entered. In June of every year a competitive examination for candidates for entrance to the college is held in each of the twelve military districts of the Dominion. This examination is about the same as the junior matriculation examination for Toronto or Trinity University, with the addition of drawing. The candidates who pass the examinations and are admitted to the college, usually report there about the first of the following September. A week later, the old cadets rejoin. The work then begins in earnest, and the cadets have to work hard too, not only at the drills, which are compulsory, but at their respective studies, if they wish to take any position in the college, and to avoid being "plucked" at the annually recurring ordeal of the June examinations.

As to the routine of the college, the first lecture begins at

COMPANY SERGT.-MAJOR—RIDING DRILL ORDER.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE BUILDINGS.

1. Main Building. *2. Gymnasium.* *3. Dormitory.*

LIEUT. 3RD HUSSARS: GRADUATE OF R. M. C., CANADA.

8.30 a.m., and the classes work till 2 p.m., the two junior classes having drill from 1 to 2 o'clock. After dinner, there is drill from 3.15 to 4 o'clock, and then the cadets are allowed about two hours to enjoy themselves as they please, at football, cricket, tennis, and boating (amusements for which the college is remarkably well equipped), or other sport, exercise or recreation. From 6 to 8 p.m., there is study again, after which comes tea. At 10 o'clock comes tattoo, when a check roll is called, and the cadets retire to their rooms for the night. Lights are required to be out in the dormitories of the junior cadets at 10.30, while the seniors are allowed one half-hour longer; and thus ends the routine of the day. Wednesdays and Saturdays are half-holidays, the cadet being free after dinner on these days.

These regular hours and exercise do not fail to make strong, healthy young men, and it is very rarely that the hospital knows anything more serious than a cold. It has indeed been remarkable in repeated instances, how lads who had en-

tered the college, delicate-looking and small, have developed tall and athletic physiques.

The cadets at Kingston are not, as at the American Military School (to borrow the words of one of the recent military writers with reference to West Point, of which he was himself a graduate) "*immured* for four years." There are three furloughs in the year —one at Christmas, usually a fortnight to three weeks, a few days at Easter, and about two months at midsummer. When off duty, cadets are allowed to make social visits in the afternoons, or holidays, to their friends

the late Lord Houghton so well described when he wrote:

> "Blending their soul's sublimest needs
> With tasks of every day,
> They went about their greatest deeds
> Like noble boys at play."

The internal discipline of the college is to a great extent in the hands of the cadets. The appointments are made by the authorities, and there is a regular chain of responsibility from the Battalion Sergeant-Major, who is the senior cadet, down. The cadets, as a whole, are divided into four companies, each in command of a company sergeant-major, who is respon-

in Kingston, and those fortunate enough to have invitations can obtain passes till 10 o'clock, and the senior classes are allowed the greater privilege of staying out till 11 p.m.

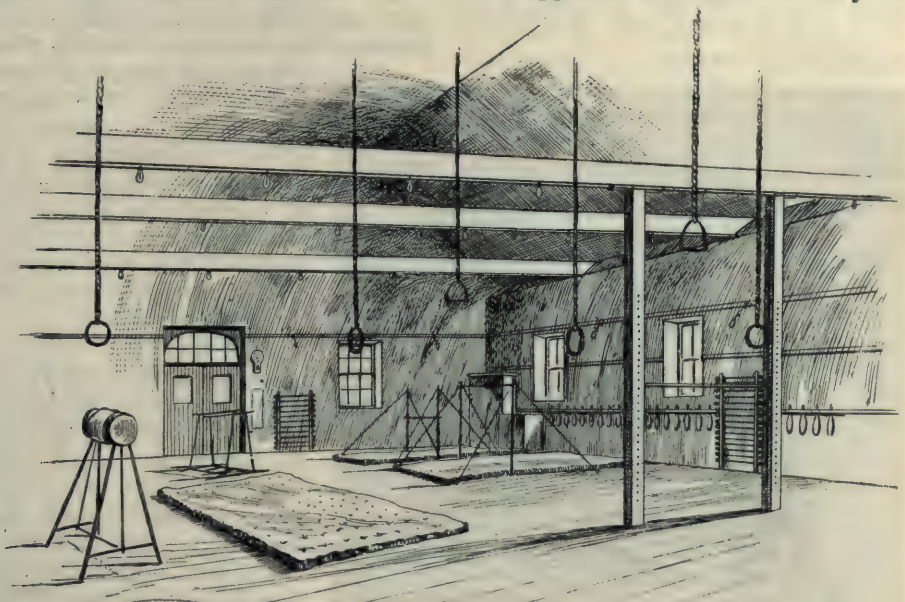
The West Point *regime* may make the sterner soldier, and perforce centre the individual in his profession, through the break, as it were, with his past ties and associations. Kingston follows more the time-honored English methods, and aims not to change character by forcing it into a rigid mould, but rather to develop what is best in those whom it undertakes to train. and it would seem to be better calculated to make such men as

sible for the discipline of his company.

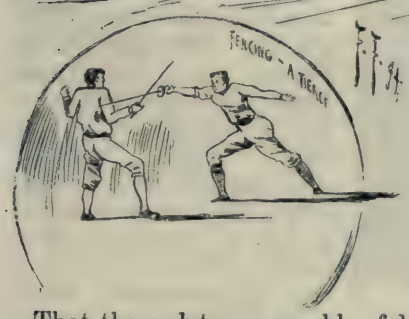
The studies pursued by the cadets are divided into two branches, military and civil.

In the first year they study mathematics, military engineering, English and French, and drawing both mechanical and freehand. The mechanical drawing course is so thorough that few cadets can pass through the college without becoming good draughtsmen. In the second year the more advanced branches of the same subjects are pursued, with the addition of artillery tactics and surveying. The third year is largely given to the advanced branches of

mathematics, in order to prepare the cadet for the scientific studies pursued in the final year. Chemistry, physics and civil engineering are also begun, and the more advanced branches of military engineering and artillery. In the final year, civil engineering is thoroughly studied, as well as chemistry, physics, mineralogy, etc.



IN THE GYMNASIUM.



That the cadets are capable of doing good work was once more proved during the past summer, when eight of them, under one of the college professors, executed for the government a survey in Quebec, which gained for them very high commendation from headquarters. It is to be hoped that this is but a first step, and that hereafter the Canadian Government will make practical use, as was the original intention, of the young men whom it has trained, by affording a greater number of permanent positions, civil and military, to the graduates of the college. It is now understood that all vacancies in the permanent militia will be filled by graduates, if possible, and this seems but common sense, for men who have applied themselves for four years to a technical education in military matters, should certainly be much better fitted for such duties than are others who, engaged in strictly civil pursuits and professional studies, whether the desire be keen or only lukewarm, have but little time for a special military course.

At West Point the cadets are educated entirely at the expense of the United States Government. This is not the case at Kingston, for although the Dominion Government is responsible entirely for the cost of the institution, and does pay the main proportion of its running expenses, there are yet fees payable annually by the cadets, averaging for each about $375 a year. This, even in comparison with other educational institutions, is mod-

erate,—although the idea has perhaps gone abroad that the R. M. C. is expensive,—for the fees, besides education, books, and instruments, include the cost of living, and the college uniform and accoutrements, so that but very little else is required from cadets, and the authorities particularly request of parents, or guardians, that but little pocket money may be supplied to the cadets.

MAJOR-GENERAL DON. R. CAMERON, C.M.G., F.R.G.S.

It is sometimes complained that the graduates of the Royal Military College go abroad, and their own country loses their services, but this only enforces the argument that those services have not hitherto been sufficiently or adequately utilized at home. Many a R M.C. cadet has gone abroad, and has made a mark for himself, and at least has added to the prestige of Canada and of her institutions. The British Government (not to go abroad, but "home") offers annually four commissions, and these are at the command of those cadets who graduate with the most distinction. These valuable prizes are in order thus: One commission in the Royal Engineers; one in the Artillery; one in the Cavalry, and one in the Infantry. An infantry commission is usually substituted for that of the cavalry, as but few of the cadets can afford the outlay required in mounted arm. There is usually quite a run of competition among the cadets for these awards, and the emulation thus engendered is highly beneficial throughout the course. Although the R.M.C. has been in existence comparatively but a few years, Canada may already point with pride to her graduates, who have won distinction for themselves in the Imperial service, and honor for their native land. Notable among these was the young Haligonian, William Grant Stairs, whose name and fame are well-known and world-wide, and whose life, alas! ended, humanly speaking, all too soon. Well might the young cadets telegraph to Zanzibar, where the expedition of which he was so prominent, distinguished and gallant, and withal so modest, a member, had returned to the coast, and awakened the plaudits of the world—"Bravo, Stairs!" Back came the simple, soldierly, but expressive reply—"Thanks, Comrades." Such names as Stairs, Robinson, Mackay, and others, live as invaluable examples to the rising generation of the young men of this fair Dominion—of "*Truth, Duty, Valour*," the college motto.

HOW I KILLED MY FIRST MOOSE.

BY C. H. GOODERHAM.

The mellow autumn came, and with it came
The promised party, to enjoy the game;
The Pointer ranges, and the Sportsman beats
In russet jacket; lynx-like is his aim;
Full grows his bag, and wonderful his feats.
Ah, nut-brown partridges! Ah, brilliant pheasants!
And ah, ye poachers! 'Tis no sport for pheasants.
Byron's "Don Juan."

I HAD long cherished an ardent desire to kill a moose, and thus to realize for myself an experience that falls to the lot of but comparatively few hunters of the present day, when at last my ambition was gratified, and I tasted some of those delicious sensations that follow a victory achieved after overcoming trials and hardships, which, however, could avail naught against a fixed and irrevocable determination to succeed.

But before relating how this triumph, which has been a matter of so much gratification to me, was secured, and the trials and difficulties that preceded and attended it, a few words regarding the moose, its habits and haunts, and the different methods of hunting it, may not be out of place.

There are three different styles of hunting the moose, termed "still" hunting, "fire" hunting, and "calling." There is another mode, which legislation has, in a great measure, suppressed, viz.: the wholesale slaughter of the unfortunate animals when the deep-lying snows of protracted winter have imprisoned them in their yard, and rendered them only too easy a prey to the unprincipled butchers, who slay them for their skins.

The finely modulated voice of the Indian is especially adapted to imitate the different calls and cries of these denizens of the forest. With a trumpet of birch bark, the Indian will mimic with marvellous accuracy the plaintive low of the cow moose, and the responsive bellow of the bull. Having selected a favorable position for his purpose—generally on the margin of a lake, heath, or bog, where he can readily conceal himself—the Indian puts his birch trumpet to his mouth, and gives the call of the cow moose in a manner so startlingly truthful, that only the educated ear of one of his own race can detect the imitation. If the call is successful, the blood curdling bellow of the bull moose is heard through the forest, whilst, rubbing his horns against the trees as a challenge to all rivals, he comes to the death that awaits him. Should the imitation be poor, the bull will not respond at all, or will approach in a stealthy manner to discover the artifice that has been practised. Moose-calling is seldom adopted by white men, the art of calling with success being rare even amongst Indians.

Fire-hunting, or hunting by torchlight, is practised by exhibiting a bright light, formed of burning branches of birch bark, in places known to be frequented by moose. The brilliant light seems to fascinate the animal, who will readily approach within range of the rifle. For my part, I do not approve of this style of hunting, and would never attempt it.

The sense of smell and hearing of the moose is very acute. His long ears wave to and fro, intent upon catching the slightest sound, and his wonderfully constructed nose carries the signal of danger to his brain long before the unwary hunter has the slightest idea his presence is suspected. When alarmed, this ponderous animal moves away with the silence of death, carefully avoiding all obstructions, and selecting the moss-carpeted bogs and swales through which he treads his

way with a persistence that even sets at defiance the arts and wiles of the Indian hunter.

Our hunting ground was located in Quebec, about 36 miles from the Ottawa River. All the necessary preparations were carefully made, one important step being the securing of Indian guides. The latter are very necessary if the moose hunter wishes to be successful, for without their aid, no matter what amount of caution he may exercise, he can scarcely hope to creep upon the game sufficiently close to secure a good shot.

Very few, if any, white men ever attain the marvellous proficiency in woodcraft of the Indian, to whom the pathless forest is an open book, which he reads as he runs to track to its death the noble animal so exceedingly sensitive to the approach of man. This gift seems born with the Indian, and is cultivated from early childhood, until he attains a knowledge that is wonderful in the art of intuitively threading the intricacies of the woods.

On the 1st November, our party, consisting of Dr. Sweetnam, Toronto, Mr. Klock, of Klock's Mills, Ont., and myself, reached the Ottawa River, where we may be said to have gained the threshold of our journey. For a few days we remained at Mr. Klock's residence, where we were made very welcome, and were treated with that whole-souled hospitality characteristic of Rocky Farm. The "Queen of Rocky Farm" was a most agreeable hostess, and altogether our stay was so pleasant that we were loth to quit such charming quarters for the hardships of camp life.

But our arrangements were now complete; and accompanied by a team and "jumper," to carry the camp outfit, we commenced our journey. The road from the river to our camping ground had been unused for some time, and to clear it required considerable labor on our part. We had to cut our way along, and to reconstruct bridges, and this work occupied considerable time, The weather was miserable. Rain poured all day long, and our journey therefore was the reverse of pleasant. Dr. Sweetnam and myself decided to push ahead, and get everything in readiness for the other members of the party. We hoped that on the way we might be favored with a chance shot at moose or deer. Although the road was blocked, we were told there would be no difficulty in finding it, so we took with us the cook, who was not thoroughly accustomed to the woods.

Evening was drawing on before we had accomplished our journey, and we met with some difficulty in making our way towards the appointed place of camp. Darkness had come, when, with sighs of thankfulness, we reached what appeared to be the camp. We were mistaken, however, and with much chagrin learned that we had lost our way. This fact was made clear when we came to examine a building before us, which turned out to be deserted. The condition of the building satisfied us, after a survey of our surroundings, that we were in the wrong camp. The old building had evidently been used by Indians or trappers, for a portion of the floor had been cut away to make a fire, and a hole had been made in the roof to permit the smoke to escape. Speedily we started a fire, which in our damp and soddened condition was very acceptable, and sent the cook out to assist the other members of the party. Within an hour he returned with the report that we were certainly lost, and that the remainder of the party had passed on about a mile from where we were. After holding a consultation, the thought suggested itself of proceeding on our journey. This, however, was out of the question, as we could not see a foot ahead of us, and the rain was still pouring down. We then decided to ask the cook to go on and inform the others that we were safe, and would remain there until morning, The cook was very

reluctant to do this, however, and made all sorts of excuses for not complying with our wishes. He pleaded with much force that the others would never forgive him if he left us alone. The actual reason for the cook's hesitancy we did not learn until next day, when in talking the matter over it came out that the previous night was All Saints' Day, and our "chef" entertained the belief that the spirits would be about, the wet, miserable weather being regarded by the faithful as most suitable for their appearance. We concluded that the spirits must have execrable taste, and that if ever our time came to roam the Quebec wilds we should select a more pleasant and agreeable night.

There was nothing for us to do but to make the best of our position. The experience was one that neither of us will forget. During the whole of that long, lonely, miserable night we sat or lolled about the fire, endeavoring to alleviate our plight by drying or attempting to dry our clothes. That night we were able to properly appreciate the meaning of an "empty larder," for we were absolutely without food or drink. As we crouched by the fire, and talked of home and the loved ones there, pictures of brightness and comfort arose before us which seemed to intensify the loneliness and discomfort of our position. Inside the hut, the flickering fire cut strange shadows, and brought into strong relief our rude surroundings. Outside, the darkness was intense. The rain fell steadily, and the sough of the wind through the branches of the trees made a strange moaning sound. A more complete picture of loneliness and desolation could not be found anywhere. It was the time and the place for telling weird stories that would set the blood curdling. But we were more prosaic, and talked of our hunting trip, and the adventures we expected would fall to our lot.

It is not a pleasant thing to be supperless. A gnawing feeling in the region of the stomach, that would not be still, caused us to wish that we had even a loaf of bread at hand for the purpose of satisfying our appetite. About midnight, the discovery of some green tea, in a tin pail which our cook had brought with him, aroused pleasurable anticipations, and for the space of half an hour we felt somewhat more reconciled to our lot. This was while water was being fetched from the river, some distance away. The tea was scarcely up to our expectations; it was pretty strong. Still it served to break the monotony. It offered something to think about, and something to do. Could our friends at home have seen us, they would have deemed our pose more picturesque than comfortable. The doctor had been stretched upon a rudely constructed seat, which had evidently served to accommodate the lumbermen at meal time. It was a log twenty feet long, and about nine inches through. On one side it was cut away, making it about seven inches in width. Legs were thrust underneath it to form supports. Here the doctor had reclined until the tea was served. The expression is perhaps unfortunate, for there was certainly nothing about the "tea service" to recall the afternoon function the ladies so delight in, when the fragrant pekoe is handed around in cups of dainty china. The difficulty was to find a dry spot upon which to dispose one's self. I was fortunate enough to secure a board about four and a half feet long, and about ten inches in width. This, placed upon the shanty floor, made it more comfortable.

The very first approach of day found us again on the road. Half an hour sufficed to bring us to the point where the other members of our party had passed the night previous, and an hour later we arrived at the spot where a number of our men, with the team, had camped in the woods and spent the night. They had fared as badly as ourselves, with the excep-

tion that they had had supper and breakfast. It was with a feeling of great relief that about nine o'clock we at last reached the camp. When we came to exchange adventures, it was a matter of doubt who had had the worst lot. The father of our party, Mr. Klock, it appeared, had started for camp shortly after we left, accompanied by one guide, leaving behind the team and men. Unfortunately the two missed their way. When near their goal, they had taken the wrong road, along which they travelled for a couple of miles, until they reached a small stream; then they discovered their mistake, but decided to follow the stream. The rain made them pretty wet, but their situation was rendered still more uncomfortable by the fact of their slipping into the stream whilst tramping along the bank. They were fortunate in reaching the camp at eleven o'clock, but in an almost exhausted condition. A good supper, and a bask by the fire, considerably restored them, and when we reached camp, tired and hungry, they were just getting astir.

The time occupied by the cook in preparing breakfast for the doctor and myself, seemed interminable. But at last we were able to satisfy our appetites, and then we were disposed to take a brighter view of things. Most people would probably endorse the sentiment of a friend, who, after hearing the recital of the night's experience in the lonely Quebec woods, said to me in a pitying sort of fashion, "And you call that fun?" Well, I do not pronounce it fun, but it was an experience to prepare us for what was to follow. The fun came later on, although it may have been of a kind that would scarcely have been relished by my friend. All that day was spent in making arrangements for our sojourn. Beds were got ready, stoves placed in position, a stock of supply wood cut, and the hundred and one details that are necessary to camp life performed. Some of the provisions brought for our use had suffered from the day and night's heavy rain, and the supplies had intermixed in a manner that was scarcely to our liking. Coal oil does not improve the taste of bread, or in fact any kind of food. The doctor devoted himself to the task of ascertaining whether the flavor was American or Canadian refined.

Eventually, everything was in readiness for our moose hunt. Some of the members of the party had gone to considerable trouble in selecting suitable hunting suits. I was given to understand by those who were hunting moose for the first time, that it was necessary to wear clothes which as nearly as possible resembled in hue the color of the trees, as the moose could see—I forget exactly what distance—and could smell a man at a distance of 500 yards. I was also informed that before lying down to rest, the animal makes a circle of the neighborhood, or almost a circle, afterwards lying down, where it could both smell and watch the point from which it was commenced. Many such stories were told me, and possibly they may all be perfectly correct. At the same time, I found that the animal did not always follow the course report ascribed to it. That may have been due to the fact that the moose I encountered had not received a proper education. Imagine my surprise, when our guides—old, reliable men, the greater part of whose lives had been spent in hunting game in one form or another, and who had hunted moose for many years—appeared in quite a different kind of dress. They did not consider the color of the dress of great importance, but they were all careful to insist upon quietness in our progress through the woods.

Breakfast was speedily over, and we were ready for our tramp by daybreak. We had discussed our plan of operations the previous night, and had decided on our different routes. At last the hunt begins. Our course takes us up hill and down dale, and through

places very difficult to traverse. Carefully we pick our steps, making as little noise as possible. We keep a continual look-out for tracks. We discover many old tracks, and are enabled to trace where the moose have been feeding. In this manner we scour the country, in search of fresh tracks, for four days, but without success, when on the evening of the fourth day, my guide Jacko points to a track. (It evokes the exclamation: "My, that is a big bull!"). But the guide, on examining the brush where the animal had been browsing, pronounces the track a day old. Our daily tramps had not been light in character. They occupied at least ten hours each day, and the distance covered in that time would average 20 miles. With each fruitless trip the rocks, which abound in that country, seemed to grow more rough and harder to scale, whilst the hills and mountains seemed more difficult to climb. And as we returned to camp wet, tired, and hungry, the intervening distance seemed to have visibly lengthened. Eight o'clock was the hour at which we retired each night, to be up before daylight the following morning.

It was 7 a.m. on the morning of November 6th, when Jacko discovered tracks which are apparently those of a big old bull. The marks of his browsing are still fresh; I can see that easily enough now. But further proof is afforded when I snap off a branch at the spot where it has been broken off by the moose, and compare the broken parts. Yes, there is no doubt the tracks are fresh. I notice that Jacko has begun to walk very cautiously, and without loss of time I imitate him He picks his way with extreme nicety, whilst, on the other hand, my tread falls every now and then on a twig which breaks and startles even myself. In spite of the exercise of every care, the branches of withered hemlock will persist in catching in my hat, and forcing it down over my eyes, then my foot catches in an obstruction and causes me to blunder head foremost through a brush heap. It is very trying to the temper, and I felt like giving vent to expressions removed somewhat from prayers, but dare not for fear of alarming the moose. I can see Jacko smile in a suggestive sort of way at each exhibition of unskilfulness. We quit the hard brushwood now, and skirt the bottom of a hardwood hill. The wind is blowing from the hill towards the swamp. There is more moss and damp ground here, and the walking is better, so that our progress is less noisy. We leave the low land behind us and ascend the hill. The wind now is right in our teeth. Another examination of the track satisfies us that it is going in the same direction. Once more we pursue our way. This time it is downward, and on reaching the foot of the hill, we trudge across the low land for some 20 minutes. Then we ascend again. Just as we reach the summit, Jacko halts and looks around. I am some ten yards behind, but involuntarily I stop too, and follow his example.

"Moose," laconically exclaims Jacko in that subdued tone of voice peculiar to the Indian.

I move to where the guide stands, and look in the direction indicated by his pointed finger. An object is there, true enough, but it resembles more than anything else the shadow of a passing cloud moving at a slow rate.

"Is that a moose?" comes in a whisper from me.

"Yes," is the almost inaudible reply, coupled with the admonition "shoot."

"Are you sure?" I ask doubtfully, but just then the shadow moves, and up goes my express rifle.

"Wait," warningly advises the guide, and then after a pause, "Now shoot."

The huge outlines of the animal are visible through the trees, and hastily estimating the distance at one hundred yards, I sighted for the heart of the beast. The 110 grains of powder made reply to my inquiry of the trigger. Stepping aside, out of the radius of

the smoke—I was unprovided with smokeless powder—I anxiously inquired of Jacko if my shot had missed.

"Run," was the guide's only reply, and I set off at a break-neck pace, and on reaching the spot where I thought he should have been, right in front of me, within ten yards, lay the biggest game I ever cast my eyes upon. I passed round in front of the wounded animal, when he raised himself on his front legs, and made a plunge to where I stood. Discreetly I moved two paces in the other direction. The noble brute presented a splendid subject for the pencil of an artist, as it stood before me, and I longed to have been able to make a sketch of him, or better still to have obtained a photograph. After another futile attempt to rise, the animal fell on his side, to await the death that was slowly but surely

HEAD OF MOOSE, SHOT BY C. H. GOODERHAM.

approaching. The bullet had passed close to the shoulder blade and into the spinal column, where it lay imbedded; I have the bullet as a souvenir. Afraid lest the magnificent head of the animal might be injured in his death struggles, I stepped back and sent a bullet through his heart.

What to do with the moose was the next question. I talked the matter over with Jacko, and explained that I should like to have the animal brought out, and sent intact to Toronto. That, however, would have been very difficult to do, I found. We were a long way from any road, whilst the route between where we then stood and our camp was very rough. Ultimately we decided to secure the animal's head at any cost, and then to skin and quarter him. We then blazed our way back to camp, taking the nearest route. As to the disposal of the carcase, the meat was left at the camp, with instructions that it should be sent over to a lumberman's shanty, about eight miles distant. Jacko undertook to tan the skin, and the head I had mounted and photographed, as will be seen by the accompanying illustration. The hoofs are being put up as paper weights.

The dimensions of the head are as follows:—Between the eyes it measures 12 inches; from tine to tine, at the widest part, it covers 4 feet 5¾ inches; the palmated parts measure 15 inches, and the horns at the skull, 12½ inches; total length of palmated part of horns, 37¼ inches; from base of horn to the end of palm, 31 inches; 15 tines on one side, 13 on the other side; 9 inches the narrowest part of palm; 28 inches around the muzzle; ears 13 inches long. I believe him to have been 6 feet 8 inches at withers, and the guides and Jacko put down the weight at 1,100 lbs.

Bear in mind that the date of this occurrence was 6th November last, and the moose was killed at about 8.30 in the morning. It was remarkable that coincident with the same event the Russian nation was thrown into mourning by the death of the Czar.

I should like to tell how I came upon a herd of moose in a thick bush. I shot at one at a distance of 80 yards, and the animal fell. Running up to within 30 yards of where it lay, I was about to dispatch it, when my guide shouted:

"Don't shoot, he's all right; shoot the other one."

Acting upon this advice, I sent four shots after the other moose, but although they took effect, it did not stop the animal's progress. We hastened after the fleeting game, and followed the track for half an hour, when, concluding that it was not hit very badly, we gave up the chase, and returned to where we had left No. 1. Imagine our surprise on reaching the spot to find that the wounded animal had disappeared. Tracks of blood indicated the direction it had taken, and from the quantity which the moose had lost, we expected that it could not have gone more than 200 yards, and that every moment we should discover it lying dead. The vitality of this cow moose was, however, most astonishing. All that afternoon we followed hot on the trail. With most incredible ease the wounded beast sped through the thickest bush, and through swamps and other places of the most inaccessible character. At times we saw where it had cleared logs six feet from the ground, a most surprising exhibition of agility in its injured state.

The afternoon began to wane without our succeeding in overtaking the huge animal, and as we did not desire to remain in the woods for another night without food, we left the trail and returned to camp, reaching it at a late hour, tired and disappointed. We were buoyed up with the hope and almost absolute certainty of discovering our quarry next day. Accordingly we returned to the trail the

day after, about noon, and followed it up till dark, when, despairing of success we abandoned the chase. I have found that in writing to many of my friends I occupied more space in describing my failure with this last herd than in relating my achievement in killing that splendid bull. I am anticipating my revenge sometime in the near future. Jacko declares that the herd consisted of six cows and one bull. I distinctly saw four moose. Was ever sportsman favored with such good luck? Here was a splendid chance—the chance of a lifetime, and yet I let it go. Next time I shall select my game and never lose sight of it until it is absolutely dead.

Before returning home, in order to prevent trouble, I secured a certificate from the magistrate that the moose was killed in Quebec.

Now for a few brief reflections on our trip. In the first place, there is no use for any man attempting moose-hunting unless he is in the pink of condition, physically speaking. The ground to be covered is such as to subject the most robust constitution to a severe trial. In the district where we hunted, steep hills and precipitous rocks abound. In spite of the natural obstacles, however, we covered a good deal of ground.

The moose-hunter must be prepared to encounter all sorts of weather. In our case rain and snow alternately fell, and in the fall of the year it is always cold at nights. The sportsman needs to be well clothed and properly rigged for hunting, with a pair of shoe-packs and mocassins.

As to camp diet, it is almost absolutely necessary that the food should be of the plainest. In this instance our fare consisted of fat shanty pork and beans, with crackers and bread, potatoes, tea and sugar. These were the substantial articles. We brought a few delicacies with us, but they proved of little service in the woods.

THE MOOSE OR AMERICAN ELK.

Alce Americanus (Jardine.)

Prof. Baird says; "It is somewhat unfortunate that the European name of this animal, the elk, should be applied here in America to an entirely different animal or deer. Much confusion has been produced in this way, and it becomes necessary to ascertain the nationality of an author before it is possible to know exactly what the word *elk* is intended to convey."

Specific character—Muzzle very broad, protruded, covered with hair, except a small, moist, naked spot in front of the nostrils; neck short and thick; hair thick and brittle; throat rather maned in both sexes; hind legs have the tuft of hair rather above the middle of the matatarsus; the males have palmate horns. The nose cavity in the skull is very large, reaching behind to a line over the front of the grinders; the intermaxillaries are very long, but do not reach to the nasal. The nasals are very short.

Habitat—Northern United States northward. Still found, though scarce, in northern Ontario.

Average size—Equal to that of a large horse.

Average weight—800 to 1,000 lbs.

Average height—5 feet.

Average length—7 to 8 feet.

Average value of skin—In the raw, $4 to $5, or 40c. per lb.

It is generally conceded that the American moose is the same animal as the Swedish elk. It is certainly the largest of the deer tribe found on this continent, and fully equals a horse in bulk.

The males are considerably larger than the females, and often weigh over a thousand pounds.

The moose varies in color according to season and climate, some being of an ashy gray, others of a darker gray, and a few, in the autumn, of a glossy black.

The extremities of the hair are generally brown or black, and dingy white towards the roots.

The young are generally of a gray-brown color, which darkens with age.

The hair is coarse and strong, and inclined to brittleness.

The males have their necks adorned with manes of stiff hairs, varying in length from five to ten inches.

Two fleshy dewlaps hang from their throats, and are covered with long black hairs. The tail is remarkable for its extreme shortness.

The legs, head, nostrils and ears are of enormous proportions, the body short and thick, the eyes small, and the upper lip elongated, thick, ponderous and flexible. So curiously constructed is the upper lip that it is generally described as being between that of a horse and a tapir. It is square in shape, and appears to be divided on account of a deep furrow in the mindle, Four pairs of strong muscles arising from the maxillaries allow of rapid and varied movement of the heavy lip.

The hind hoofs of the moose are of beautiful formation, and adorned with horny spurs, or points, which make a loud clattering noise when the animal is running.

The hind legs straddle when the moose is at full speed, to prevent treading on the fore feet.

The moose subsists by browsing, grazing being rendered almost impossible on account of the long forelegs and short neck.

The long forelegs enable the animal to reach far up into the trees and bring them down, whilst the tender branches are plucked by the huge lip and carried to the mouth. The leaves and small branches of young trees, such as birch, maple, and mountain ash, form the staple diet of the moose.

The horns are striking on account of their enormous dimensions. The young bull grows two knobs about two inches long in its first season; when a year old, the knobs develop into spikes about six inches long, and remain on the head until late in spring, when they drop off, and are replaced by long, forked horns. In the fourth year. the horns branch forward and become palmated; in the fifth and sixth years, they grow triangular, whilst the palmated portions end in points, the whole resembling an expanded hand. After the fifth year, the most perfectly developed antlers are produced, the horns not unfrequently measuring five feet from root to extremity. The horns are cast annually after the second year, in the months of December and January, but so rapid is the new growth that a complete new set is formed by the August following. As with the deer, the horns are in velvet during the summer months and are so tender that they may be sliced with a knife. When developed, the antlers not unfrequently attain a weight of sixty pounds.

The cow carries her young nine months, and brings forth generally in the month of May.

In the first and second year, one calf is produced at a birth, and after that two.

The moose suffers greatly in warm weather from flies, and most of its time is spent in the water, where it often remains for hours so deeply immersed that only the nose is visible above the surface. It reaches regularly under the water to feed on the lily roots, disappearing entirely the while, thus giving rise to the Indian belief that it can remain all day under water.

The moose swims rapidly and crosses the water from shore to shore with marvellous swiftness.

The skin is valuable for tanning purposes, but is of no value whatever in the fur trade. It is tough and enduring, and largely used for the manufacture of mocassins.

The rutting season commences in September, and during this period the bull feeds but little for days at a

stretch. He roams the forest, proud and defiant, eager to do battle with all comers. His roar resounds throughout the forest, and is answered by the wild, long call of the cow. When the rutting is over, the bull presents another appearance. He is no longer a terror to his foes, but mopes along, gaunt and lean, with head lowered, and staggering limbs. His fall campaign has told upon him, and he goes home to his winter haunts to recuperate and grow strong again.

An indiscriminate slaughter of this noble animal has long threatened the total extinction of the race, and it is probable that the time is not far distant when the moose, like the buffalo, will be seen no more in Canada.

A SONG.

Is love truly what they say
Him to be?
Would he charm a weary way?
Would he lend a brightening ray?
Would he dwell with me for aye
Peacefully?

Hath he not a lingering pain
For the heart?
Hath he not a fever'd brain,
Off'ring hopes that grow and wane,
Till our powers are wrecked and slain
By his art?

Though his form is passing fair
To my sight,
Yet his twinkling eyes declare
That he layeth me a snare,
And would take me unaware—
Luckless wight.

But I fain would try the skill
Of the boy,
I would feel his subtle thrill,
I would do his wanton will,
But my sad eyes softly fill;
Where is joy?

—Edw. A. Wicher.

THE INDIAN MAIDEN'S GRAVE.

BY MRS. TRAILL.

(Author of "Lost in the Backwoods of Canada," "Plant Life," etc., etc.)

She who sleeps within this tomb
Died of constancy alone,
Stranger, fear not to pass her by,
Of nought contagious did she die.

THE above might be a suitable inscription above the grave of the Indian girl whose memorial is here given by one who now is the possessor of the little islet which contains the solitary spot known as Polly Cow's Island.*

As the traveller enters the channel known as the "Narrows" at the northern end of the Katchewanook Lake, before entering the locks—at the village of Young's Point—the eye is attracted by a single spiral, dark, evergreen tree, which forms a striking object in the landscape. Outlined against the sky, it stands forth like a lonely sentinel as if to guard the little wooded island from intruders.

The little island should be held sacred. It contains one solitary grave—the resting-place of a young Indian girl, who bore the unpoetical name of "Polly Cow"—by which name the island is still called by the settlers at the locks.

There is a pathos connected with the traditional story of the life of the poor Indian girl, now forgotten by the inhabitants, even by her own people. She has passed away; only her grave and the name is left, and the strange verdict, "SHE DIED FOR LOVE!"

Died for love? Reader, it is an almost unknown disease in these, our unromantic days, but this is a tale of many years ago, and even the Indians' world has undergone great changes since this poor girl loved and died. Yet what little the writer of this brief memoir gleaned may not be without some little interest to a few of the travellers that may wish for information on the subject of the little island.

It was in reply to the writer's question to the aged Lock Master, Patrick Young, that the little history told of the poor Indian maiden was learned, though he confessed he had forgotten much about her in the long years that had passed, for he was but a lad when Polly Cow died.

"I helped my brother to make the coffin that she was buried in. It was but a rough one, for we had but scant material and rude tools to work with in those days."

"You knew her well, then?"

"Ay, madam, that I did, and she was pretty and good for that sort," was the ready response.

"What was the cause of her death?"

"It was the heart grief, sure, that killed the poor young thing. She died for love. That was the verdict that they all gave." "Sorrow to him who broke that young girl's heart," he added.

"And who was he, the lover?"

"He was an Indian, like her own people; but, not of their tribe. He came from the far west, we heard, and was the son of some chief or warrior, may-be, and held himself high and haughty-like."

"Polly was the daughter of a chief among his own people, who was known as Handsome Jack, and Captain Jack, and he had the control of all these waters of the lakes and Otonabee river. He was a great man—was Captain Jack, among our Indians"—and here I pause to note that I have since discovered that there is a mention made in the Indian native mis-

NOTE.—A special grant from the Government of the Dominion of Canada, to the aged authoress, Mrs. C. P. Traill.

sionary Peter Jones' Journal of a Rice Lake Indian family of the name of "Jack"—one Captain Jack, his wife and MARY JACK, their daughter. It occurs to the writer that the daughter MARY, maybe the heroine of the island, and the true Christian name has been changed by the settlers of that day to "Polly." The name "Cow" possibly owed its origin to the Indian custom of bestowing the familiar name of some animal or object that was first seen or noticed by the child or her friends at her birth. In this way many original names are lost, and a second one given and retained.

The only Indian person who could have given the writer the facts of the Indian girl's birth and true name is dead—that was "John Rice Lake," the last of the old Indians of Rice Lake. The rest of Polly Cow's history I gleaned by degrees as follows, chiefly from my old Irish friend of the Locks.

I think I hear some one say: what possible interest can any one take in the history of an ignorant Indian girl, and her heathen lover. The human heart is the same, whether it beats in the fair breast of the cultivated European or in that of the simple, uncultured dark-skinned Indian of the western wilderness.

The Indian brave or hunter—we will call him "Red Cloud"—who came from some distant encampment to the wigwam at Stony Lake, had won the heart of the pretty young daughter of Handsome Jack, and was favorably received by the parents at first. Marriage is, or was, an affair settled between the suitor and the elders of the house, or tribe—a sort of bargain, in which some equivalent is expected from the would-be bridegroom. The bride is passive in the affair. In this instance the daughter was only too willing to leave father, mother, and the companions of her childhood, to become the bride of "Red Cloud," the young hunter, whose manly attractions had won her heart. It might be she had seen him on some special occasion in all the imposing war-dress of his tribe, with the head-dress of feathers, the embroidered tunic and scarf, the fire bag at his girdle, and all the ensignia of the Indian hunter; the tomahawk, the scalping knife and the rifle at his side, or had gazed with womanly taste and longing eye at the string of shells, or antique brooch which clasped the hunting shirt of finely dressed doe-skin he wore. Poor child, for the pride of being the chosen one, she would have joyfully become his willing and devoted slave—and he her idol—but she loved too well but not wisely.

The father, whose expectations had been disappointed by the want of liberality in the suitor, drew back and coldly declined to close the bargain for the hand of his daughter, in spite of the pleading looks and even tears of his child, so the treaty ended, and the offended young brave, "Red Cloud," departed, never again to claim his weeping, would-be bride.

Alas for human love and human woe!

Possibly Red Cloud satisfied himself with the thought that Polly was too young, and that it would be more to his interest to choose a squaw stronger of frame, one who could be more helpful in building the lodge, raising the poles of his wigwam, building the birch canoe, and dressing the skins of the animals he trapped or killed in the chase. Thus he argued as he haughtily strode from the camp—never again to return.

Broken-hearted, the poor girl—she was but a child in years, in guileless, simple faith—pined in secret and in silence over disappointed hopes,

> "Too fondly nursed,
> Too rudely crost."

Paler and paler grew her cheek; the long tresses of her ebon hair were no longer braided and adorned with the gay feathers of the war-bird (scarlet tanager), with the flaming breast of

the oriole, or glossy green crest of the woodchuck.

No garlands of oak leaves were wound around her slender waist; all roughly now hung the dark locks of hair over her brow, as if trying to hide the hopeless look of despair in the sad, ever downcast eyes; she cast all bright things from her sight, she hated the light.

"She sits in silence and she weeps alone,
Pale as a hunter's day, her hope is gone."

The trembling hands, the hollow cough, told soon its tale to those who had so often noted the glad look of the youthful face, and the laugh and smile which she had ever given as a kindly greeting to the young lads and lasses when they came to the wigwam, or when they met her in the clearings. Poor girl, she shrunk from all notice, she kept aloof from all.

"She could not bear the look of scorn,
Nor pity's eye more dreary."

"How came the Indian girl to be buried on this little island?" we asked of the kind-hearted Irishman from the locks.

He said, "She used to go there during her illness, and wished, so it was said, to be buried there, and there she was buried." 'I was a young lad at the time; now I am far on in my eighties," he added, "I helped my brother to make the coffin for her, and it was a sad, strange sight, that burial; the canoes of her people were all lighted with torches, for it was at night they took her to the burial, and then they put out the lighted brands and raised the death cry "Ah-wo-nomin!" repeated over and over again, till the lone dark woods and waters gave back the wild, mournful sound.

"Was there no kindly christian prayer spoken for that poor girl's soul?"

"No, madam, no, I think not. Poor Polly was but an Indian haythen."

Over that lowly grave nature with kindly hand has spread a verdant pall. A native vine now wreathes the spot of earth which covers the remains of the poor Indian maiden, remembered only by one aged kindly heart who knew her in her youth. Even her Indian name is unknown. No one of her people lives to record it. Such is life.

Lines by Hampden Burnham on the death of the Indian girl, Polly Cow.

Hark! While the linnet sings in yonder tree o'erhead
The requiem-song of the poor Indian maid
Who slumbers in her grave; nor let your tread
Wake her sweet spirit, in the forest dim
That sleeping dreams, and ever dreams of him
Who false, as she was faithful, gave to death
Her lowly love—and the mournful wind's breath
Sighs o'er her grave, while yet the linnet sings;
For thus the heart to heart forever brings
The last, sad, tender tribute to the dead.

DECORATIVE NEEDLEWORK.

BY M. A. LEITH WRIGHT.

THE subject of Embroidery, or Decorative Needlework, treated as an art, opens up a field so limitless, both in the past and present, perhaps, also, in the future, that one feels it hopeless in a single paper to do more than touch on some of its more salient features, and consider some of the practical applications of it which are being made at the present moment.

The wide catholicity of the styles now practised and taught in the different schools of embroidery, and the numerous decorative societies, both in Europe and America, as well as the very marked originality displayed by some of them, seems to form our strongest ground for believing that the revival of the ancient but almost entirely extinct art of Decorative Needlework, may have come to stay with us; and, of course, under ever-varying conditions, influence the work of our women for at least some time to come. Of set purpose, I avoid the use of that much enduring and long-suffering term, Art Needlework, always spelled with a large A, and often so sadly misapplied; sounding in our ears, till we have grown weary, and fain to take up hemming dusters instead.

When I speak of this craft as having been totally lost for some centuries, I only mean, of course, as far as Great Britain is concerned: ecclesiastical embroidery, at least, having always existed in continental countries, as well as the domestic and national work of each country, among its peasantry.

Decorative Needlework contains within itself all the necessary elements of art—and as one of the tangible expressions of the Science of Beauty, it is strictly subject to all the laws which govern that science, whether of color, harmony, proportion or composition—just as painting and sculpture are. We may possibly only be allowed to claim for it a secondary place as regards these sister arts, but certainly our ground is sure when we claim for it an antiquity beyond theirs.

Time with us is too short in these *fin-de-siècle* days, life is too hurried and densely crowded, to allow us to spend time, labor, and money as lavishly as they did in the old days on this art, which is a craft as well. Whether our work is done merely for pleasure and relaxation, or for money, needs must be that we study the quickest, most effective ways of working out our ideas, so as to obtain the best possible effect with the fewest number of stitches—a proceeding, however, apt to prove disastrous without the needful training of the eye and the skill of a practised hand—and not in any way to be identified with haste or careless stitchery.

Some great authorities of the day do not, however, approve of this concession to the spirit of the age; notably, Mr. William Morris, in whose work-rooms the most wonderful and lovely wall-hangings, and other large pieces of embroidery, are executed, under the direction of a well-known lady; pieces, of which the whole ground is worked in the finest cushion stitch, in silk, so that not a thread of the material worked on is shown. The effect is very beautiful, and much more real and lasting than a woven tapestry—but the stitches used, varieties of the ancient Opus Pulvinarium, are so close and regular that even a practised hand can only do a few square inches in a day. Of course,

the cost of production is, therefore, very great; one piece of Mr. Morris' designing, which was worked at the Royal School of Art Needlework, South Kensington, is valued at fifty pounds sterling the square yard, and was ordered by the Hon. Mrs. Wyndham, for a bed hanging.

Last year, however, Mr. Morris' daughter made a somewhat new departure, and showed at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition in London a coverlet of hand-woven linen, on which she had worked one of her father's poems, in brown crewel, with beautiful scroll work and borders of her own design.

Among the innumerable uses now found for original designs and embroidery, coverlets, or bed-quilts, are very popular now, as they have ever been—lending themselves, as they do, to almost any kind of fabric and any style of work—from the rich white satin, heavy with gold embroidery, in solid carpet-stitch, after the Spanish manner, worked at the before-mentioned Royal School, for the Countess of Brownlow, to the homely workhouse sheeting one, with lovely natural honeysuckle in crewels, which H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg, worked for herself, to match her bedroom curtains, which were of the same materials and design. This fashion of coverlets was gaining favor in Chicago last winter, where I saw some very fine all over designs being prepared for ladies' own working by the Society of Decorative Art there.

Screens, also, either draught, or for fire-places, or the small table ones, show off good work and designs effectively, besides being extremely useful. Generally speaking, pieces of work which call in the aid of an artistic cabinet-maker to mount them prove by far the most satisfactory, retaining their beauty and freshness to an indefinite time—I mean screens, panels for cabinets, fronts for pianos, and other things which suggest themselves easily; and even work not intended for mounting, such as heavy table covers, portières, couvrettes, and curtains of all kinds, which last much longer when treated professionally, after the embroideress has done her part.

Space will not allow me to treat at length, as I should like to do, the beautiful effects we may obtain in cut work, or appliqué, as it is usually called, the old *Opus Concutum*, either inlaid or onlaid. All the most costly articles can be pressed into the service of this branch of decorating; and for curtains, table, and billiard-table covers and hangings, the richest effects are obtained with comparatively little work, and that of a very fascinating and amusing kind. Velvet on silk or cloth, in some rich design of the Renaissance, or of the more severe modern Gothic, with outlines of heavy gold cord, and worked up with gold thread, or pacsing, as it is called; or else couched in silk, and partly embroidered, will yield results, in the hands of one who loves color and harmony, far in excess of the labor or time expended.

Church needlework includes all this, and very much more, bringing into use all the ancient gold and couching stitches which make the 14th and 15th century vestments such mines of instruction and interest to any worker who is fortunate in having opportunities of studying them, both in England and abroad—all these ancient stitches being used now, as then, in working vestments, frontals, tabernacle curtains, veils, and all else of ecclesiastical use or ornament, down to book-markers and sermon cases.

The late Rev. Dr. Rock says, "The art of working with the needle, flowers, fruits, human and animal forms, and other fanciful designs, on woven fabrics, is so old that it reaches far into the pre-historic ages." We are apt to think of Penelope as being a sort of pioneer in this department of civilization; but we find embroidery

depicted on Assyrian and Egyptian sculptures, probably ages before she began her rather protracted task of weaving a shroud for her father-in-law.

But, briefly, the periods of the craft which have most interest for us, date from the time when the Phrygians worked gorgeous vestments for the Romans; from them all embroidery was called Phrygium, and an embroiderer, Phrygis; when the work was in gold, it was called "Auriphrygium," hence our word "orphreys."

From Italy the art spread all over Europe, reaching its best in England iu the 15th century. The Opus Anglicanum became very famous, and much of it is now to be found all over the continent of Europe, partly from much of it having been sent over for safety at the Reformation; so that, alas! very few specimens are now to be found in its ancient home. The finest and almost perfect piece known is the Syon Cope, now in the South Kensington Museum.

The beautiful Dunstable Pall, and that one belonging to the Fishmongers' Company, are grand examples of what is called the *Opus Plumarium*, or feather stitch; a stitch so old that it is thought that it was used in the hangings of the tabernacle in the wilderness.

After this period, the decline was very rapid, degenerating about the reign of James I., into that style of which so many specimens are to be met with in old collections; chiefly caskets and boxes, adorned with ambitious subjects, scriptural and historical—the Queen of Sheba and King Solomon, perhaps—the figures stuffed into high relief, with wool or cotton, dressed scrupulously in the costume of the existing period, with wigs worked in silver purl, or a wonderful knotted stitch—infinite trouble and ingenuity wasted on the exquisite lace stitches on their ruffles, on all the minutiae of the foregrounds the whole effect childish and grotesque beyond words. If this had happened at the beginning of English art, instead of at the end, it would have been amusing to look at now; but as it is, one finds it rather depressing, as no continental art has ever sunk so low.

Then followed tambour work, in imitation of Indian chintzes; and then we lost a glorious opportunity of reviving and bringing a fresh element into our art. The East Indian Company was just formed, the Indian trade was all our own, and we might have brought over skilled embroiderers from India, and founded an Indo-English school of decoration, which might have surpassed anything ever known. But a cruel and mistaken policy, instigated chiefly, it is thought, by the jealousy of the Broiderers' Company, not only forbade this, but shut out from England all embroidered stuffs from India, of any kind whatever. Acting on a very different policy, the Portuguese used to send out their own silks and satins, to be embroidered at Goa; hence the treasures of oriental neeedle-work now to be found in Spain and Portugal. By this action on the part of the British Government the death blow seemed to be given to our art in England, and the final downfall was soon followed by the advent of the Berlin wool pattern, which, as we know, had pretty much, though not altogether, its own way for the best part of a century. During that time, efforts were made at intervals in a higher direction, with only limited success. Early in the reign of George III., a school was started at Aylesbury, by a Mrs. Pawsey, for teaching ladies to embroider in crewels and silk, and very beautiful work was done, rather in the French style. Groups of the school, and baskets of flowers, most artistic in design and execution, in crewels touched up with silk, are to be found in many country houses. A magnificent purple satin bed, embroidered for Queen Charlotte, by Mrs. Paw-

sey, is now in Hampton Court Palace.

The name of Miss Moritt of Rokeby, is also held in honor by all students of the art of decorative needle-work; and one or two more there are, but with these exceptions it remained as *caviare* to the general, until somewhere in the later sixties, when a desire for better things than wool-work slippers, and beaded tea cosies sprung up, due mainly to the Pre-Raphaelite revival, and the influence of Walter Crane and his congeners in special decorative work, not least, Mr. Ruskin, though he has perhaps done more for the improvement of textiles by his hand industries, than in the actual direction of needle-work.

In 1872, the Royal School of Art Needle-work was founded, and has seen a glorious career ever since, both reviving and following the styles of every century, restoring pieces of ancient work almost to their original beauty, with silk and crewels especially dyed to match those changed by time, but also executing splendid nineteenth century work of original design, or from those supplied especially by architects, such as the ten sets of magnificent curtains, worked for the Manchester Town Hall, from designs by Mr. Waterhouse. Of these curtains, a most competent judge and critic said to me recently, that he had never realized, till he happened to see those curtains in their place, the possibilities in decoration of the needle, used in strict subordination to the laws of harmony and proportion.

In conclusion I would say, in all work let the design be full of intention, the stitching perfect—not necessarily labored or fine—and the materials, whether coarse or fine, the best of their kind.

I am so often asked, in regard to designs of flowers, why not go direct to nature, *copy* them with the needle, without any drawing, or conventionalizing in any way? Surely, say these realists, nature must always be right, *just as she is*. To all such one may reply, in substance, at least, in the words of Mr. E. J. Poynter:—"It is difficult for every one, and impossible for the untrained, to decide on what is true to nature and what is not. Any one can see the broad external facts of nature, but a life-time of observation is required to see its deeper truths and to reproduce them in art."

A NEW BOOK OF POEMS.

BY J. E. WETHERELL.

Additions to Canadian poetic literature have been of late both numerous and notable. In the autumn of last year, lovers of poetry were favored with volumes of verse by Mr. Roberts, Mr. Carman, Mr. Campbell, and Mr. D. C. Scott. Now comes to hand a dainty little volume by Frederick George Scott*. This is Mr. Scott's third venture on the perilous sea of letters, his earlier books being "The Soul's Quest"—a volume of verse—and "Elton Hazlewood," a novel of much merit. An author who has passed muster creditably on two former occasions, and has given promise of better things to come, cannot but pique the reviewer's curiosity when public attention is challenged for the third time. Let us look at the quality of Mr. Scott's latest work.

The first thing that strikes the attention of the reader is that Mr. Scott's is essentially an old-world voice. It is true that the poet is a Canadian, having been born in Montreal a little over thirty years ago, but hereditary influence, education, a sojourn of some years in England, and his rectorial life (in Drummondville, Quebec), all have kept his tone essentially English. There is scarcely a poem or a stanza in this book that might not have been written in England by an Englishman. Yes, even the beautiful poem, "In the Woods" (p. 89), one of the few nature-lyrics Mr. Scott has given us, might have been written by an Englishman—even the lines :—

> "and the white snow lying
> Pencilled with shadows of bare boughs above."

Although Canadian-born, Mr. Scott is too cosmopolitan to be a Canadian. Some one has wittily defined a cosmopolitan as "one who is at home even in his own country." But here we have a poet who will not even be so cosmopolitan as that. He is indigenous in birth and exotic in bloom. Even his favorite birds are the ubiquitous and clamorous English sparrows (avaunt with them !)—

> "The sparrows are my matin-bell,
> Each day my heart rejoices,
> When, from the trellis where they dwell,
> They call me with their voices."

One would like to believe that the poet's darlings are song-sparrows, or even chipping-sparrows, but "the trellis where they dwell" dispels such a kind supposition. *Passer domesticus* has a favorite place to dwell, and worst of all—he has a distinctive "voice."

Having said that Mr. Scott is quite insularly English, one has said almost the only representative thing to be said of him, and that is a venial fault, for there are more dreadful things among authors than to be bred English to the marrow of the bones. Only one is a little disappointed by the absence of all native flavor from poems which probably owe very much to native environment.

Nearly all the poems in this book have appeared during the last six years in Canadian journals, and some of them have attracted much attention. Readers of *The Week* will remember the virile and haunting poem, "Samson" (p. 4). Ah, the horror of it !

> "Day by day the mould I smell
> Of this fungus-blistered cell;
> Nightly in my haunted sleep
> O'er my face the lizards creep.
>
> Gyves of iron scrape and burn
> Wrists and ankles when I turn,
> And my collared neck is raw
> With the teeth of brass that gnaw."

And the splendid strength of it !

> "Give me splendor in my death—
> Not this sick'ning dungeon breath,
> Creeping down my blood like slime,
> Till it wastes me in my prime.
>
> Give me back for one blind hour,
> Half my former rage and power,
> And some giant crisis send,
> Meet to prove a hero's end.
>
> Then, O God, Thy mercy show—
> Crush him in the overthrow,
> At whose life they scorn and point,
> By its greatness out of joint."

Mr. Scott's characteristic quality is strength. He delights in all forms and

*"My Lattice, and other Poems," by Frederick George Scott.—William Briggs, Toronto.

exhibitions of power. This power-worship dominates his very choice of subjects. Now it is Samson, now the great god Thor, now Prometheus, now the valorous Dion, now Columbus the venturous, now the great King Solomon. When it is not a great man or a great god, it is a great and masterful thought, as in "Natura Victrix" or "In Via Mortis."

There is one poem in this volume which the reviewer implores the reader to read only when his nerves are strong and his brain is buoyant. "The Frenzy of Prometheus" (p. 34) is almost appalling in its terrific breadth of scenery and power of insane imagination. The phlegmatic reader will, of course, laugh at the gigantic pretension of it; the imaginative reader, who sees fierce old Prometheus with senses and mind and imagination reeling under age-long torture and forced and monotonous inaction, will shiveringly admire the genuine genius that could create such awful possibilities. The reader will need to beware of stumbling on his way over such a great climax as this:

"I would have all, know all. I thirst and pant
And hunger for the universe. Now from the earth,
Beneath thy rays, O Sun, the steams arise,
Sheeting the world's dead face in film of cloud,
The voices of the dead. Peace, let me be.
Go on thy way, spent power, leave me here
To reign in silence, rave and scorn and hate,
To glory in my strength, tear down the skies,
Trample the crumbling mountains under foot,
Laugh at the tingling stars, burn with desire
Unconquerable, till the universe
Is shattered at the core, its splinters flung
By force centrifugal beyond the light,
Until the spent stars from their orbits reel,
And, hissing down the flaming steps of space,
With voice of fire proclaim me God alone."

"In Via Mortis" is a poem with a very broad canvas,—too broad for effective treatment—but we can overlook weak spots in the piece on account of the abounding merit of such stanzas as this:

"I know you not, great forms of giant kings,
Who held dominion in your iron hands,
Who toyed with battles and all valorous things,
Counting yourselves as gods when on the sands
Ye piled the earth's rock fragments in an heap
To mark and guard the grandeur of your sleep,
And quaffed the cup which death, our mother, brings."

"The Feud" (p. 31), is a strong dramatic ballad. Its force and conciseness are admirable. The novelty and sense of harmony in the similitudes employed stamp the author as a true artist. What could be finer than these?—"Like the gleam of a salmon in the net,"—"Like the scream of a gull as he wheels o'er a grave,"—"As swift as the rain through the teeth of the air."

Mr. Scott's masterpiece is without doubt his legendary ballad "Thor." It is a splendid piece of flawless art, and worthy of extended comment The limitations of this review will admit of only a brief quotation. The poet has made of his myth an allegory, and this is the ethical trend which it takes:

"Not a mere shadow is sin,
Clinging like wine to the lips,
To be wiped from the mouth and the chin
After man taketh a sip;
But a poison that lurketh within.

The forces that hold back the sea,
That grapple the earth from beneath,
Are not older than those which decree
The marriage of sin unto death,
In the sinner, whoever he be."

That doctrine is a good tonic in these *fin de siècle* days of "Trilby," "The Manxman," and innumerable lesser lights of fiction.

This article must conclude with a sweet lyric of affection. The piece is quoted, not because it is remarkable for anything, but to show that Mr. Scott's talent does not run in one groove:

"The days and weeks are going, love,
The years roll on apace,
And the hand of time is showing, love,
In the care-lines on thy face;

But the tie that binds our hearts, love,
In the morning's golden haze,
Is a tie that never parts, love,
With the passing of the days.

For though Death's arm be strong, love,
Our love its light shall shed,
And like a glorious song, love,
Will live when Death is dead."

Here, then, is a new volume of verse which is sure to attract the attention and win the admiration of all Canadians who take pride in the development of a Canadian literature. Would that Mr. Scott were a little more Mr. Scott of our own.

GABLE ENDS.

HANDCAR 249.

Number 249 ?
Thar she lies by the frog,
Painted yeller an' brown
Like a blame Injun dog ;
Looks better you say,
She's ahead uv 'em all,
Thar's no han'car kin tech her
This side Montreal.

Eh ! wuz you on the gang,
When she got on thet gait
When the track got afire ?
Hol' on pard jest wait ;
Hi ! Noskay, this dude
Sez he worked on the line,
When the boys made that run
On ole 249.

Do I drink ? Well, sometimes,
I don't mind ef I do ;
Clear rye, can't be beat ;
Here's lookin' at you ;
Now I tumble ; you're him
With the tape an' the reel
On th' Ingineer's staff
When we wuz layin' steel.

Thar wuz four thousand cords
Went up in thet blaze,
An' the bush wuz like hell,
Full of cinders fer days,—
Them Dagos thet worked
In Dean Lake gravel-pit,
An their cursed smudge fires
Wuz th' startin' uv it :

Jest how, I dunno,
Can't locate th' spot
I run th' steam shovel,
An' Lord !—it wuz hot :
Nine yards to a car,
Till I heerd someone shout
" Th' woods is afire, Bill,
You'd better git out."

I got, none too soon,
An' climbed onter th' dump,
An' my boots wuz all scorched,
An' my throat in a lump ;

Then th' ties 'gun ter smoke,
An' we shovelled an' cussed,
In th' heat an' th' smoke,
Dunno which wuz th' wust.

Then th' Chief, him thet's dead,
God care fur his soul,
Comes up quiet, an' said,
" Boys, we've got in a hole;
Number seven is due
An' th' wires is all gone,
An' we've got ter stop her.
'Ere's a han'car : jump on."

Now, as you kin b'leeve
We kinder hel' back ;
War'nt skeered, jest ter git
A squint down th' track ;
An' we saw th' red flame
Shootin' out 'cross th' rails,
Fur th' cordwood hed took
An' t'wuz blowin great gales :

Then, ez you kin imagine,
Things looked purty sick ;
An' th' Chief says " Come on, lads
Play trumps or no trick ; "
An' somebody grumbled,
" One twenty a day
Fur this kind uv labor
Ain't extry much pay."

By this time the track
Buckled up on th' ties ;
Th' spikes tuk ter drawin'
An' rails gun ter rise ;
When we heerd a faint rattle
Away down th' line,
An' I sez " Fur ten dollars
Thet's 249."

An' it wuz ; we cud see 'em
A pumpin' like steam ;
When the fire blowed acrost
They wuz gone like a dream ;
But they kept her a humpin',
An' traveled thet fast,
'Ere a bad place cud ditch 'em
T'wuz over an' past.

They come in breathin' hard,
No wind left ter speak,

We cud see whar the flame
  Tuk one cuss in the cheek;
They had stopped number seven,
  What we dassent do,
Grabbed ole 249
  An' hed hustled her through:

Then th' boss sorter smiled
  In a quiet sorter way,
An' says "Thet'll do, lads,
  Won't need yez ter day;"
An' we went; kinder pleased,
  An' yit kinder mad,
Fer he meant t'would ha' bin
  A bad job ef he had.

So thar she stands now
  In her brown yeller paint,
An' the lef hin' wheel flat
  Like a varnished up saint.
You jest bet she kin travel
  Jump up; an' thet's all
Fer ter shew thar's none like her,
  This side Montreal.

—ALAN SULLIVAN.

CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

The following epitaphs were copied by the writer's father many years ago from burying places in various parts of Great Britain and Ireland, and some of them appear in print probably for the first time.

This is from a stone in Dalkeith churchyard, Scotland:

["On Margaret Scot, who died at Dalkeith, in Scotland, 14th February, 1748, aged 125 years."]

Stop, passenger, until my life you've read;
The living may get knowledge from the dead.
5 times 5 years I lived a virgin life,
10 times 5 years I was a virtuous wife,
10 times 5 years I lived a widow chaste,
Now tired of a mortal life I rest.
I from my cradle to my grave have seen
Eight mighty kings of Scotland and a queen;
Four times the commonwealth I saw,
Four times the subjects raised against the law.
Twice did I see old prelacy pull'd down,
And twice the cloak was humbled by the gown;
An end of Stuart's race I saw, nay more,
I saw my country sold for English ore;
Such desolations in my days have been,
I have an end of all perfections seen."

Epitaph in Ireland:

"Here lies Pat Steel, that's very true;
Who was he? What was he? What's that to you?"

In Aldine church:

"Here lies Sir John Trollop
  Who made these stones to roll up,
When God Almighty took his soul up,
  His body went to fill this hole up."

At Nettlebed, Oxfordshire:

"Here lies father and mother and sister and I;
  We all died in the short space of one year.
They be all buried at Wimble except I,
  And I be buried here."

In Bury St. Edmund's, Suffolk:

"Here lies Jane Kitchen,
  Who when her glass was spent,
She kicked up her heels
  And away she went."

In Islington church-yard:

"Pray for the soul of Gabriel John,
Who died in the year sixteen hundred and one,
Or if you don't, it is all one."

In Pulleyn's church the following is given as the epitaph on a libertine:

"Here lies the vilest dust of the sinful wretch
  That even the devil delayed to fetch,
But the reader will grant it was needless he should,
  When he was coming as fast as he could."

Epitaph:

"Andrew Thompson lieth here,
  Who had a mouth from ear to ear;
Reader, tread lightly on his sod,
  For if he gape, you're gone . . . . ."

At Thetford church is the following:

"My grandfather was buried here,
My cousin Jane and two uncles dear;
My father perished with inflammation in his thighs,
And my sister dropped down dead in the Minories;
But the reason why I'm here interred, according to my thinking,
Is owing to my good living and hard drinking.
If, therefore, good Christians, you wish to live long,
Don't drink too much wine, brandy, gin, or anything strong."

A blacksmith's epitaph at Ipswich, Suffolk:

"My hammer and anvil I have declin'd,
My bellows, too, have lost their wind,
My fire's extinct, my forge is decayed,
And in the dust my vice is laid."

Epitaph on an ignorant sot:

"Five letters his life and his death will express—
He scarce knew A.B.C., and he died of X.S."

Epitaph in West Grinstead churchyard:

"Vast, strong was I, but yet I did die,
And in my grave asleep I lie;
My grave is stoned round about,
But I hope that God will find me out."

Epitaph copied from a grave stone in the church-yard of St. Philip's Norton, on James Burnett, who died, aged 85, in 1818:

"Since all that's mortal turns to dust,
Reader, be humble and be just;
'Twill ease thy mind of anxious care,
And soothe thy passage God knows where."

Epitaph on a soldier:

"Death billeted me here, awhile for to remain,
And when the trumpet sounds I'll rise and march again."

Epitaph at Coomb Martin, Devon:

"Here lies John Swab, of this town, leaving six young children and a disconsolate widow, who carries on the business as usual, at the sign of the sugar loaf, where great bargains continue to be had, particularly in linen and snuff."

Here is another epitaph:

"Here Nellie Griggs is free from her labors,
Who was a great deal better than most of her neighbours,
She was not so drunken as Farmer Hale is,
Nor half such a swearer as Thomas Ballis;
She did not, like Dame Smith, grudge her dog his bonesis,
And was far more pious than Parson Jones is."

The following is copied *verbatim et literatim* from the church-yard at Ercall-Magna, near Wellington, Salop:

"Elizabeth; the wife of Richard Backlamb, passed to eternity on Sunday, 21st May, 1797, in the 71st year of her age."

"Richard Backlamb, the ante-spouse uxorius, was interred here 27th January, 1806, aged 84."

"When terrestrial all in chaos shall exhibit effervescence,
Shall with beaming beauteous radiance thro' the ebullition shine,
Transcending to glorious regions beatifical, sublime,
Human power, absorbed, deficient to delineate such
Effulgent lasting sparks,
Where honest plebeians ever shall have precedence o'er ambiguous great monarchs."

PHILIP LAWDESHAYNE.

Toronto.

OUTCLASSED.

I used in my bygone times to think
That of all the fiends I knew,
The worst was the miscreant who says—
"Is it cold enough for you?"

But latterly I've met a wretch
Who's viler altogether,
The chap who says, with a grin inane,
"It's seasonable weather."

For the merry spring brings glad surcease
To the "cold enough" villain's crime,
But the "seasonable weather" fiend
Is with us all the time.

P. T.

TIMELY.

"I bring a sonnet on balmy spring"
Said the poet. "Ere April's prime
I have hastened my tribute of verse to bring,
In hopes it will be in time."

"Too late, too late," the editor said,
"You should'nt have been so slow,
Our vernal warblings were all in hand
A couple of months ago."

The poet smiled with a smile serene,
"You have misunderstood, that's clear;
When I spoke of being in time, I meant,
Of course, for the spring—next year."

P. T.

A BIRTHDAY NOTE.

Born when birds—whose gladsome song
Rang through all the Summer-time,
Gather'd in a chattering throng—
Take their flight to warmer clime,
Thou their place dost more than fill,
Bringing into cold, dark days
Warmth, that naught avails to chill—
Light, and music's richer lays.

When the swallow and the thrush
Leave the barn, forsake the bush;
When the snow, with shimmering veil,
Hides departed Autumn's trail;
Seated in the ruddy light
Of the hearth fire's flickering blaze,
While thy fond look, touch and voice,
Make my full heart cry "rejoice!"
Sweeter is the Winter's night
Than lone Summer's loveliest days.

Speed the birds! Watch the trees fade
From the rosy to the sad;
Bind upon the river's breast
Her white armour; drop her crest
On the fir-top; case in mail,
Diamonded and glistening,
Leafless branch and twig, and bring
Icicles whence dripped the spring,
Let the bleak wind mourn and wail,
Scream and shriek as grows the gale,
Spitting sleet, and hurling hail!
Thou art sunshine, and thy love
Warmer than the Summer glows,
When 'tis cloudless blue above,
And earth's strewn with apple-blows.

"ORAC"

LI HUNG CHANG.

BY PROF. JOHN J. MC CARTHY.

THE Viceroy Li Hung Chang is the real head of the Chinese Government. The strong determination in his face, is in

rather striking contrast to the few pictures of the young Emperor which have reached the public. These show him to be a young man of an amiable, though weak, disposition, which, in view of his life and education, is not a matter of wonder. He leads an entirely artificial existence, surrounded by wily courtiers, and excluded from any participation in the life of his people, or, for that matter, in genuine life of any kind. He has tutors, valets, and everything that luxury and unlimited resources can supply, but he has no real knowledge of life; even when he gives an audience to a foreigner, or to a petitioning subject, it is in the presence of his Viceroys, of whom Li Hung Chang is the foremost. This old man of Chilih, is not only a Viceroy, but occupies the same place as Roseberry does to-day, Premier of a great empire. Li Hung Chang was born in the Aun-Hei province on the 16th of February, 1823. He is not a Manchu, like the present Emperor, but a full-blooded Chinaman, and it is said that any disturbance looking to a restoration of the native line would bring Li Hung Chang close to the throne, despite his age. He is 71 years old, and his chances are probably aided by the fact that he is the head of an army of 30,000 men who have been drilled by foreign officers. In 1860, when he was Governor of the Thiang-Sin province, he assisted Col. Gordon in suppressing the Taeping rebellion. Later, the other Thiang province was added to his rule, and he was created Viceroy of the united countries in 1865. A year later, he was made Minister Plenipotentiary, and in the following year became Viceroy of Hong Kuang In 1868, he became Grand Chancellor. He permits coal mining and coast steamer traffic to be carried on by the English, and the fact that he is thought to be favorable to railroads is quoted as another instance of his broadminded views. He has also founded a steamship line, and is favorable to European exploitation of China. He represents the progressive party in China, and his introduction of the telegraph, machinery and European industrial methods has been accomplished with the greatest opposition from the mandarins of every degree. The Emperor, whose name is Kuang Hsü, is still young —about 23. The young Emperor is known by sight to very few people, for he cannot appear in public, and when he goes abroad it is usually in a close sedan chair, with guards along each side of the road to prevent intruders from gazing at his sacred person. He lives in a great palace, surrounded by a wall through which nobody but the court officials ever penetrate without special permission. He learns as much of what goes on in his empire as the Viceroy sees fit to tell him. He is of frail physique, and in very delicate health, and the life of the palace is said to be such that it would be possible to remove him without any real knowledge of the affair ever becoming public. His 23rd birth-day anniversary took place on Aug. 15th, and was celebrated on a scale of magnificence which is impossible to understand. There is no law of hereditary succession to the throne, but it is left to each sovereign to appoint his successor from among the members of his family of a younger generation than his own.

BOSTON, MASS.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTES FOR JANUARY.

As was the case in December, Jupiter will be the most conspicuous stellar object in the night sky during January. Having come to opposition on the 22nd of December, this planet will throughout January be visible practically all night long. Not even excepting Saturn, Jupiter (with his belts, spots and ever-circling moons, easily observed in telescopes of moderate power), is without doubt the most interesting of the planetary bodies. During January there will be a ceaseless train of phenomena, of which some of the most noteworthy may be mentioned. January 2, at 9 57, Satellite I. will commence to transit the planet's disc, and be followed at 10.14, by this moon's shadow. On the 3rd, at 8.56, Satellite III. will transit, and be followed by its shadow at 10.10 ; the transit will last until 11.45, but the moon's shadow will remain visible until 1 a.m., on the 14th. As a rule, the satellites become visible, even in good telescopes, after they appear to get well in on the planet, but III. is occasionally an exception, crossing Jupiter like a spot as black as its own shadow. Whilst one watches these phenomena, one may form some conception of the appearance, from a distant point, of our own moon's shadow, flitting over the earth's surface during a total eclipse of the sun, for each transit of a satellite across the face of Jupiter, so far as the central track of the shadow of the satellite is concerned, occasions a total eclipse of the sun. On the 7th, at 10.23 p.m., Satellite III. will, in passing on the further side of Jupiter, as seen from the earth, disappear, first behind the planet and then into the planet's shadow, and be lost sight of until 2.46 a.m., when it will reappear like a dim, brown ball, gradually brightening as it emerges from the penumbra of the shadow into the sun-light. On the 9th, after 6.13, Satellite II. and its shadow may be visible on the planet. II. sometimes transits as a black spot ; the satellite will emerge from the disc at 7.56, and the shadow will follow at 8 51. On the 11th, Satellite I. will transit at 8.23, and be followed by its shadow at 8.54. On the 16th, at 7.37, Satellite II. will transit ; shadow following at 8.50. On the 21st, satellite III. will disappear behind Jupiter at 5.05, and reappear from occultation at 7.54, only to disappear again into the planet's shadow at 8.02, where it will remain eclipsed until 10.48 ; for some minutes prior to complete eclipse, and prior to reappearance, the moon may be visible as a brown ball. On the 25th, Satellite III. will transit at 6.58, and actually leave the planet 22 minutes (or at 9.47). before its shadow becomes apparent ; this shadow will be visible until 1.04 a.m. On the night of the 25th, also, and for the first time in two years, the shadow of Satellite IV. will make a transit of Jupiter visible from the earth, its passages during that period having been either above or below the planet. This transit will commence at 5.39, and end at 6.46. On the 28th, Satellite III. will be occulted by the planet at 8.32, and reappear at 11.22, and disappear by eclipse in Jupiter's shadow at 12.03 a.m., reappearing at 2.50. During the month there will be many other interesting phenomena.

The positions of the other planets are scarcely noteworthy. Mars is rapidly passing over to the west, and becoming so distant that surface detail is being lost in the telescope. Venus is working her way to her best position as an evening star, and Mercury is behind the sun.

On New Year's night, the moon will, at 8.21, occult Phi Aquarii, a 4th magnitude star. If the conditions be favorable, this phenomenon should be easily visible in an opera glass. On the evening of the 12th, Y. Cancri, 4th mag., will also be occulted. On the night of February 3rd, commencing at 9.18, and ending at 9.53 the less than half-moon will occult five members of the Pleiade group. With a fine sky, this event should prove to be one of the most interesting of the year, as these stars will apparently be blotted out of the heavens by the dark edge of the moon.—G E.L.

BOOK NOTICES.

Christian Creeds and Confessions. By G. A. GUMLICH, Ph. D., translated from the German by L. A. WHEATLEY. New York, London, and Toronto : Funk & Wagnalls Co.

This volume presents in brief, concise style the leading characteristics, or rather the leading differences, in the creeds of Christendom, including those of the smaller sects. Of course, the differences between Roman Catholics and the larger Protestant bodies receive much attention. The work does not discuss the various differences set forth, but simply presents them with their historical settings. The author, while evidently viewing matters largely from the point of view of his own church, preserves in great measure the attitude of an impartial writer. The volume will prove of interest to all who wish to learn briefly the distinguishing features of the many churches of Christendom.

Benedicta's Stranger. London : The Religious Tract Society. Toronto : The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.

This is a short and simple story, well written, and calculated to interest young people.

Isabella of Castile. By MAJOR GEN. O. O. HOWARD, U. S. Army, with illustrations by F. A. Carter. New York, London and Toronto : Funk & Wagnalls Co.

The revived interest in all that relates to Columbus and his associations makes the volume a most timely one. The author, Major General Howard, who has within the past few months resigned his official duties, amidst general expressions of regret by the press of the United States, has worthily dealt before with historical subjects. If his style is not so felicitous as that of several other historians of the day, it must be said that the broad human nature, the charity which makes allowance for the individual surroundings which bias the views and actions of darker ages than our own, and the enthusiasm with which the author enters into the history of his heroes and heroines, and the highly moral and religious vein which he shows in judging events, give his writing a flavor which the reader will appreciate The subject matter of the volume, it need scarcely be said, is of remarkable interest. Isabella's wars with the Moors, and the final extinction of Saracen dominion in Spain, are described with the pen of a soldier. And fully does the author show his admiration for the noble queen's bravery and political aspirations, and for her constancy to Columbus in the tedious delays and terrible discouragements which marked his attempts to achieve his great life purpose. The volume is well illustrated, not only in its full-page cuts, but in the beautiful marginal designs which give glimpses of life in Spain.

Oliver Goldsmith. A selection from his works, with introduction, by E. E. HALE. New York, London, and Toronto : Funk & Wagnalls Co.

This book, which is well printed and well bound, will be appreciated by the many who know Oliver Goldsmith only through his two most famous productions "The Deserted Village," and "The Traveller." In moderate compass, and with good taste, a fuller glimpse is given of the versatility and grace of a writer who, perhaps more almost than any other of the writers of last century, has found a place in the affections of the English-speaking peoples.

Selected Essays of Joseph Addison. With an Introduction By Prof. T. WINCHESTER. New York, London, and Toronto : Funk & Wagnalls Co.

"To read Addison's best papers is to take a lesson in good manners as well as in good literature," says Prof. Winchester in his introduction to these selections, and perhaps that is the best apology that could be made for this volume of less than 200 pages. When the *Spectator* is so common a work in private families, the making of a selection from its pages seems almost useless. Still, it must be said that the selections made in this little volume from the "Spectator," "Tatler" and "Guardian" are made with excellent judgment, though perhaps they will add little to a better knowledge of the inner life and of the elegant diction of Addison.

Ninety-Five. A Calendar with selections from Canadian writers, and drawings by members of the Toronto Art Students' League. Toronto : Toronto Art Students' League, 75 Adelaide St. East.

To those who love art, this little publication, which follows several other annual ones of like nature, will be welcome. The poetic selections, which are from W. W. Campbell, Bliss Carman, Duncan Campbell Scott, Pauline Johnson, Lampman, Roberts, and other Canadian writers, are chosen with reference to the particular seasons of the year, and are beautifully illustrated by etchings. The issue seems to be superior to previous ones, and is altogether most creditable to the League and to its President, under whose direction the calendar appears. In paper and printing too, the calendar is all that could be desired.

TIRED OUT.

From a painting by W. A. Sherwood.

THE
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SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF THE EARL OF LYTTON.

BY GEORGE STEWART, D.C.L., LL.D.

THE author of *Lucile*—poet, statesman and diplomatist—was, in private life, a most charming man. His manner was engaging. He was frank and sympathetic. Travel, and a public career abroad, had done much for an impressionable nature. He was a good linguist, and familiar with the literatures of Spain, France, Italy, Russia, and the far East. In an unobtrusive way, he drew, in conversing with his friends—and he was a very agreeable talker—on the vast resources of a mind which much reading and observation had enriched. A Tory of the old school, he was, at times, apt to take a gloomy view of things, and to imagine that his country was losing her status among the nations. But of his sterling patriotism there never could be any doubt. Of course, the Irish Question distressed him, and he could never be brought to feel that from the establishment of Home Rule peace would come and the difficulty of centuries would cease. In looking over a packet of letters which he had written to me, a few years ago, in which he discussed, in a brief way, the questions of the hour, I thought, perhaps, that his opinions might be fouud interesting, even at this date, for matters have not materially changed since they were put on paper. The Irish Question and Russia's attitude in the East are still engaging public attention, and there is yet much left to say before those problems can be solved. I have selected five of these letters, written so unreservedly, from Lord Lytton's delightful home at Knebworth, where the author was occupying his leisure hours in writing the biography of his father and completing, in six books, the beautiful poem of *Glenaveril*, which, however, the public did not accept with the readiness with which *Lucile* was welcomed and is still received.

This letter, dated 6th April, 1885, refers to India's financial and military position—a subject on which the exviceroy of that great empire could speak with the voice of authority. It also deals the British Government a blow on the Soudan episode and the Empire's relations towards Russia.

"KNEBWORTH, 6 April, 1885.

"Very many thanks for your information about the publication of English books in Canada. The monopoly of the American reprints is, I see, unassailable.

"Things are continually looking very black with us. The condition of Ireland does not seem to improve;

nor do I think there is any chance of its improvement. It is difficult to understand the practical object for which our Government is still fighting in the Soudan, after it has surrendered (with the assent of Parliament), to the European powers, all possibility of predominant English influence in Egypt. As regards our relations with Russia, my impression is that, after a good deal of talk, the Russians will quietly remain where they are upon Afghan territory, and that the English Cabinet will then discover numerous reasons for persuading itself and the country that this is the most satisfactory solution of the matter. The fact is, we are quite isolated in Europe, and in spite of the swagger in our press about India springing to arms, the Russians must be well aware that our Indian army is too weak even for its functions as a permanent peace garrison, and that the finances of India cannot support a great increase in her military expenditure. The only satisfactory event of this year has been the offer of military assistance from the Colonies, which has, I really think, been gratefully appreciated by the Home public.

"Can you tell me anything of the reported revolt *chez vous?* I understand nothing about it.

"Yours very truly,

"LYTTON."

The next letter, which is exceedingly valuable, gives us the key to the gravitation of the moderate Liberals to the Conservative camp which practically ended in the formation of the Liberal-Unionist party—an organization still strong and influential in Imperial politics. The situation in Scotland over Church Disestablishment, the anarchy developing in the Liberal party, and the position of the agricultural laborer, and his possible future, are touched on in a most clear and convincing manner. The agricultural laborer, Lord Lytton thought, would ultimately land in the Radical Camp.

"KNEBWORTH, 12 July, 1885.

"I have to thank you for your letter of the 13th, and the very interesting packet of maps which accompanied it. I should have done so sooner, but that I only returned from the continent in the thick of the late ministerial crisis which has been pregnant with prolonged preoccupations. The mind of the multitude must always be a mystery, and no one can predict, with any approach to certainty, the result of the next general election. But my own impression is that the new ministry, which has started well, and is gaining ground daily, has a very fair chance of longevity. The anarchy in the Liberal camp is profound, and the no longer reconcilable differences between Whigs and Radicals render impossible, in any case, a revival of the late Gladstone cabinet, or the replacement of the present cabinet by one of similarly composite character. The moderate Liberals are beginning to perceive that their support of the Salisbury administration offers the only chance of rescuing the country and themselves from an ultra-Radical régime, of which they are seriously afraid, and which would certainly destroy the last remnant of their influence as a political party. The gravitation of this large section of the Liberals towards the Conservative camp has already begun, and you will find the first public indication of it in the Duke of Argyll's speech of last Friday. In Scotland, which has hitherto been the Liberal stronghold, the Liberal party is menaced with disruption on the Church Question. Most of its candidates are committed to the disestablishment of the Scotch church—a very powerful body which commands a majority in almost every Scotch constituency, and if this question comes to the front at the election, I think it not improbable that the Conservatives will carry every Scotch

seat. It is difficult to guess how the new agricultural voter will go. My impression is that in Scotland his vote will be mainly Conservative, and in England, mainly Radical. Eventually, I do not doubt that the agricultural laborers will constitute a distinct accession of strength to the Radical party. But I do not think they are yet sufficiently organized for their vote to tell much one way or the other on the result of the next election. In the large towns, Conservatism is certainly growing. And if, between this and next November, Lord Salisbury can effect an appreciable improvement in the condition of our foreign relations, I think he is not at all unlikely to secure a majority in the next Parliament. But all these calculations may be upset by the failure of the very hazardous experiment on which the new Cabinet has ventured by its decision not to renew the Irish Crimes Act.

"Yours very sincerely,

"LYTTON."

In the letter which follows, we have a very fair portrait of that brilliant, original, but erratic statesman, Lord Randolph Churchill. His career has justified Lord Lytton's words. Office was irksome to him, and the "big herd of tame elephants" failed to sweeten a life which constantly chafed under restraint. In this letter also, we get a word or two about *Glenaveril*, which was then progressing, and a line about the author's life of his father, two volumes only, of which, however, were ever published—a positive loss to the biographical literature of our time, for every chapter betrayed good work. It will be remembered that in 1885, Lord Lyons, once Minister at Washington, which Sir Julian Pauncefote describes as one of the most beautiful cities in the world, was British Ambassador at Paris. Failing health prompted some of his friends to say that he would likely retire from that responsible post, at an early day, and Lord Lytton was mentioned as his possible successor. There was really no truth in the rumor, at that time.

In 1854, Lord Lytton was attaché at the Embassy at Paris, and after a career at the Hague, St. Petersburg, Constantinople, Vienna, Copenhagen, Athens, and Lisbon, he returned to the French Capital, in 1872, as Secretary of the Embassy. Lord Lyons died in office, December 4th, 1887, and the Salisbury Government immediately appointed Lord Lytton to succeed him. The latter died at Paris, in 1891.

"KNEBWORTH HOUSE, STEVENAGE,
"13 Aug., 1885.

"Many thanks for your letter of the 31st July.

"In all you say about our political situation at home, I generally agree. Lord Randolph has conspicuous ability, without much ballast. Office, however, is a great soberer, and at the India office, he is surrounded by a big herd of tame elephants, who, I hope, will keep him straight on Indian affairs. His budget speech was a very able one, tho' its condemnation of Lord Ripon's financial administration —which was fully deserved—would, I think, have been more effective had the tone of it been less personal.

"Will Riel be hanged? There was no truth in the report you heard about my succeeding Lord Lyons, whose term of service is not yet expired.

"I think the 3rd and 5th books of *Glenaveril* will probably please you better than the two first.

"I have been much interrupted in the completion of my biography of my father, and have not yet published any more of it. I start next week for Switzerland with Lady Lytton.

"Yours very truly,

"LYTTON."

In the letter, dated September 29th, there is a pleasant and touching allusion to the author's firm and unvarying friend, Archdeacon Farrar,

who was my guest during his stay in Quebec, but it deals mainly with the Irish question, and shows the trend of Conservative public opinion regarding local self-government in Ireland, and the possible consequences of such a step. On this topic, Lord Lytton held very strong and pronounced views. His presentation of the situation, at that period, based as it is on the standpoint of party, is most instructive and full of interest. The allusion to *Chansons Populaires* may not be understood in the United States. The book is a collection of songs in the French language, sung in Quebec province, principally borrowed from old France, and collected by Mr. Ernest Gagnon. Lord Lytton, in a later letter, again expressed his delight at receiving the volume :—

"KNEBWORTH HOUSE, STEVENAGE,
"Sept. 29, 1885.

"Many thanks for your interesting letter of the 5th September, which reached me amongst the glaciers of Bel Alp. I am greatly pleased with what little I have yet been able to read of the volume of *Chansons Populaires* you have so kindly sent me.

"Pray, if he is still with you when you get this letter, remember me most affectionately to Archdeacon Farrar. I sincerely trust that he will not only enjoy his visit to Canada, but gain by its refreshment from the fatiguing effects of the incessant work of all kinds to which his life at home is so actively and conscientiously devoted.

"We are here awaiting, with a curiosity more or less anxious, the result of the coming election, and whatever may be the result of it, its character seems likely to resemble that of the elections in France, where it is anticipated that the Opportunists will be left without any *locus standi* between the avowed Conservatives and the advanced Radicals. The Irish policy proclaimed by Mr. Chamberlain seems to me to go to a point which, if reached, would render the union so intolerable that it could not be much longer maintained.

"I have always thought that there is one form of Home Rule which would be even worse than Irish independence, and that is a local government for Ireland which would systematically oppress the Protestants and the landlords, and yet constitutionally empowered to call upon the whole force of the United Kingdom to back it up in all its measures.

"The Bulgarian revolution has made a splash in very turbid and dirty waters, which, if the diplomatists fail to prevent their overflow may throw the whole of Europe into a considerable mess.

"With kind regards to Mrs. Stewart,
"Yours truly,
"LYTTON."

The fifth letter has a remark on my monograph on Count Frontenac, twice Governor of Canada, under the French *régime*, and an appreciative note about Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, whose satisfactory mission to Washington, as chairman of the Fisheries Commission, will be remembered. The treaty which resulted from this conference was signed in 1888. Lord Lytton discusses the political condition of things in Ireland, as usual, and praises unstintedly the ability, fearlessness and firmness of Mr. Balfour, then beginning a career which has placed him in the front rank of Conservative statesmen. Lord Lytton writes forcibly of the events of the day, as he understands them, and events have, in some measure, sustained his predictions.

"KNEBWORTH, 26 Oct., 1887.

"I must apologize for not having sooner thanked you for your letter of the 27th August. But I wished before doing so to read the monograph on Frontenac, which you were so good as to send me with it. I was absent when the monograph reached Knebworth, and did not return here till some weeks later. During my ab-

sence, the monograph was unluckily mislaid, and my repeated search for it was ineffectual till this morning, when a fortunate chance revealed it under a heap of papers I was about to burn. I have read it with a curiosity all the livelier because I know next to nothing of the history of the French in Canada, and I have found it exceedingly interesting. In their rivalries beyond the bounds of Europe both France and England seem to have been at all times equally incapable of appreciating and adequately supporting the greatest men these rivalries produced on either side.

"What do you think of Chamberlain's mission? He has been rendering admirable service to the cause of the Union at home. How he will play the part of diplomatist abroad, I do not know, but he is an able, clear-headed man who, since he takes a genuine interest in the subject of her negotiations, is likely, I hope, to prove a safe and successful negotiator. Balfour is very confident of the ultimate success of his Irish Administration, and not in the least discouraged or intimidated by the furious raging of the Nationalists and English Home Rulers. But we are no doubt only at the beginning of a very long and troublesome conflict with anarchical forces, which have been suffered to acquire a very strong organization, which command a considerable representation in Parliament, and which, though they would be utterly powerless under any firm personal rule, have still on their side the advantage of being opposed only by a nation that is divided against itself, and an Executive hampered at every turn (in spite of the Crimes Act), by its representative character, its constitutional traditions, and the morbid sentimentality of an untrained, untried, and inexperienced democracy.

"Yours truly,

"LYTTON."

SITE OF THE FORT AT WILLOW CREEK—PRESENT APPEARANCE.

A NEGLECTED CHAPTER IN THE WAR OF 1812.

BY A. F. HUNTER, M.A.

A RECENT proclamation of the United States Secretary of War reports that as Michilimackinac has ceased to be a position of strategic value, the garrison will be removed. It was not always thus with this old post. That it was of great value as a key to the upper lakes in the stirring times of 1812, is clearly shown from the fact that here was struck the first blow in the war. On July 17th of the opening year, it was captured from the Americans, who fully realized their loss, and towards the end of 1813 their generals began to make preparations for its recapture. News of this design reaching the small British garrison at the place, there was great alarm, and a despatch was sent immediately to the Canadian military headquarters at Kingston, appealing for aid to meet the coming attack.

A relief expedition accordingly left Kingston in February, 1814, consisting of ten officers and two hundred picked men, with twenty artillerymen, and twenty men of the Royal Navy, all under the command of Lieut.-Col. Robert McDowall, of the Glengarry Light Infantry. A large part of the route lay through territory then but little known. To this must be added another hardship—the severity of the weather in which the march was made. From Kingston they proceeded to Little York, which was still suffering from the grim experiences of its capture. They next advanced northward by Yonge-street to Holland Landing, after which they passed entirely out of the settlements, and crossed the frozen surface of Lake Simcoe. Beyond this lake, the forest was then unbroken, except by an Indian portage, which, for the passage of their supplies, they widened as they advanced. This road, leading from the head of Kempenfeldt Bay to Willow Creek, a branch of the Nottawasaga River, was called the "Nine-Mile Portage," and it afterward became an important colonization road. At its north-westerly end, near Willow Creek, a wooden fort was subsequently erected, and a hamlet flourished there for several years, but it has long since disappeared, and its site, as an accompanying illustration shows, is

marked by only a few hillocks of earth and stones.

Proceeding on their course, the party halted on the banks of the Nottawasaga River, fully thirty miles from its outlet, and erected for themselves a number of temporary wooden huts. Here they cut down pine timber, hewed and prepared it on the spot, and constructed twenty-nine large batteaux, in which they completed the journey to Michilimackinac. The place where the expedition halted is known as the "Glengarry Landing." It was a familiar landmark for a long time, on account of the clearing they made, but the trees of second growth which cover it, are now so tall as to make it almost indistinguishable from the surrounding forest. From the journal of Captain Bulger, who accompanied the expedition, one gets an interesting glimpse of their departure from this place, and passage across Georgian Bay:

THE GLENGARRY LANDING, NOTTAWASAGA RIVER.

Here a detachment of the Glengarry Fencibles halted in Feb., 1814, while on their way from Kingston to the relief of Michilimackinac. They remained in this place until the ice broke up in the spring, constructing a flotilla of batteaux, in which they completed their journey.

"We embarked on the 22nd of April, having previously loaded the flotilla with provisions and stores, descending the Nottawasaga River—the ice in the upper part of which being still firm, we opened a channel through it—encamped on the night of the 24th of April in a dismal spot upon the north-eastern shore of Lake Huron (Georgian Bay), and on the following morning entered upon the attempt to cross that lake, covered as it was, as far as the eye could reach, by fields of ice, through which, in almost constant, and, at times, terrific storms, we succeeded, with the loss of only one boat, in effecting a passage of nearly three hundred miles, arriving at Michilimackinac on the 18th of May. The expedition had occupied upwards of one hundred days, including our passage over the lake."

Taking into consideration the time of year, the comparative severity of the season, and the distance to be travelled, one may safely say that an expedition, more hazardous than this, is seldom undertaken. It was almost a continual struggle for nineteen days with the waves of Georgian Bay, and the floating masses of ice. The commander of the expedition wrote in high terms of the abilities and perseverance of the officers, as well as the endurance of the men.

It was not until the 28th of July that Capt. Sinclair, the American commander, made an attack upon Michilimackinac — an attack, which, however, resulted in failure. Had not the relief expedition arrived, as it did some weeks before, the result would doubtless have been very different. But the result had been forestalled,

and thus was saved the chief post on the upper lakes.

The North-West Company had a schooner on Georgian Bay called the *Nancy*, which was employed in the fur trade, then so extensive in the district. Having learned that Lieut. Miller Worsley, of the British navy, with the *Nancy*, was at the mouth of the Nottawasaga River, Sinclair next turned his attention in this direction. But here also he was doomed to meet with disappointment. Lieut. Worsley had been informed by a messenger of the blockade at Mackinac, and in anticipation of an attack on his own position, began to erect a block-house, about two miles up the river. In a few days the American captain and his vessels arrived at the Nottawasaga, and attacked the small party of British at the place. The brief account of the engagement, given by an old author (James, in his *Naval History of Great Britain*), will suffice to show what took place:

AT THE "HIGH DUMP, NOTTAWASAGA RIVER.
This was the scene of a skirmish in 1814.

"The *Nancy* was lying about two miles up the Nottawasaga, under the protection of a block-house, situated on the south-east side of the river, which here runs parallel to, and forms a narrow peninsula with the shore of Gloucester Bay (Nottawasaga Bay). This enabled Captain Sinclair to

LOOKING EAST ON THE OLD PORTAGE ROAD, AT THE RAVINE, SEVENTH LINE OF VESPRA, NEAR BARRIE, ONT.
This road was opened in 1814, but has been long unused. The road followed the depression shown in the foreground.

anchor his vessels within good battering distance of the block-house. A spirited cannonade was kept up between them and the block-house, where, besides two 24 pounder carronades on the ground, a six-pounder was mounted. The three American vessels outside, composed of the *Niagara*, mounted 18 carronades (thirty-two pounders) and two long twelve pounders, and the *Tigress* and *Scorpion*, mounted between them one long twelve, and two long twenty-four pounders. In addition to this force, a five and a half inch howitzer, with a suitable detachment of artillery, had been landed on the peninsula. Against these 24 pieces of cannon, and upwards of 500 men, were opposed one piece of cannon and twenty-three officers and seamen.

Further resistance was in vain; and just as Lieut. Worsley had prepared a train, leading to the *Nancy* from the block-house, one of the enemy's shells burst in the latter, and both the block-house and the vessel were presently blown up. Lieut. Worsley and his men escaped in their boat up the river; and, fortunately, the whole of the North-West Company's richly laden canoes, bound across the lake, escaped also into French River. Having thus led to the destruction of a vessel, which the American commander had the modesty to describe as 'His Britannic Majesty's schooner *Nancy*,' Captain Sinclair departed for Lake Erie, leaving the *Tigress* and *Scorpion* to blockade the Nottawasaga, and as that was the only route by which supplies could be readily forwarded, to starve the garrison of Michilimackinac into a surrender. After remaining at their station for a few days, the two American schooners took a trip to the neighborhood of St. Joseph's. Here they were discovered on the 25th August, by some Indians on the way to Michilimackinac."

A few days later these two vessels were captured by the British, and all the men on board taken prisoners to Kingston.

SITE OF FORT NOTTAWASAGA.

LOOKING ACROSS THE RIVER.

The fort was built in 1816, and occupied until 1818. It was situated on the Nottawasaga, four miles from the mouth.

Old soldiers used to tell how Lieut. Worsley and his men, in the retreat up the river, were pursued by several small boat-loads of the enemy. They went on until they came to a bend in the river where it was unusually narrow. On the east side the bank rose high above the water, while on the west side it was low and swampy. Here the retreating party felled trees into the river to obstruct their pursuers. These came up about dusk, having been detained by scouts, who fired a few shots upon them according to design, at long distances and from safe hiding-places. No sooner had

they reached the fallen trees than they became entangled in the branches. The muskets of the small British party in ambush on the shore gave them volley after volley, and compelled them to make a hasty retreat down the river with their killed and wounded.

After the close of the war, in 1816, the British officers, recognizing the stratagetic position of the place, gave orders for the erection of a fort. The site chosen was a more sheltered spot, and two miles higher up the river than the place where the *Nancy* was blown up. A garrison occupied it for two years and were then removed to Penetanigushene.

THE AVERAGE.

A child with its plaything broken,
A boy "kept in" at school,
A youth with a love unspoken,
Who feels and looks like a fool.
A man who has toiled and striven,
And dreamed ambition's dream,
But ever is backward driven
Like a swimmer against the stream.
Moments of fleeting pleasure,
And days of toil and pain,
Gathering of useless treasure,
Squandered—or hoarded in vain.
The false love won and cherished,
To clog the soul's bright wings.
The true love lost and perished,
That urged to higher things.
At times, a clearer vision—
Glimpses of purer light,
Rays from the Fields Elysian,
Quenched by earth's sordid night.
The vague and useless striving,
The years so swiftly passed,
With never reward arriving,
Or good work done at last
The death-bed's pain and sorrow,
The chill and darkened room,
Tears that are dried on the morrow,
And an unregarded tomb.

REGINALD GOURLAY.

THE BROTHER'S STORY.

BY PROF. J. C. GWILLIM.

For many days we had been paddling up a great lake in the north, searching for a trading post and mission which were known to be situated at its northern limits; and when it first came in sight at the bottom of a deep bay, some six miles from us, it looked like a veritable city to our eyes, so used to the wilderness. For there, on a low barren sand hill, was the post and the mission beside it, each in its own stockade and even a church, whose tinned steeple glinted with a faint suggestion of mosques and minarets across the calm stretch of water.

And it was here I met the hero of my tale. He was a brother of the mission, and such a cheerful little man—old in years but young in heart and manner. Forty long years he had spent in this dreary land, doing what he might in all humbleness for the Indians and traders who might come that way. All the people seemed to love him. Indeed it did one good to hear his voice among the Indians, talking and laughing as one of themselves; for he worked with them or tried to teach them to work, slept with them and lived his life their humble companion and adviser. He had been away with his people when we came up and offered to take his picture. Poor, simple-minded little man, his face beamed with delight, as he put on his worn cassock and girdle, and stood before the long, low mission cottage. The thoughtful priest, his superior, had brought a plant outside to grace the background, but there needed none, for the grace of God had set its seal upon his face. It was now September, with its pleasant evenings free from the plague of flies, and we went together to the little graveyard by the shadow of the wood. There were, indeed, plenty of graves for so small a people sleeping there beneath the shadow of the cross. Then, as we rested there, I heard the brother's story.

The Brother's Story.

"Forty years ago I came here. That is a long time in a new land like this. Yet it is nearly all my life. Since then I have never been back, even to the settlements, but at times have journeyed from one remote trading post to another through this great region; nor have I wished to, for I have grown to be as an Indian in all my ways, with more sympathy for them than for my own people. Besides, I serve the church. But before that time I was filled with a love of change and adventure, leaving my home and people in Canada to join the great fur company, which I had served for some months before the time came of which I have to tell you.

It was the custom in those days—as it may be now for all I know—to send up supplies once a year from Isle La Crosse to Fort Chippewayan. This taking of the boats is a matter of great importance in the life of the trading posts. For then those Indians and Half-breeds who can run, and pack goods across the portages, come together to form a brigade. Very proud they are, too, of the position, for are they not bearers of all an Indian desires, the heroes of many dangerous voyages, and prime favorites in the great dances, and the gambling or feasting.

Such a brigade as this set out from Isle La Crosse one June morning as the sun rose over the lake; and I went with them, for we were bound for Fort Chippewayan, which lies at the

west end of Lake Athabasca, and is at the head of many waterways which lead into the hunting grounds of the Chippewayans. At the dawn each morning we raised ourselves from about the ashes of the night camp-fire to proceed on our way, halting in a few hours for breakfast beneath some shady grove of trees, to eat our meat or fish, not resting for long at a time while daylight lasted, until about the end of June, when we reached Fort Chippewayan.

There were a great many Indians camped about the company's stockade, waiting for the summer supplies which we had brought up with us.

Most of them were Chippewayans, tall, wild-looking fellows, with foreheads and noses almost in one straight line. Everything about them was straight, while their faces had a peculiar copper lustre. A hundred years since they first met the whites had done but little to change them.

Of course we had to have a dance: wherever the boat brigades go there must be a dance, and presents are given. Fort Chippewayan was noted for its dances, more than any post in the north. It was at this dance that I fell in love. Many of the Indians had come up to take part, or to share in the presents, and among them was one young girl not so dark as the rest were. Perhaps she was the child of some old trader, but I did not know then whose child she was. At any-rate, I took a fancy to her at once. She could talk Cree a little, so we got along very well together, as she told me how her mother had died a long time ago, leaving her to the care of the chief, who was the woman's brother and her only kinsman.

It was not long until I found that we were being watched by one of the Indians. He was an unpleasant looking man, darker than any of his fellows, being without the bright hue I had noticed in the others—a sinister face. I found out afterwards that he was the medicine man of this band of Indians, and one of the most noted and dreaded conjurors of the north.

A few days after this, the Indians, having traded for their supplies, loaded down their canoes with blankets, powder, tea and tobacco, and left for the eastern end of the lake.

Now, I had nothing to do, since the boats were not all going back just then; so I decided to go with one of the company's traders to Fond du Lac, where there is a trading post and a mission, and where I should meet the Indians once more. A week later we reached this place. Our friends, the Indians, were here making ready for their fall hunt, when they should go northwards up to the Barren Lands, in order to meet the caribou as they migrate southwards into the wooded country to pass the winter, for at that season only is the fur and skin in good condition for clothes and lodges.

I made friends with them easily, giving them all my pay in presents of powder and tobacco, for I longed to see the barren wilderness where there are no trees, only rocks and moss, and I found it very pleasant to be near Athildza, for that was my sweetheart's name. Still, I feared the dark medicine man very much, for he saw that I would come with them for love of Athildza.

This man's name was Hetsory, and he wished to make her his wife, although he had two already. But they were old and ugly, and could not do all that he wished of them.

So it came about that I went with them. We were about fifty lodges in all—men, women, and children, with canoes and those few things these people carry with them in their wanderings. We went but slowly through the lake country, camping here and there beside the shore wherever there was plenty of fish or game, until we came to the river which comes down from the Barren Lands many miles to the north. This river was very rapid, with many portages, over which we

carried all our canoes and lodge skins. Sometimes I would help Athildza with her load, and then they would laugh at me and call me a woman; but I did not care, for we found that the time went very pleasantly together.

It took many days to come to the head of this river, to where the trees grew small in the valleys, and there is no wood on the high land, so that it was late in August when we pulled up our canoes at a level, sheltered place in the deep river valley, where there was a thicket of small spruce-trees and willows.

Here they made the camp, sending out hunters above the valley upon the rocky plains to find if the caribou were coming into the neighborhood as yet. Now, all this time Hetsory, the conjuror, had desired to make Athildza his wife, for his other wives were old and useless to dress the food or build him lodges; but seeing that she was under the care of the chief, he dared not to take her forcibly, nor would she willingly go to him. And none of the tribe were wishful that it should be so, but they were afraid of the conjuror and his magic.

We had waited many days, but the reindeer did not come. The old men said that in some years they passed by other ways; for they do not always come down by this or that place, but change at times from east to west. Others said that the Esquimaux, whom they greatly fear, had driven them out into the sea. At anyrate, they failed to appear, and we were without food, save a few fish and white partridges. Then all the people called for the medicine man, Hetsory, to conjure and to show them where the deer might be found, so that they might get skins for their lodges, and clothes and meat for the winter; otherwise they would perish as many a band has done in that country.

But Hetsory would not conjure—for he was bitter against them—"unless," he said, "they would freely give him Athildza to be his wife." Now though the people were not willing that this should be; they called a council, and it was told him that if he would bring them to the deer, she should be given to him and a great feast be held. Then Hetsory took four tall saplings and planted them very firmly in the ground, one at each corner of a little square, and in between them he passed boughs and sticks, and put blankets all about until he had made a tall bower which none might see into.

When all the people had drawn a little aside, the medicine man stripped himself bare and crept into this place that he had built. It was evening, just at the sunset, when all was still and the shadows of the hills ran across the little valley. Presently he began to chant his medicine song in a low voice rising and falling in a monotonous sort of harmony. Then the medicine tent began to shake, until it reeled and swayed as if it must be lifted bodily up and thrown to the earth, while a fearful struggle was heard going on inside, as of two persons wrestling, and two voices cried to each other. Then came a sound like the flapping of great wings, and a cloud seemed to cover the tent. After a time, everything became silent, so the council-men came near to hear what the conjuror had to tell them. His voice was weak and exhausted, yet he had good news, for he said that he had seen the caribou. "They were coming," he said, "in thousands, more than ever he had seen before, straight for the camp, and if the hunters would go northwards in the morning, they should meet them before mid-day." All the camp was now joyful and full of preparation for the coming plenty and slaughter. Only I and Athildza were sad, as we sat beside a fire a little way apart from the happy crowd, where we were free from the sinister gaze of the conjuror, who was far too much done up by his late endeavors to be prowling round the camp.

"Now," I said to Athildza, "to-morrow night you will be given to Hetsory,

to be his slave, and the light will have gone out of my life, for you are not like these savages, who delight only in wandering, and slaughter of birds and beasts; and if we might, I would take you back with me to the mission."

But she only shook her head sadly, saying that they were her people, and what they were she must be, for there was no way of escape from it except by death, as many a poor miserable squaw had found out when the burdens became too great to bear.

Some little time we sat silent, as the fire died down, not caring to attract notice by replenishing the blaze.

Then Athildza came and touched my hand. "You think me an Indian," she said; "yes, I am, but not all Indian. Your face has brought back strange dreams to my memory. I see an old man.—a white man, with long gray hair and beard and a great log house and palisades like there are at Fort Chippeweyan, with many Indians passing in and out, and speaking with the old man, who seems much honored by them; then an Indian face, a woman's face, which is strangely like my mother's, for I can remember her a little. —afterwards, many houses and many people. Then, the woods and lakes again. But not the old man."

Then I remembered a tale I had heard of an old trader who went back to England with his wife, a Chippewayan squaw, and her child. He died very soon, leaving the poor woman alone among strangers, who soon sent her back to her own country, unwilling to befriend their dead kinsman's strange wife. But I said nothing of this yet; only I loved her the more now that I knew her father was a white man, an honorable servant of the great company, and not a heathen Chippewayan.

Now it came into my mind that there might be a way out of this matter, so that we should escape from the camp and make our way to one of the trading-posts, where a priest would marry us, as the law of the church ordains; after which no medicine man, however powerful, could come between us, for they fear and respect the white men in black robes who come among them. And this is what I thought to do.

When the Chippewayans returned from the slaughter of the deer, we should have the great feast that was to celebrate the marriage of Athildza with the conjuror. Now, when all were busy with the feasting, and became stupid with much eating, or excited by gambling in the night time, I would be down at the river ready with a canoe, and when Athildza could come away without being seen from the dancing lodge, we would put out and make haste down the river, trusting to get far in the darkness before they should discover what we were about. Besides this, if the chance should come, I would drive a hatchet through all the other canoes, so that no one could follow us by water, until they had mended the broken part.

Athildza listened, fearing greatly to take so dangerous and long a journey, but her hatred of the man who would make her his wife was very great, and she willingly consented to fall in with my plans; so we parted that night.

Early in the morning, just as day broke, all the camp was astir, for the hunters were going out to meet the deer. Then the squaws and children set about bringing poles and saplings from the bush to make frame-works for drying the meat and stretching the skins, while some built the great Dancing Lodge. Before midday some of the hunters returned with news that caribou were within a few miles, and would be passing the camp in the afternoon. The rest of them had stayed at a place but a little way up the river where there was a deep cross valley through which the caribou were expected to pass; for the hillsides were very steep, and these creatures rather follow a certain way in a land than scatter over the coun-

try. So they posted scouts to watch the movements of the deer, thinking to waylay them in this place, which was near to the camp.

Now, as the afternoon wore on, word came that the deer from the heights over on the other side, had begun to enter the defile which led down to the river, and that all should come who could kill. So the young men hastened, and many old squaws went with them, screeching with delight at the prospect of slaughter and plenty, for there is by nature no mercy in the heart of any Indian man or woman. And I went with them, for I wished to see this sight which is so much talked of among the Indians.

Above the valley on the hither side was a great ledge of rock, and here I sat down to watch the slaughter. Now, the place that they had chosen for the killing of the deer formed a natural pound—such a place as the old buffalo hunters of the plains used to drive the herds into, and shoot until all lay dead, one over the other, for the deer had to descend a deep ravine which had its beginning far out in the plains on the other side, then turned abruptly into the river valley. Down this valley the great migratory herds were used to pass until they came to a fording place and an easy ascent upon this side.

Across the valley, along the upper ravine, the Indians had placed odd objects, such as bits of blanket, to turn the deer to make them pass down the stream, where they would be kept in on either hand by the hills and the pressure of the herd behind.

The Indians had disappeared. There was not a living thing in sight, except a stray fox trotting along the opposite hilltops, and an arctic owl staring at me from his seat on a boulder a little way off. I wondered at the absence of the Indians, for already the deer were filing out of the ravine into the river bottom. As the wind was favorable, they had not become aware of the Indians being near them, until a sudden shout arose on the opposite side of the river along the ravine down which they were coming in thousands. Then they rushed on pell-mell out into the valley, and turned down. Here again they were met by a band of ambushed savages right across the valley; and all along the hillsides above them, other Indians sprung up from behind rocks and boulders firing blank into the living mass as fast as they could shoot and reload. The bewildered animals leaped over one another in their panic, rushing at the steep hillsides, only to be turned back and crowded into the river, where hundreds of them were choked and trampled to death. A few broke away past the cordon of savages down the valley, and raised a howl in the encampment as they rushed over the canoes and lodges. But only a few of all that great migratory host. Not one in a hundred of all that were slaughtered was ever made use of by those ruthless savages, who killed just for the mad joy of killing, and never ceased while a living thing remained in the place. But they were punished for their waste, for it is said the caribou have never since passed by this way, and this very band of Indians who went there the following fall to waylay them again, perished utterly of starvation.

Afterwards came the feasting and the making of pemmican and drying of meat and skins. It was a busy scene. Now was the women's part. They did all the preparing of the meat and skins, while the hunters lay about the camp smoking, and well satisfied with their part of the work.

By sunset the great Dancing Lodge was ready, and the feast prepared. But I will not tell of all they had, except that two white dogs were served up as the crowning delicacy, an especial honor to the taking of Athildza by Hetsory, before the assembled counsellors.

Now, when it was quite dark, I went gently down to the river side

and picked out a beautiful little birch-bark canoe, Hetsory's own, which his two old wives had made for him the spring before. When I came to cut up the other canoes, I found many were already spoiled by the passing of the caribou, so that it was but little trouble to scuttle the whole fleet. Then I went back towards the fires, passing outside the light from the Dancing Lodge. Athildza was there, with all the women, about the doorway. Hetsory was making a great speech, and reciting all his exploits, while the men squatted around the lodge, all smoking. No one saw me sign to Athildza, or saw us leave, I think, for we reached the river safely enough, but by ill luck a miserable old squaw had come down to get some water just at that time, and having discovered the state of the canoes, set up such a howl as roused the whole camp. Before they could, any of them, reach us, we were out in the stream, and almost hidden by the darkness, but they saw us, and quickly gave the cry to run down to the portage to intercept us, for there were strong rapids about a mile down the river, and they thought we dared not run them with the canoe. It was a lucky thing they had so hastened that they forgot their guns, for our only chance lay in passing them on the water, where they could not follow. At the head of the rapids they were ready to receive us, yelling like devils as we came in sight through the gloom. As we passed them, they howled with disappointment, and ran to see us perish in the rushing waters. I steered the canoe safely through the darkness and waves, while Athildza managed the bow as she had often done before, for the women do much of the paddling of canoes.

As we shot by our late companions at the lower end of the portage, I knew that we were safe, for they could never intercept us by traversing the woods, and being without canoes until they were mended, must wait some time to follow upon the water. Moreover, I came to think that they were not so anxious to slay us, only that they feared Hetsory and the bad medicine he could conjure upon them.

Very little that is interesting happened to us on our way back to Fond du Lac. It was nothing new to either of us to pass through such places in this way. Not once did we see anything more of the Chippewayans or of any other Indians until we reached Lake Athabasca and came up to Fond du Lac. Here the good old Priest married us as the church ordains, although Althildza had been brought up a heathen, and there is no marriage, as we have it, among her people."

Here the old man paused awhile, as we went into the little palisaded graveyard, until he stopped beside a grave with a simple wooden cross at its head. "She sleeps here now," he said, sadly, "while I work on a little while longer, serving my church and my people, until I, too, shall rest where I have lived so long." When we had returned to the mission he was the same bright, cheerful spirt, unsaddened and unsoured by all things—a living monument of Faith and Hope.

MANITOBA REVISTA.

BY BARLOW CUMBERLAND.

Six years ago, a happy holiday trip was spent among the sunny lands of Southern Manitoba, and longingly had constant recollection taken me back to the days spent in wading through the shallows that fringe the sedgy shores of Grassy Lake, or paddling along the narrow, winding channels which seam its marshes as interlacingly as the canals of Mars.

PILOT MOUND ELEVATORS.

The green-winged teal, the mallard, and more homely, but most toothsome, canvas-back, had spread their wings, as they circled from choice to choicer feeding spots in their rarely-disturbed domains, and offered their plump bodies invitingly to the marksman's aim. The flappers and mud-hens scuttled aside just sufficiently to clear our way, as though feeling secure from harm in the presence of the nobler game, and the yellow-legged plover stood in undisturbed and curious gravity, watching us from the banks, protected by their very innocence of the modern shot and gun. It had been sport without slaughter, reward without unreasonable toil.

In those closing days of that August month, the click of the reaper had been heard throughout the fields; the golden grain was either waving in

mile-long billows, or gathered into stooks that threw dark shadows upon the fresh-cut stubble. The wavering breezes swept across the land, and seemed to shout and sing the harvest hymn :

"The valleys stand so thick with corn,
That they laugh and sing."

But in some of the lower-lying, or undrained fields, there were streaks and blocks of yellower and brighter grain, whose nodding heads gleamed more brilliant than the dull gold of their companions. Afar they portrayed the amplest yield of all the soil, but nearer, and in the hand, the empty shell and transparent husk told that the icy finger of the frost-wind had touched the kernels when in the milk. Truly were they outwardly whited sepulchres, covering the death of wheat within.

Yet the farmers were full of hope. More careful tillage, earlier sowing, better selection of seed, said they, would effect a cure

So the latter part of last October found me hastening westward on the C.P.R., wondering whether the joys could be repeated, and whether the farmers had attained their desired end. So one fine morning, when the mists were just beginning to rise, and the tops of the elevators were hidden in the flying scud, found me driving (in a single buggy) south from Manitoba, reckless of the advice of kindly friends that I should lose my way, but confident in a sort of instinct as to the points of the compass, and firmly reliant that the well-worn prairie trails would lead me "somewhere" for the night. Two more horses and two more men may be a surfeit, but there is always room for one more horse in the barn, and for one more mouth, however hungry, at the hospitable tables in the North-West, and so I always found it, as for a fortnight we wandered from homestead to homestead in Southern Manitoba. When well away from the village and his stable, I stopped a moment, and unbuckling the over-check, loosened old Dobbin's head from being tied in modern pastures to his tail, and thereafter he and I drove on in comfort.

The weather throughout was all that could be desired. In the day, mild; in the night, cold; but what of that, when smoking beside the well-filled kitchen stoves, and chatting with the cheery hosts of what their fields or they had done, or watching the hostess busily making pies for the next day's meal!

Alas, for the solitariness of the

"DUKE" AND "BUSTER," MANITOU

Manitoban who is "keeping bach." The day's work over in the fields, the horses cleaned, the cattle fed, it is late before he can begin to get ready his own lonely meal. Though game be plentiful, the plucking of it is weary toil; a rabbit's skin will only come off in little bits, and feathers and fur seem to stick like glue to the stubby

fingers of a man's big hand. A piece of bacon or pork, some hardened bread, and a paper bag of dried-up tea, are his main materials; a frying-pan and boiling kettle his main methods of caring for the sustenance of the master of the farm.

But in winter, after having driven back for miles after delivering the load of grain, he enters a cold-stricken room, and with stiff, numbed fingers relights the fire. To fill the kettle with chunks of ice, and thaw out the food before getting his supper, makes it hard for a man to call such a surrounding "home." Wherever was seen an empty house, it was one that had been left by an unhappy "bach" who had abandoned, not his ample fields, but the cold ashes of a silent fireside. Until wives are found for such as he, there will be vacated farms in the most favored places in the North-West. The maidens and widows of Canada have a great duty to fulfil.

What a contrast were the family households where wives enlivened it and children abounded, and how these latter do abound — cheery, chubby youngsters! The six-year-olds can ride and herd the cattle; the boy of ten is a man and drives a team, and the lad of fourteen can take his place on the top of the stack at threshing-time, and hold his own with any of the country side. The harvest had been early; the grain was resting in the stack, and "threshing bees" were frequent; on not a few farms the crop had already been taken to market, or was on the way in daily loads. What feasts were laid out at the mid-day meals for the "threshing hands!" The condition of the children told of plenty—no want of food, no sign of scantiness. What though their clothes were misfitting, or mended, their cheeks were healthy, and their bodies robust. There was plenteousness in every home.

THE PEMBINA VALLEY—SOUTHERN MANITOBA.

I roamed about over the rolling table lands on either side the Pembina valley, or along the rich level bottoms, where the river winds between the spreading hills set from one to three miles apart. Ten years ago, the river abounded with fish, but the Americans south of the boundary lines, placing their mill-dams across it, have left no fish-ways, and thus the sturgeon can no longer come up from the Red River and the lakes.

Duck were wild and geese "onsartin." One night spent by a friend under the chill covering of a "hide," by which be it known is not meant the comforting shelter of a buffalo robe, bnt only the concealment of a circle of boughs cut and set on end, was rewarded at daybreak by the chagrin of seeing the lines of early morning geese streaming everywhere

except within range. So these were not sought after. But the grouse, or, as commonly called, the "prairie fowl," were in plenty in the open, and partridge abundant in the brushwood. As we drove along the trails, occasional shots could be obtained from the roadside, for grouse seem to fancy the edges of a stubble-field for their feeding ground, and a sharp eye will catch sight of them with their heads cocked inquiringly up, and then one can stalk to within gun-shot before they rise. But there is always among the brood in each farm-family some lad who knows the likely spots about the neighborhood, and while the men are at their work, you and ten-year-old "Jack" will try the "coulees" and the poplar bluffs for rabbits and partridge, or hustle the great white tufted jack-rabbit out of his form, and bowl him over as he leaps along.

GRANARY AND WHEAT STACKS, MANITOBA.

C. STRACHAN'S NEW STONE HOUSE.

It is this very contiguity of game that forms one of the principal compensations for the wide dispersion and the isolation of the Manitoba farms. But be it known that it must be sought on working days, for the people, through the Provincial Assembly, have ordained that no game may be shot on Sunday, under penalty of a heavy fine. This, and the excellent law that no game may be exported from the Province, or grouse be sold even within its own limits, has put an end to the slaughter by "pot hunters" from these or other lands, and is restoring the flocks to their former plenty. With such preservation and such ample scope for rearing their broods, the game fowl districts here will increasingly be sought as resorts certain to afford the most plentiful and varied sport under the most favorable conditions. Far better it is to pass a day or so longer in journeying to these shooting grounds and then have every working day a satisfaction, than to labor for many fruitless hours while searching for scanty game in districts nearer home.

These rolling prairies of southern Manitoba are the ideal localities for enjoying the working of well-trained dogs. At Manitou, near where the national field trials of the United States are annually held, are maintained several kennels of the finest strain of setters. What more exhilarating than the early morning start in the fresh, bright air, with the dogs

yelping in eager expectation from their wire-sided kennels set on the tail of the waggon, and then, when the ground is reached and they are liberated, to see them ranging from side to side, obedient to the signs from their master's hand, and covering every foot of the way. There "Duke" With a rush the dogs are on them. How springy is their step! Their tails flash to and fro. How their eyes glisten as they watch the birds being picked up by the marksman and hung upon his belt! Men enjoy shooting, but dogs enjoy it more—*i.e.*, when their masters shoot straight.

THRESHING FROM THE STACKS.

points, stopping suddenly in his tracks, and "Buster" backs him up—heads stretched straining forward, backs level and flags a little raised. Still and motionless they stand, except only the sly backward look of the eye to see if the guns are coming up, then the stealthy stepping forward upon the line of the game. The pack rises, sometimes ten, sometimes thirty in number, each looking as big as a bag, as they spread their wings and fly low away. Bang go the guns in double barrels, the feathers fly, and the plump quarry comes hurtling to the ground.

Then the mid-day halt. The horses are tethered near some stream; the fire is lit; the pork sizzles in the pan, and pipe and anecdote succeed, until, in the waning afternoon, the birds come back to feed once more, and it is time to begin again. Another spell of sport, and then the homeward drive of 16 or 18 miles over the springy unbroken turf, or along the smooth prairie trails. As the sun sets far on the horizon, like upon a wide open sea, the dark columns of murky smoke rising from fires where the farmer is burning the heaps of threshed-out

straw, change to bright gleams of fierce-tongued flame leaping upward to the sky, and all the country round is lit with distant conflagrations. Darkness comes suddenly down, and soon the twinkling lights of the town are seen from some neighboring hill, and once more again we are at home. What keenness of appetite, what gracious sense of rest has the freshness of the open air, the tramping over the broad-spread fields given us! The office-worn mind and frame are rejuvenated by such a jaunt, and life is made more worth the living.

from better labor on the land, from drainage and selection of earlier maturing seed, had been fully realized. For the three past years the fateful frost had been avoided, and the earth had brought forth its fullest increase unharmed. The average yield had been higher, the quality of grain better than ever before, and not a single complaint upon this score did I hear. But the price had fallen! Instead of 50c, they were receiving but 37c. to 40c. for the best wheat the world ever saw. The better return of the land had been lost in the lesser value of the product.

LEA'S THRESHING BEE.

Thus and on other days were the happiness of the previous visit refound, but in different mode, proving the permanency of sport in this favored district and the certainty of its recurring seasons.

But what of the farmer? There was plenty and to spare in every home. All that had been hoped for

It was enough to make angels mourn. There was something pathetic in the lament of one man: "My farm is too good. It is all the finest loam wheatland; not a waste acre in the whole of it. I picked it out to grow wheat. I have tilled it all, and it has done all that I asked, but the price knocks out my earnings. I have no sloughs or

wild hay land, so I can't raise cattle without ploughing for timothy, which I can't afford to do; so I suppose I must go on with wheat and wait for better times." Many of the farmers who were fortunately less favored, or who had not broken up so much prairie as had he, have gone into mixed farming, and many sleek steers and fat hogs were to be seen. Of sheep there were not many; as one man put it, "a sheep has as many feet as an ox and doesn't know as well how to take care of them."

JACKFISH BAY.

Chickens and game dogs do not thrive well together, so they were not as plentiful as should be; but the sight of a little eight year old lad mounted on his pony, herding a flock of a 1,000 sturdy turkeys over the vacant lands, showed how even the grasshoppers and prairie weeds could be turned to value. It was estimated that $30,000 was sent east from Winnipeg in 1893 for poultry, It will not be long before the Manitobans will have a surplus for export.

Household comforts are advancing, for among the Mennonites, the intervening spaces between the village communities are being dotted with additional houses, and in the villages themselves the low thatch roofs are giving way to steep, high-gabled shingles, and among the Southern Manitoba farmers the first-built shack or log house is being replaced by frame buildings, or, better still, by stone houses, built from granite boulders found in the neighboring coulees.

On the whole, a distinct advance in production and prosperity was seen. All is right except the lowering of values. Yet it cannot be permanent; indeed, in the winter months since then the price has risen 10c. per bushel, and the difference represents $1,500,000 to the North-West farmers on the quantity sent forward to market. Were the failure in the land itself there would be cause for grief, but the improvement of internal communications, and the completion of the Canadian canals, whereby a 2,000 ton vessel can carry her cargo in unbroken bulk from Fort William and Duluth to Montreal, will apply the certain remedy, by bringing the farmer's labor alongside the ocean-going ships at tide water. The building of the Canadian Pacific Railway and its many branches has brought this central Canada within the reach of habitation; but far greater and more far-reaching in its results will be the extending of the St. Lawrence to its shores, and carrying out its products unbroken to the world. All is ready except the one final incompleted link. Hampered by the United States at the Sault, the Canadian people have built a better and a bigger canal upon their own soil to join Lake Superior to Lake Huron. By the Welland Canal they have even overcome Niagara, and joined Lake Erie to Lake Ontario. The great Gulf has been lighted and buoyed and dredged, until the ocean ships of deepest draught have been brought to Montreal; the

intervening rapids of the St. Lawrence have all, excepting one, been paralleled by deep ship canals; but until this—the Soulanges—is finished, the whole system is useless and lying waste. The wheat fields of the west are waiting for their delivery.

Nowhere has a nation—little in numbers, but great in enterprise—done so much as has the Canadian in developing the lines of connection which nature has provided for the creation of its resources and the completion of its union. Canada's progress, seen in the light of its blatant and vain-glorious neighbor, may seem to have been slow, but it has been sure and solid as the ancient Laurentian rocks on which its first energies were founded.

In a space of time which was the wonder of the engineering world, it had joined its provinces, and spanned the continent by a line of railway of highest class, with shorter mileage and lower gradients than any other existing transcontinental road, and now, at the end of twenty years of steady and unheralded work, it is completing the greatest canal system on the globe, to bring the ocean ships 2,000 miles inland from the sea. Once this is done, the problem of the wheat value of our "illimitable prairies," will be solved.

DELIVERING GRAIN AT ELEVATOR, MANITOU.

Having built the railway, let us press on and finish the canals.

With thoughts such as these I turned homewards. At Winnipeg, we joined the trans-continental train, on which were 200 Jolly Jack Tars, the crew of H. M. S. *Pheasant*, en route from Victoria to Portsmouth, England, having completed their foreign service. The crew to take over their ship had passed westward the previous day. So here we were on the highway between Britain and her navy on the Pacific Coast. The train was like a ship. Monkeys from South America, canaries from Hawaii, dogs from Fiji—the companions of the forecastle—were on board. Jack smoked his pipe, mended his "duds," or told his yarn, and at the stern, from the Pacific to the Atlantic, he carried the red cross ensign of his ship, the emblem of his and Canada's Empire Queen, meeting welcome from British flags which flew over every hamlet that he passed in journeying across the continent for day after day.

On returning from the previous trip, including a visit to the coast, I had been asked by the inquisitive interviewer what I had seen. Mindful of the electric genius mind, whose presence I had found impressed on every foot and every person along the way, I replied: "I saw Van Horne."

Now, after six few intervening years, Winnipeg was alive again, rising from the depression of the "busted boom." Electric cars were in her streets, and new residences rising on

every hand to house the increasing population.

Fort William, from being a waste of cedar swamps, had become a huge gridiron of interlacing railway tracks, covered with miles of freight cars, busy in bringing out the season's crop; its grain elevaters had trebled in number, and huge ships were lying alongside, where, erstwhile, had only been the north-west canoes of the Hudson's Bay Company.

All along the main line of the C. P. R, from Winnipeg around the north shore of Lake Superior, curves had been straightened, the long, beanstalk trestles had been filled in, and solid earth embankments had taken their place. Wooden bridges were replaced with steel, and the whole construction had been raised from temporary to permanent rank. New sources of traffic had been developed. Fishing industries had been created, and piles of boxes marked for Boston and the East, were ranked upon the station platforms, filled with the catch of the fishing fleets whose brown sails dotted the deep, sheltered bays. Mines had been opened, busy saw-mills were turning the silent forests into lumber, and villages were rising at intervals throughout. The master hand was still at work, and "Manitoba Revista" is best summed up by saying: "I have again seen Van Horne."

TOWED INTO PORT!

I'm like a ship, to-day—towed into port!
Too long of adverse wind and waves the sport,—
  Sails flapping loose, water-logged and leaky,
  Cargo misplaced—timbers disjoin'd and creaky!
Life's not unlike a ship well out at sea;
Sails trimly set—winds fair, and fresh, and free,—
  Then all is well; the watch their vigils keep,
  For danger ever haunts life's mighty deep!
But storms arise when man and ship are prest,
And seas engulf though man may do his best!
  Then, lucky craft, if Pilot-ship be near,—
  "'Tis I, FEAR NOT!"—blessed words of help and cheer!
In bed, to-day, I murmur in my prayers:—
  "TOWED INTO PORT FOR SAFETY AND REPAIRS!"

JOHN IMRIE.

FALSE INSURANCE METHODS.

BY JOHN FERGUSON, M.A., M.D., Ph.D.

MANY have been the hands that have written upon Life Insurance. It is to be profoundly regretted that upon this subject, as upon all others, many have uttered views the nature of which they did not comprehend. Many volumes would not contain the literature that has been given to the public of a most misleading character, or expressing views wholly at variance with the fundamental principles that govern Life Insurance. Many societies have been organized upon plans so erroneous, that one can hardly help thinking the promoters were wilfully deceiving the public.

Frequently there have been placed before the public schemes of insurance by which the members were to receive $1,000 in five, six, or seven years, for the small payments amounting to two or three hundred dollars. In one case, about $300 paid in by the members in annual portions, was to yield the member $1,000 in seven years. Now, it is really amazing that any body of men would have the hardihood to place such a scheme before the people; and it is equally surprising that persons could be found who would join such a society. Nevertheless it had its day of prosperity. The United States have been overrun by such societies. No doubt money has been made through these societies; but it went into the pockets of the dishonest and unscrupulous founders and organizers of them. The laws in the States and Canada are becoming more and more stringent, and it is to be hoped that we have heard the end of these frauds. By no conceivable means, either of gains from interest, and confiscation from lapses, could these small contributions be swelled into a thousand dollars in the course of six or seven years.

But, if it is impossible, as bitter experience has taught many, to fulfil the glowing promises made by the promoters of these short term endowments, on the rates charged the members, so will it be equally impossible to meet maturing endowments at the expectancy of life where the rates collected are inadequate for the purpose. When the rates are insufficient, the only difference between a short term endowment and a long term endowment, is one of time. In the former, the race is a quicker one, and the stop is reached sooner than in the long range endowments. The fundamental error exists of insufficient rates, and insufficient income. No management, however good, can save a society, where the attempt is made of selling its insurance and endowment policies below cost. It would matter not how great the capital of a bank, if the directors decided to give interest on deposits and charge none on advances; ruin must overtake the corporation. The capital would be all used up in the foolish effort; and the ultimate depositors would lose, not only their interest, but their principal; for, after all other moneys had been used, deposits would be used to pay interest upon deposits until nothing was left, if the bank continued in existence for a sufficient length of time.

Life insurance cannot be carried on in any haphazard method any more than can banking. There are certain well known laws that govern the financing of a life office. One of these laws is the law of mortality. As the result of a vast amount of labor over a large field of observation, and carried on by many of the ablest authori-

ties, a number of mortality tables have been constructed. These tables differ a little from each other; yet, for working purposes, they show a close and substantial agreement; and have enabled actuaries to form premium rates, as the cost of giving insurance to persons of different ages. By the tables of mortality it is seen that at the different ages the death rates vary, gradually increasing with increasing age. The premium must be so adjusted, for each age, that the contributions of every member shall be sufficient to meet death losses and provide for endowments, if there be any. This law is beyond the control of human agency. It is quite true that the death rate on persons newly admitted into a company or society, ought to be somewhat below the rates fixed in the mortality tables. This is the benefit of careful selection. But when a company becomes old and large, the proportion of new members is not so important in this respect as when it was younger, as they bear a smaller ratio to those already in than was the case in the early years of the company or society. Thus, when the company, or society, becomes old and large, the benefit from "new blood" is but slight.

Another law that must not be overlooked is that of interest. This is a question of great importance. In a company, with judicious premium rates, and estimating upon 4 per cent., at the outside, 4½ per cent., on all reserves, the affairs may be regarded as satisfactory, unless some unforeseen loss is experienced in the investments. But when the premium rates are inadequate, and the accumulated reserves a long way below what they ought to be, there is a heavy annual loss on interest account. Take for example a society with a reserve of $1,000,000, whereas the reserve ought to be $2,000,000; and, computing at 4 per cent., the annual loss would be $40,000, in addition to the annual loss due to insufficient premiums. It does not need much thought to see where such a state of things is bound to land the company, or society. Already, the shore is strewn with the wrecks of organizations in whose methods the above error of too low a premium rate had found a place. But some societies make the desperate attempt of carrying on a large insurance business, without reserve of any kind; and, consequently, without earnings from interest.

Some societies contend that a reserve is not needed. Its head men coolly say that a reserve is just that much money taken out of the members pockets more than was required to meet maturing losses. If anything could be proof of profound ignorance of the problems of life insurance, surely such contentions afford it. Taking a wide view of the field of societies carrying on fraternal work in Great Britain and the United States, it is found that the death rate ultimately reaches at least 12 per thousand. In many cases it has been much higher. When a society is old enough to contain members from the age of 18 years to 99 years, then the full swing of mortality will be experienced. In 1,000,000 members in American societies it has reached 12.42 per 1,000. In the Ancient Order of Foresters, Britain, it has become 12.14 per 1,000. In the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows, the death rate has attained 12.63 per 1,000. In a large mass of membership for other British friendly societies, it has been up to 12.57 per 1,000. Here, then, is abundant proof as to what the death rate must become in friendly societies that have existed for many years. This death rate means that $12 to $13 is required annually from each member to meet death losses. When to this the working expenses and lodge dues are added, there is a yearly cost of at least $16 to $18. New societies in the meantime have sprung up. The mortality in them is lower, because the members are more recently select-

ed, and, on the average, younger. For a time these new societies are more attractive, because they are cheaper. The young and healthy members desert the old societies for the new ones, as rats leave a sinking ship. It is then, if never before, that the advocates of the no reserve plan of life insurance find out the folly of their method; and the persistent members, that they have been contributing their hard earnings for the support and comfort of others, while there remains nothing for them but bitter disappointment. This is no imaginary picture. What is here described has happened time after time; and will continue so long as men are foolish enough to conduct insurance business on the simple but crude plan of making a post mortem assessment to pay the claim of a deceased member. Thus, "the-reserve-in-your-pocket" plan ends in "the-give-away-all-your-contributions" plan.

There is another method of carrying on life insurance that is more plausible, but ends, equally with the above, in disaster and ruin. There is a fixed annual premium charged. This is divided into twelve, six or four equal portions that are called in at regular intervals. The premium, however, is too low. While the society is young, and most of its members recently selected, there is a small saving in mortality claims. A surplus is in this way accumulated, and the members think that everything is going on in a lovely manner. All claims have been paid, and there is money in the bank. What more could be desired? But the rates are too low. When the full swing of mortality is reached, no further additions to the surplus can be made. Nay, from the surplus, deductions, to pay claims, have to be made from time to time, to avoid the necessity of an assessment. In time, like the jar of meat in the fable, the top is off, then it is half gone, and finally it is all gone. The society is then one advanced in years, with a high death rate, and no surplus. For every claim there must go forth an assessment. Need it be added that the end has then come.

If a company or a society attempts to juggle with figures, the figures, in due time, will juggle with the company or society. Take as an example 82,581 persons aged 35 years, and carry $1,000 insurance on each through to the age of 99 years, when the last is supposed to die and become a claim. Allow 4 per cent. on all moneys on hand, and it will be found that the premium each must pay, so long as he lives, is $19.87. This, of course, is on the assumption that every one of the persons continues a member until he dies. This premium will not allow any portion for expenses. These must be found in addition to the above rate. But a certain society has undertaken to give insurance, and, in addition, pay the claim when the person reaches his expectancy, which would be 68 years, on a premium of $9.36. This premium is utterly insufficient for life purposes, and still more so for endowment policies.

We hear a great clatter about lapses, and the vast sums that a society can make in this way. Let us look into this contention. In the first place, a post-mortem assessment society makes nothing by lapses. What the members pay in, by assessment calls, is paid out in death claims. On the other hand, the society loses by lapses. It has been put to the test and proven, by no less an authority than G. D. Eldridge, that the lapses occur mainly among those recently taken into the society, and still healthy. The impaired and older members remain on. In this way, the death rate among the persistent members is actually raised, as shown in the first table on the next page.

According to this table, it will be seen that the death rate among the persistent members is increased by one-sixth on account of the lapsing of healthy members. Grant that the

premium rate was sufficient during the early years of a society's history to gather a small surplus by confiscating the savings on lapsed members, it will speedily be swept away by this increased mortality among those that remain. Thus it happens that the very thing upon which such a society calculates as its great source of strength, namely, its lapses, proves, in turn, one of the main causes of its extinction. This statement has been bluffly denied, but it cannot be controverted. To deal with the lapse rate in an unscientific manner is just as dangerous as has been shown to be the case with the improper application of the mortality rates. Both lapse and mortality rates, however, have been used in a rather free and easy, but thoroughly unscientific fashion.

MORTALITY RATE—YEARS 0 TO 10 OF INSURANCE.

Age at Ent'y.	RATE PER 1,000. Total Entrants.	Persistent Members.	Lapsed Members.
20	4.227	5.230	4.018
25	4.447	5.466	4.234
30	4.793	5.839	4.528
35	5.345	6.429	4.995
40	6.221	7.365	5.734
45	7.615	8.844	6.906
50	9.834	11.201	8.753
55	13.291	14.928	11.706
60	18.813	20.835	16.370
65	27.565	30.197	23.733
70	41.611	45.035	35.480
74	58.432	62.945	49.586

From 22 of the largest mutual assessment societies in the United States reporting to the bureau of the Mutual Life and Accident Underwriters' Association, for the purpose of deciding upon deaths and lapses, we find the following to be the results of actual experience. Altogether 450,154 lives from the ages of 18 to 65 were reported. From this large experience we gather the following for a period of 16 years:

Policy Year.	Deaths per 1,000.	Lapses per 1,000.
1	2.286	81.830
2	5 865	205.122
3	7.734	111.709
4	8.768	81.628
5	9.351	67.201
6	10.777	57.083
7	11.145	50.952
8	12.472	48.330
9	13.707	43.601
10	15.502	40.538
11	18.559	40.830
12	17.424	48.742
13	17.730	49.349
14	21.788	45.803
15	21.772	30.610
16	27.595	32.523

Here we have the most conclusive proof that as a society grows old, the mortality on any group of members increases. The next addition of members will follow exactly the same course. If the society ceases taking in members and has not the proper reserve on hand it must speedily collapse. If, on the other hand, it makes extensive additions to its membership each year, the death rate is held down for a time; but a time comes when the society becomes so large that the requisite new membership is more and more difficult to obtain. The members in, and growing old yearly, cannot be counterbalanced by new additions. With a membership of 100,000, it is very difficult to keep down the mortality by fresh additions. The necessity for a proper reserve is made clear by the above.

Another example, from the actual experience of assessment companies and societies reporting to the bureau above mentioned, shows that of 12,145 members, at the age of 40, who had been carefully selected, the death rate among the persistent members was as follows per 1,000: in the first policy year, 1.482; second year, 4.758; third year, 6.741; fourth year, 6.413; fifth year, 8.884; sixth year, 11.392; seventh year, 8.306; eighth year,

5.513; ninth year, 11.601; tenth year, 7.692; eleventh year, 17.543; twelfth year, 18.237.

Again, on 16,977 members, entering at age 40, the death rate per 1,000 among the persistent members was as follows, from year one to year sixteen of the policies: 1st, 1.4; 2nd, 6; 3rd, 7; 4th, 7; 5th, 8; 6th, 11; 7th, 7; 8th, 6; 9th, 9; 10th, 10; 11th, 18; 12th, 11; 13th, 12; 14th, 16; 15th, 21; 16th, 26. These figures show the increase in the death rate with the increase in the age of the society in a very positive manner. Unless the lapsing members leave a sufficient sum behind them for the privileges they enjoyed while members, the assessments are bound to become excessively high upon those who remain on the books of the society. Mr. Eldridge says: "Let the first consideration be to protect the persistent member; when this is done, and not until this is done, have we a right to consider the claims of the individual who forfeits his contract and withdraws from membership." In nearly all societies the very reverse is the case.

As another example of the influence of deaths and lapses, the following table has been constructed by Mr. Eldridge from actual experience. It is based upon the movement that takes place in 100,000 persons insured at the age of 30. The table is given in periods of 5 years:

Ages	Numbers	Deaths.	Lapses.	Decrement.	Residue.
30	100,000	4,526	13,087	17,613	82,387
35	82,387	3,625	8,362	11,987	70,400
40	70 400	3,225	6,337	9,562	60,838
45	60,838	3,3 2	4,808	8,130	52,708
50	52,708	3,488	3,720	7,208	45,500
55	45,500	3,875	2,883	6,758	38,742
60	38,742	4,973	2,0 0	6,993	31,749
65	31,749	6,091	1,518	7,609	24.140
70	24,140	6,414	1,111	7,525	16,615
75	16,615	6,446	662	7,108	9,507
80	9,507	5,303	133	5,441	4,066
85	4,066	3,059	1	3,060	1,006
90	1,006	924	0	924	82
95-99	82	82	0	82	0
		55,358	44,642	100,0°0	

From the above table it is clear that if every member carried $1,000 insurance, the total amount to begin with, at age 30, would be $100,000,000. Out of this amount, $55,358,000 actually becomes claims. From those that make payments into the society must be raised this large sum. If, in the earlier years, a sufficient premium be not charged, then, as a matter of course, a distressingly high one will have to be charged in the later years. Now, what is true of the above 100,000 persons, at age 30, is true of any number at every other age. Thus it becomes clear that the "new blood" will have all it can do to take care of itself, without handing over its strength and accumulations to fan into a feeble life the "old blood" in the society.

L. G. Fouse, one of the ablest of living actuaries, has shown that, after a society has taken every benefit from the confiscation of the contributions of lapsed members, the lowest premium limit for the age 40 is a premium of $17.03. This is for ordinary life policies. This premium would not stand the strain of endowments at expectancy. But the society just referred to offers to pay claims when they mature by death, and an endowment at expectancy, which, for age 40, is 69 on a premium of $10.56. When Mr. Fouse made his estimate of $17.03, he was taking into account the death and lapse rates, as determined by the experience of American companies and societies. The above premium of $17.03, paid in annually and improved at 4 per cent., is only adequate to pay the death claims that occur among the members that persist in the society, after the earnings of the lapsed members have been forfeited for the benefit of those who did not lapse. How, then, it may fairly be asked, can any society pay death claims and endowments at 69 on the small premium of $10.56? The answer is: "It cannot be done."

I estimated some time ago to a large society that the very lowest net premium it should charge for ordinary life policies at age 40 years was $17.02.

This was obtained independently, and closely agrees with the rate just quoted from Mr. Fouse. As has been already stated, we have heard no end of clatter about lapses. When one looks into the statements of the gains to a society from this source, the conclusion is forced home that the promoters of societies either knew nothing about the subject, or sought to deceive the public. In conversation with many leading men in fraternal insurance societies, I am of the opinion that they do not understand the effect of lapses, and that their knowledge upon the subject is too indefinite to be of any value whatever. But "a little learning is a dangerous thing."

When a society starts out with a premium of $10.56 for age 40 years, and promises to pay death claims out of this, and an endowment at the expectancy of life, it is undertaking to do the impossible. No amount of capital could build a railway to the moon. The capital might be foolishly spent in material for the road, but no road would be built. In like manner, when a number of men undertake to carry on an insurance society, and their financial plans are unsound, no other ending can result than the absorption of all the moneys contributed in the effort to carry on the enterprise, until the members become disgusted and leave the organization to its fate. For a few years after the admission of a batch of members there is a saving in mortality. The actuarial estimate is not reached. On the small premium paid, a small saving, or surplus, is obtained. This, however, is consumed a few years later, and that batch of members have to fall back upon the savings of members that have been taken into the society at a later period; or, in other words, they have to depend upon the "new blood." Were it not for this, they would have to put their hands into their pockets for special assessments.

This "new blood," in time, will have to fall back upon still other "new blood." In this way the process goes on until there is so much "old blood" in the society that it is impossible for the organizers to secure enough "new blood" to prevent decay and death. The above premium rate of $10.56 is only a few cents more than the natural premium rate for the same age—40 years. But every actuary knows that the natural premium rates are only sufficient for one year, and require to be advanced each year to the extent indicated in the table of natural premiums. As the result, however, of selection, the death rate, for a few years after admission, does not come up to the actuarial standard; and, consequently, there is a slight saving in this way. This enables the society to accumulate a small reserve, or surplus, on each new member for a few years; but this surplus is soon consumed again. The member becomes older, and the cost of carrying his insurance increases. A time soon comes when all that the member pays in is paid out. Then the cost of carrying the risk exceeds the premium paid in, and some of the surplus has to be used. But, as the surplus, gathered from these small rates, is insufficient, it will not stand the strain. What thus happens of the individual risk happens of a large number; and, therefore, the whole organization must become insolvent.

But the question may be asked, what influence have lapses upon societies? It has already been shown that one of the evil effects of lapses is to increase the death rate among persistent members by one-sixth, as most of the discontinuants are healthy and young. Their place, however, is taken by others freshly selected and examined. In this way the death rate over the entire membership is favorably affected. There is no longer any need for stumbling along in a guessing manner regarding this important feature of fraternal insurance. By watching carefully the movements of

the members in large societies, such as the Ancient Order of Foresters, the Manchester Unity Odd-Fellows, and many large American societies and companies, the lapse rate has been determined with great exactness. Indeed, it has been found to be almost as constant as the death rate. Meech and Fouse, in America, and Neison, in Great Britain, have gone into the whole question of lapses in societies very thoroughly. Here is what Mr. Fouse says: "Observers have noticed that there is practically as much regularity in the lapse rate as there is in the death rate. All observations made prove this. The report of the Executive Committee to the Sixteenth Annual Convention embodies the observations with reference to the death and lapse rate according to age and policy years, of 379,780 lives. With the exception of the data furnished by the thirty American offices, embracing over 1,000,000 lives, these are, perhaps, the most extensive data that have ever been used for the construction of tables. The time is long and the number is great enough to establish the law of decrement, both by death and lapse; and furnish us directly, from our own experience, the means of making accurate tests as to our condition, and enable us to determine what is necessary to perpetuate the existence of our several associations."

The above is plain language, and comes from one of the best living authorities upon the whole field of life insurance. The death and lapse rates being known, it is an easy matter to calculate the rates that ought to be charged for insurance. It is in this way that Mr. Fouse determined the net premium for age 40 to be $17.03, at a 4 per cent. basis. If this is the very lowest sum that can be charged for ordinary life insurance at this age, and allow nothing for expenses, possible losses in investments, lowering of the rate of interest, extra mortality due to unhealthy seasons, how can it be possible to carry on life insurance and endowments at expectancy on a premium of $10.56. But we are told that assessments can be made, if required. Just so with the premium of $17.03. It is constructed upon the flexible system, and provides for the possibility that it may not be sufficient; and that an assessment may occasionally have to be made. This is what should be understood as the assessment system. Not to make assessment whenever a claim occurs; or to start out on a premium rate ridiculously too low, and, later on in the history of the association, bolster up the tottering structure by extra calls.—No. The true assessment plan is quite different. It consists in fixing the rates at such an amount as will, in all probability, prove sufficient; and still reserve the right to make at times a special extra call to adjust the reserve on hand, if, as the result of a careful valuation, it is found to be insufficient. Here we have the level premium plan, with the safeguard of a call to adjust the financial standing of the order, or society. This is known as the flexible premium plan.

On this plan of insurance, conducted at the lowest rates consistent with safety, there can be no surrender values. Everything that lapsing members leave behind them is confiscated to the benefit of the persisting members. Taking it for granted, as the outcome of much experience, such as that collected by Meech, Fouse and Neison, that there will be a certain lapse rate in addition to the death rate, the rates are struck so as to carry those only who remain in the society, by forfeiting the gains from those who lapse. But to carry out this system of assessment insurance a valuation of the business should be made at short intervals, certainly not further apart than five years. At each of these valuations, if the reserve or surplus in hand is too small, it should at once be adjusted by a special levy or

assessment. But how is this to be done?

The answer to this question involves several other principles in the science of life insurance. It has been shown that by applying the principles of life insurance mathematics to a society, so as to calculate on lapses, as well as deaths, a premium can be obtained that furnishes insurance at lowest rates consistent with safety. In the same manner, by applying our knowledge of lapses and deaths, commutation single premiums can be obtained and the annuity value of one dollar at any given rate of interest. Having obtained the single premium-rates, and the annuity rates, the insurance in force in any society can be put to the test of a valuation. Errors in the amount of surplus on hand can therefore be detected and corrected while still within the range of cure. Having found the commutation single premium, the annual premium, and the annuity value of one dollar, at a given rate of interest, say 4 per cent. on the decrement method, or on the death and lapse rates combined, the valuation can readily be made. It is now an easy matter to find out the value of the future contributions of the members to the society. It is also easy to determiue what the present value of the future claims amount to. The present or future premiums, added to the surplus on hand, must equal, at least, the present value of future claims. If the present value of future claims is greater than the sum of the surplus and the present value of future premiums, then the surplus is not sufficient, and should be raised by making a call upon the members. The real question is not that there is a large surplus on hand; but the other, and entirely different question, is the surplus on hand the proper one to hold? There are societies in existence with large memberships, and a large apparent surplus. This surplus is large enough to give these societies the appearance of stability, and yet wholly insufficient for the purposes to which it is being applied. Assessments will have to be made thick and fast before long, or these societies must go out of existence. There is no middle road.

In the fraternal insurance societies of Canada and the United States, there are hundreds of thousands of members, carrying billions of insurance, and paying in and out millions of dollars, and yet no valuation. Many of these great organizations are drifting along, regardless of all the admonitions of science and experience. Others, again, are making an effort to place their business on a sound basis. In some societies, the plan is so radically wrong that nothing can be done with it but discard it altogether for a correct one, if it be not too late now to make the change. In an ordinary death assessment society, no valuation can be made of the business, as there is no fixed premium to serve as a starting-point for such. Money is called when required, and paid out when it comes in. There is no surplus on hand, and no fixed premium to take stock by; but, like a rudderless ship, the society is drifting away, until it strikes the rocks, and becomes disorganized and defunct.

Still another foolish device for the creation of a surplus is being tried in some quarters. It is that of setting aside a certain portion of the post mortem death assessments as a reserve fund. But this plan will not keep down the death rate; and when this becomes twelve or thirteen per thousand, some of the surplus will be used in paying claims. In course of time this will be all consumed. These societies will then have a high death rate, and no surplus. Need I draw the conclusion?

The whole question comes to this: No insurance company or society can continue in existence without a Reserve. This statement cannot be controverted. This being the case, the point to determine is, what is the

proper Reserve? The answer to this is twofold First, there is the Legal Reserve of chartered companies. This Reserve is constructed on the assumption that all who become insured will continue on until they die, or live their endowment periods, and are paid their claims. This Reserve is higher than is actually required in practice, but affords the advantages of surrender values, paid up insurance, extended insurance, the power to borrow on a policy, and the distribution of profits. In other words, although more is taken from the policy-holder than is absolutely necessary, after working expenses, the extra comes back to him again. And then the policy-holder is in a company that is absolutely stable, under the laws of Canada as they now exist. Secondly, there is the Reserve that is founded on the assumption that many of those who insure will lapse. This has been determined, as has the death rate, and advantage is taken of it in advance. The Reserve in this plan is less than in the first, and, consequently, the policy-holder has a smaller premium to pay. But, for this one advantage, he must offset the following disadvantages. He is liable to an extra call at any time; any surplus to his credit is forfeited to the benefit of others, if he lapses; there are no profits on his policy; there is no surrender value; there is no paid up insurance; and there is no extended insurance. In other words, the Legal Reserve companies charge too much, and give the surplus back; while the Lapse Reserve company or society charges so close to the margin that extra calls may be necessary at any time. As one able writer has put it, "a small surplus is better than a deficit." To give profits begets confidence; to make special calls creates mistrust.

The above are the only two ways in which the business of life insurance can be managed. Either can be made permanent by careful watching and frequent valuation. At these valuations, the Legal Reserve Company gives profits; whereas. at the valuation periods, the Lapse or Decrement Reserve Company may have to make an extra levy in excess of the regular premium.

Fraternity is a grand thing; but why not have the fraternity conducted on a sound basis? It is just as easy to carry on the work of an association on such a financial plan as will work out equitably to all the members, as it is on one that will not so end. A man joining a society at 20, has an expectancy of 45 years; while one joining at 40, has an expectancy of 29 years. These should be charged such premiums as make each pay for what he gets. It is radically wrong that a man of 40 should pay the same as a man of 20. A graded assessment does not meet the difficulty. The very next year the grade is wrong. There are only two ways to make each pay equally, firstly, to adopt the level premium rates, either on the Legal Reserve or the Lapse or Decrement Reserve plan. These rates may be divided into twelve portions, and paid monthly. It is still a level premium, however. Or, secondly, to charge the natural premium rates and change from year to year, as the members advance in age. By this plan, a member in his eightieth year would be paying about $140 a year.

It will will not do for members to make light of the fundamental errors that exist in these organizations. Take a member, aged 20 when he joins. Grant that he remains a member for 40 years. Allow that he paid on an average $10 a year in assessments to carry his $1,000 of insurance, which is a low estimate to make, for, while his first few years may be under this, his latter years will be above this estimate. At the end of this forty years, when he is 60 years of age, the society suspends operations. A high death rate, and frequent assessments, brought it to an end. Now, allow only 4 per cent. on the money

he has paid in during these years, at $10 a year, and it will be found that he has contributed to the defunct concern $988.27. All this he does for the satisfaction of belonging to a fraternity, and seeing his money go to assist others, whom he never saw, and in whom he has no other interest than that they are members of the same society. But this member is not contributing his money on this understanding. Had he been informed, when he joined that, after paying in for 40 long years, and contributing, in principal and interest, $988.27, the society would become defunct, and leave him, an old man of sixty, out in the cold, he certainly would not have joined. In the meantime he may have become uninsurable; but, even if still in good health, and he seeks new insurance, he finds his premiums are very high on account of his age.

Thus it is that under the guise of fraternity, a vast amount of injustice has been perpetrated. The members often do not know any better, and, taking the statements of the leading spirits in the order, look upon their insurance as perfectly good. Mr. Neison, the distinguished British actuary, condemned such societies in the strongest language. While it must be admitted that the good fraternities have done in many ways is immense, it must be also admitted on the other hand, that very much injustice has been done through their agency, as shown by the example just given, which is only one of many that have happened, and that must still happen under the present method of managing these societies.

Read what Mr. George D. Eldridge, a very able authority on assessment insurance, has recently written: "That the ten years next to come will prove with them (the societies) a crucial period, can hardly be gainsaid; already it is evident that the master minds in several organizations recognize that illy adjusted methods of assessments are cumbering the orders with members who are not paying for the protection they are receiving, but whose presence is making more difficult the maintenance intact of the roll of members under the gradually increasing assessment rate, burdening alike the new entrant and the member of many years standing. Fraternity and brotherhood are proving themselves unable to stay the action of the law of mortality, although they are proving themselves powerful forces to withstand the tendency towards disintegration which under similar circumstances would make havoc with a business organization. As the bond of security which money constitutes may be strained to the point of breakage, which is insolvency, it is not impossible that the bond of fraternity and brotherhood may prove to have its limit of resistance, beyond which would lie disintegration." After referring to the low rate of mortality in relation to insurance, he urges that societies adopt proper methods, and he states: "when this is done the bond of fraternity or brotherhood, instead of losing its power, will be increased many fold, and the future of the orders can be made as assured as their work is beneficent."

In these opinions, Mr. Eldridge is undoubtedly correct. If the financial system is wrong, the bonds of brotherhood cannot ultimately hold the members together; and a point is reached "beyond which lies disintegration." It is equally true that a correct method is just as easy to manage as an incorrect one. The argument, that the adoption of correct rates would apparently increase the payments of members, has no place in the discussion. Insurance cannot be sold below cost, without the result following of the insolvency of the society or company that is foolhardy enough to make the attempt. Mr. Fouse, the scholarly advocate of the Lapse or Decrement Reserve System, condemns the unwarranted assertions that have been made by some advocates of the assessment

system, that insurance can be furnished at the low prices they claim.

Why should societies shrink from a valuation of their insurance? If they are in a sound financial position, would not the knowledge of this be a great satisfaction to the members? If they are not in a sound financial condition, can this fact be discovered and made known too soon? The words of the late Rev. C. J. Radley, who took so much interest in the Ancient Order of Foresters in Great Britain, are of special value. In addressing his fellow-members, he stated that "it should be distinctly understood that in remedying deficiencies, delays are doubly dangerous, and after it is once known the solvency is less than 20s. in the £, every payment made in full reduces the chances of the remainder of the members."

The researches of Meech, Fouse, Neison, and Eldridge, have rendered it possible for societies to value their insurance, making a fair allowance for the profits to be derived from lapses, or secessions. For the leaders in societies to carry on their work, and neglect this plain duty, can hardly be regarded as anything less than criminal negligence. It would be a similar act of folly, if a bank with a large capital, large deposits, large discounts, failed to take stock of its affairs, and, consequently, the directors did not know how its financial matters stood. The universal demands of the members of insurance societies should be, "Give us a sound system; we will pay the rates necessary to produce solvency." The first great consideration that ought to govern the action of every member should be, that he is not paying into a concern that in the very nature of things must go down, as the members gradually grow older, and ever increasing death and sickness rates have absorbed all the contributions of the persistent members, "leaving nought but grief and pain for promised joys."

We have heard far too much of the good done by friendly societies, when the method of doing it was not wise nor equitable. It seems, on the surface, a benevolent act to pay the family of a deceased member $1,000, to help them along in the time of bereavement. But to do this, 100 members must contribute each $10, or 1,000 members $1. If these contributing members are sure that when their turn comes to go, their families will receive similar benefits, then all is right; but if there is no certainty of this; indeed, if there is every certainty that they will not, then the work of fraternity becomes a fraud. The paying members fully expect in their turn to be treated as they are treating others. They are living in a hope that cannot be realized. One very large fraternal society, a short time ago, officially announced that the average age of its members was about five years greater than the average at which they had been admitted. Could there be any stronger proof than this, that, without a proper reserve on hand, "new blood" will not save such an institution?

In conclusion, I would state that all companies, or organizations, doing insurance may be classified as follows, after Eldridge:

1. The Limited Premium, or Legal Reserve Companies.

2. The Flexible Premium, or Assessment Companies, collecting fixed periodical payments, with the reserved right of additional assessments.

3. Post-mortem Assessment Companies, embracing

(*a*) Fraternal orders.

(*b*) Business organizations.

It has been already shown that, if the business management is careful, the first class is on a permanently stable basis. It has also been shown that if the rates collected are sufficient, and the standing of each company is subjected to frequent valuations, the second class, with good management, may also be rendered stable, and kept, from valuation to valuation

in a solvent condition. Further, it has been shown that so far as class three is concerned, every principle of life insurance is violated, and, sooner or later, such organizations must come to destruction and pass out of existence, after the expenditure of much time and money in the effort to perpetuate a huge blunder. These huge blunders are the outcome of empirics working with tables and rates the meaning of which they do not understand. As an illustration of this, a leading society man asked me a short time ago: "Why did the 'old line' companies charge a man aged 20 years about $16 for a life policy, when the death rate at that age was about 7 per thousand?" This is a fine example of how these tables are misapplied.

Mr. Fouse has distinctly stated that though the death rate may be below that expected, the regular premium should be collected, as the law of averages is bound to prevail. Mr. Eldridge has declared that he knows of no reason for supposing that assessment societies can furnish life insurance, as such, cheaper than regular companies. In other words, the law of mortality must be met in the society as in the company. Both these gentlemen are actuaries, and connected with very large assessment companies. But they see, both from experience and study, that life insurance must cost a certain amount, and they are too fearless and honest to hold out any false hopes.

There is actual history, however, to fall back upon. The leading assessment companies of the United States have been for years reporting to a central bureau their actual death rate. The result is that 22 societies had a death rate in the sixteenth year of 30 per 1,000. If any, or all, of these societies had no reserves on hand, and issued 30 assessments in one year, it would soon be seen whether the mutual, or fraternal, bond could hold them together or not. It is utter folly to expect always a low death rate, because it happens to be so in the early years.

Now for the remedy. Let societies making use of the post mortem assessment method, abandon it, and adopt a suitable table of rates, and ample provision for frequent valuations. In the case of other societies, issuing a certain number of regular assessments yearly, the advice of competent experts should be taken at once to determine whether the amounts collected are sufficient; and, if not, to have them adjusted, and then keep them right by the safeguard of taking stock in the form of a valuation. Without this, all else is guesswork.

CANADIAN SHORT-STORY WRITERS.

BY ALLAN DOUGLAS BRODIE.

In these days of excitement and confusion, caused by the general and all-absorbing pursuit of the elusive but ever mighty dollar, nothing plays so important a part in the delightful world of literature—even Canadian literature—as the "short story." The days of the three-volume novel are past and gone, it is earnestly hoped, never to return,—and what was a few years ago considered the right thing in regard to a story, is now universally condemned as vastly unpopular. Even the ordinary, every-day, one-volume novel, except it be of extraordinary merit, has not nearly so many readers as formerly, not on account of any apparent falling-off in the interest manifested for current literature, or lack of writers possessing the true fire, tact, intelligence, and ability to amuse and instruct; but because the busier portion of mankind —and womankind, too—in the wearing drudgery of modern social and business life, have really not the time to devote to reading many works of any kind, be they fiction, history, biography, travel or adventure. If they are honestly desirous of keeping themselves in touch with the world at large, with regard to the latest productions of a popular author, a new star in the literary firmament, or an untried stranger, who, as yet, has to run the gauntlet of those ghouls and bugaboos of every writer—the critics, —they glance rapidly at the press notices and reviews in the large dailies or other periodicals, and that is all. They may never have seen the book itself, and may have but an imperfect idea of its contents; but they pass muster in a crowd composed mainly of people like themselves; with a sprinkling of students and bookworms, whom they are clever enough to fight shy of, or bulldoze into a belief that they, the said busy ones, are deep readers of current fiction. No! the world of busy folk, with a few exceptions, has little or no use for a long-drawn-out story. They do not relish it piecemeal—on the instalment plan—nor have they time to swallow it whole at one sitting. When they wish to thoroughly enjoy themselves in a literary way, they crave, and must have, a terse, pithy, racy, and cleverly told short story, the writing of which is an art in itself. Many a writer, who has gained both fame and fortune as the author of a popular novel, would give way to despair, were he compelled or asked to write a story of say 3,000 words. Like Charles Reade, he would be quite at home while engaged on a four-volume novel; like Grant Allen, he could introduce his "twenty-six episodes" without turning a hair; like some other author, he could begin at chapter 52 and work backwards to the "Once upon a time" point; or, like the good, solid, domestic, bread-and-butter novelist, he could write straight ahead from the first chapter to the last, and both he and the public survive; but ask him to write a concise tale of say two newspaper columns' length! Perhaps he could do it; but more likely the task would be beyond him. I merely mention this to show that the successful short-story writer possesses abilities and talents peculiarly his own, and has to cope with, and master, difficulties that the novelist wots not of, though having difficulties of his own. It is a credit, rather than otherwise, to that little band of bright Canadian writers depicted in this article, that they have chosen, and have ably de-

veloped, this particular field of literature, the more so that their work compares favorably with that of writers of almost any country.

Every one knows, or should know by this time, that the exigencies of very existence in Canada, to put it mildly, prevent native authors from making even a bare subsistence by the product of their pen alone. With a few rare exceptions, the newspapers and other periodicals of the country have either been unable to offer that encouragement which writers deserve, or their editors have shown in the past a combination of characteristics mainly made up of invariable short-sightedness and impenetrable stupidity. Thus it is that some of the brightest writers in Canada have left for a more congenial clime—even in Corea a man can be happy if his ability is recognized in a tangible and substantial manner. There are undoubtedly others just as bright, who would follow them if they could; but family ties that are dearer even than ambition itself make them cling to the land of their birth, and the more sanguine even cheerfully predict the rise of an era of purely Canadian literature, when they can make a name and home for themselves without becoming absolute exiles.

I do not propose here to treat of many of the writers of short stories who have only recently come into public notice, but confine myself to those with whose work I am acquainted.

Of the success of Gilbert Parker, Edward W. Thomson, and Robert Barr ("Luke Sharp"), the reading public are well aware. The first made his initial success in England as a writer of short stories; the second, some years ago on the staff of the *Toronto Globe*, is now holding an honorable and lucrative position on the *Youths' Companion* of Boston; while the third, for many years a citizen of Ontario, and at one time a frequent contributor to the columns of the *Toronto Globe*, *Detroit Free Press*, and other papers on this side of the water, is now associated with the famous and ever-funny author of "Three Men in a Boat"—Jerome K. Jerome—as joint editor of that breezy English monthly, the *Idler*.

All three have practically ceased to be Canadians, though, in a measure, they are educating the world as to the characteristics of their countrymen, and, mayhap, often cast longing eyes in the direction of the land that claims them as her own, but, could not or would not, hold out the encouragement which they so richly deserved, and demanded. There are others who have gone from us in like manner—Sara Jeanette Duncan (Mrs. Coates), Helen Gregory-Flesher, Stinson Jarvis, Madge Robertson, and many more. Canadians are proud of the successes and triumphs of these abroad; but Canadians do not, or should not, forget that we have still some clever literary people among us, and it is of these that I would speak in the present article.

J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

A Canadian writer who has achieved well-merited, not to say extraordinary, success, especially in that most difficult field of literature—the short story—is Mr. J. Macdonald Oxley, of Montreal.

Like so many of our ablest native writers, Mr. Oxley hails from the Maritime Provinces, having been born in Halifax on October 22nd, 1855. Although the author's father, like himself, was a native of Nova Scotia, the Oxleys are a Yorkshire family. The head of the house is a baronet. On his mother's side, the author is descended from the clan Macdonald, and this fact is commemorated by his middle name. He received his elementary training at the Halifax Grammar School, of which he became dux. "Bert Lloyd's Boyhood" is a faithful and loving tribute to this school and its head master, Canon Gil-

pin. He next appears at Dalhousie College, having been the youngest undergraduate ever admitted to that seat of learning—he was only fourteen. Then that great school, which has claimed so many brilliant writers as its own — journalism — was the scene of his labors, he having entered its portals as assistant editor of the *Dalhousie Gazette*, the college paper. He also contributed promiscuously to the Halifax papers, being for a time a regular editorial writer on the *Herald* of that city. In 1874 he graduated from Dalhousie, and began the study of law, and was admitted to the Nova Scotia bar in 1878. While at Harvard Law School, among his class-mates were two men who have since made their mark in American literature, F. J. Stimson (J. S. of Dale), and Robert Grant. His desk-mate was Count N. T. Kenoko, now Attorney-General of Japan, and he also had opportunities of visiting the poet Longfellow.

Yours Very Truly
J. Macdonald Oxley

While at Dalhousie Mr. Oxley was an enthusiastic athlete, and tells an interesting story of how, in a Rugby football match, he and a young, beardless, naval lieutenant came in violent contact, and for a moment it was feared the latter had broken his neck. But he hadn't. This same young sailor has since demonstrated the fact that he bears a charmed existence, and he is known to the world as the dare-devil of England's Navy—he to whom the admiral signalled before Alexandria: "Well done, Condor!"—Lord Charles Beresford.

In 1880, Mr. Oxley married Miss Morrow, daughter of James B. Morrow, of the Cunard Line, and granddaughter of the Rev. Dr. Ritchie, a Methodist minister well known in Montreal half a century ago. The author is now the father of a small family of boys and girls. In 1883, Mr. Oxley entered the Department of Marine at Ottawa, where he enjoyed more leisure to devote to literary work. Up to this time, as a contribution to literature he had only written a paper on Admiralty Law for the *American Law Review*. But how he settled down to gain the entrée to the great magazines, and how he so admirably succeeded the world now knows.

In January, 1884, his first real effort at literary work, "The Canadian Capital," was accepted by the *Continent*. Since then he has written over 200 articles and stories for nearly 60 different periodicals, including *Scribners'*, *Popular Science Monthly*, the *Forum*, *North American Review*, *Magazine of American History*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Lippincott's*, the *American*, *Macmil-*

lan, Ladies' Home Journal, Youth's Compánion, Harper's Young People, Our Youth (New York), *Wide Awake, Golden Days*, etc., etc., and also serial stories to the *Boys' Own Paper, Harpers' Young People, Our Youth* (New York), *Youth* (Edinburgh), *Santa Claus, Our Young People*, etc. Articles and short stories of his that have received most gratifying notice are "Down a Canadian Toboggan Slide," and "Mademoiselle Angelique" (*Ladies' Home Journal*, Feby., 1891, and Feby., 1893), "Love Triumphant" (*Harper's Bazaar*, March, 1889), "In the Midst of the Waters" (*Dominion Illustrated*, Christmas number, 1892), "A Pair of Skates" and "A Skate for a Bride" (*Montreal Star*, Carnival numbers, 1887 and 1889). Not content with all this work, Mr. Oxley has also written several books, among them being "Bert Lloyd's Boyhood," published first in Philadelphia, and afterwards brought out in England by Hodder & Stoughton. In 1888, "Up Among the Ice Floes" was published. "The Wreckers of Sable Island" and "The Chore Boy of Camp Kippewa" were also re-published in book form; they originally appeared in *Santa Claus* and *Youth* respectively. "Archie of Athabasca," a story of the North-West Fur Co., which appeared in the *Boys' Own Paper*, was reprinted in England by Nesbit & Co., and also in America by D. Lathrop & Co. "Fergus McTavish," a story of the Hudson Bay Co., was published by Hodder & Stoughton; while his last book, "The Good Ship Gryphon," a naval story located in the West Indies in the days of the first Napoleon, was first published in Philadelphia, and has recently been issued by Thos. Nelson & Son, the well-known Edinburgh publishers, under the title of "Diamond Rock." This firm also published "Up Among the Ice Floes."

Not only has the thoughtful reading public given unstinted praise to almost everything that has emanated from Mr. Oxley's prolific pen, but the critics themselves, among whom may be mentioned the *London Times, New York Critic, London Graphic, Morning Post*, have also spoken in most complimentary terms of his work, and the judgment of more than one of these may be considered final.

In 1885 Mr. Oxley won a prize of $100, offered by *Literary Life*, of Chicago, for the best condensation of a famous novel, with the synopsis of the "Scarlet Letter." Five years later he won a similar amount in a competition offered by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett for the best article for boys and girls. He also won first prize in the *Halifax Critic's* competition for the best Christmas story.

This is a most extraordinary output for one writer, and is the record of a busy ten years' work.

In addition to this, Mr. Oxley's services as a lecturer on literary subjects have been in constant demand, and he has also been an earnest worker in connection with the Sunday School of the Dominion Methodist Church.

Although an able and prolific writer, Mr. Oxley has never looked upon literature as his sole profession or occupation. For eight years he was a hard-working official of the Marine Department, and in 1891 resigned to take the still more onerous post of Inspector of Agencies for the Sun Life Insurance Co. in Eastern Ontario. In October of the following year, he was offered the post of City Manager for the same company in Montreal, and holds that position at the present time.

However, in spite of all his numerous other duties, he still finds time for literary work, for, besides being engaged on two stories for Thos. Nelson & Son, he has numerous commissions that will keep him in constant touch with the world of literature he loves so well.

MISS MARJORY MACMURCHY.

In the realm of short story writing, Canada has several clever lady writers whose work possesses a certain charm

all its own. Among these, Miss Marjory MacMurchy, of Toronto, occupies a foremost place. Miss MacMurchy, who is a daughter of Mr. A. MacMurchy, Principal of the Jarvis-street Collegiate Institute, Toronto, and editor of the *Canada Educational Monthly*, was born in the Queen City of this fair Dominion, and, so far, has lived nearly all her life within sight of Hiawatha Island and the blue waters of Lake Ontario.

Brought up in an atmosphere of culture and refinement, it is little wonder that, for her, literature held a peculiar charm that gradually instilled itself into the thoughts and actions of her daily life.

It was in 1888 that Miss MacMurchy first took up the pen, as a study for her own amusement, to create

> Charming little worlds of fancy
> Peopled by her own ideals,

and in 1891 appeared her first published story, "The Spirits of the Hearth Fires," in the Christmas number of the *Dominion Illustrated Monthly*. Following this, short stories and humorous sketches appeared in a variety of magazines and other periodicals, including the *Dominion Illustrated Monthly*, *Toronto Saturday Night*, *Life and Work* (Edinburgh), the pictorial weeklies of New York, *Grip*, the *Montreal Witness*, and others.

Very Sincerely Yours
Marjory MacMurchy.

Among the short stories from Miss MacMurchy's pen that show her undoubted abilities in that special and most difficult field of literature, are, "One Summer Morning," "An Episode at Red Rock," "The Fiddler of Lone Inlet," and "The Exodus to Penterville." She has also been a well known contributor to *Saturday Night* and *Grip*, generally in a humorous vein, and over the *nom de plume* of "Penny."

Miss MacMurchy's work is at all times graceful, and shows her, moreover, to possess tact, intelligence, and originality, to a marked degree. Her sense of humor is genuine and keen, and the touch of pathos, which is found in some of her work, is applied with a gentle and loving hand. It is to be hoped that Miss MacMurchy, as well as our other writers, will keep right on, and not allow the troublous times that now beset the path of Canadian literature, to discourage them from giving to the public what the public at least fully appreciate, and are ever ready to admire when real merit comes before them.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

Poet, musician, and story writer—such is Duncan Campbell Scott, and it is as the first, perhaps, that we know him best; but as the last, and it is in that capacity I wish to speak of him here, Mr. Scott has done admirable things.

Born in the City of Ottawa in 1862, the author of "In the Village of Viger" has lived the greater part of his life in the province of which he is a native.

It was in the year 1887 that Mr. Scott first took a special interest in literary work, and since that time he has contributed, not only to the press of Canada, but also to *Two Tales* (since discontinued), the *Youths' Companion*, Scribner's and other leading American periodicals—in fact, everything he has written has been gladly accepted by editors who are on the watch for material possessing undoubted merit.

Among his best work in the short story line, may be mentioned "The Ducharmes," "In the Village of Viger" (10 capital sketches of French-Canadian life, possessing both dramatic interest, and a certain poetic beauty all their own), "The Tragedy of the

Seigniory," "John Scantleberry" (*Dominion Illustrated Monthly*, Feb., 1892), "Coiniac Street," etc., etc.

The following extract from "The Pedler," from "In the Village of Viger," gives but an imperfect idea of the excellence of the whole:

"He used to come in that early spring time, when in sunny hollows, banks of coarse snow lie thawing, shrinking with almost inaudible tinklings, when the upper grass-banks are covered thickly with the film left by the melted snow, when the old leaves about the gray trees are wet and sodden, when the pools lie bare and clear, without grasses, very limpid with snow-water, when the swollen streams rush insolently by, when the grossbeaks try the cedar buds shyly, and a colony of little birds take a sunny tree slope, and sing songs there.

"He used to come with the awakening of life in the woods, with the strange cohosh, and the dog-tooth violet, piercing the damp leaf which it would wear as a ruff about its neck in blossom time He used to come up the road from St Valérie, trudging heavily, bearing his packs. To most of the Viger people he seemed to appear suddenly in the midst of the street, clothed with power, and surrounded by an attentive crowd of boys, small boys, and a whirling fringe of dogs, barking and throwing up dust.

"I speak of what has become tradition, for the pedler walks no more up the St. Valérie road, bearing those magical baskets of his.

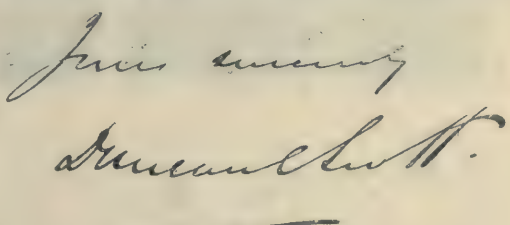
* * * * * *

"Some venturesome souls who looked out when the storm was nearly over, declared they saw, large on the hills, the figure of the pedler, walking enraged in the fringes of the storm. One of these was Henri Lamoureux, who, to this day, has never found the little red purse. * * *

"However that might be, there are yet people in Viger who, when the dust blows, and a sharp storm comes up from the south-east, see the figure of the enraged pedler, large upon the hills, striding violently along the fringes of the storm."

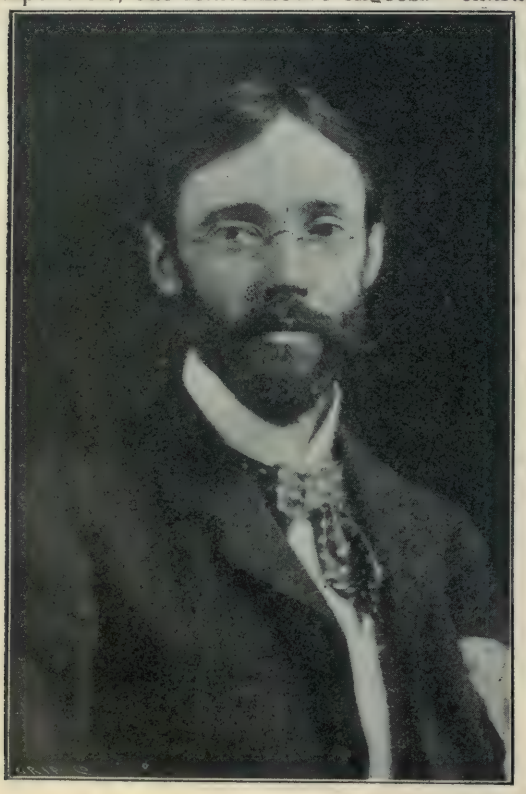
As a prose writer, Mr. Scott is a rare acquisition to the ranks of that clever little band, who, by the fanciful charm of their pens, amuse, instruct, and generally delight the thoughtful reading public. I understand he intends in future to devote more time to prose work than he has hitherto done, and, though he will always live in the hearts of the Canadian people as one of their first poets, as a short-story writer he will be thrice welcome.

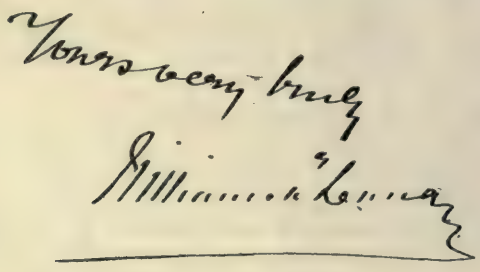
Besides being a graceful writer—



be it of prose or poetry—Duncan Campbell Scott is passionately fond of music, and spends many a pleasant hour in the study of the art sublime. In fact, the two arts are so closely allied, the very rhythm of earnest poetic effort being suggestive of symphonic music, that it is difficult to imagine anyone possessing the poetic spirit being otherwise than an intense lover of music.

Mr. Scott is a very busy man, for besides being a frequent contributor to the magazines, he must needs attend to the onerous duties connected with the post of Chief Clerk and Accountant in the Department of Indian Affairs, at Ottawa, a position not only responsible, but sometimes so engrossing as to leave him with very little inclination to do anything else. However, we hope in the future to see more of this author's work in the short story line, as it is at all times interesting, and cannot fail to please even the most captious reader.





WILLIAM MCLENNAN.

As a delineator of French-Canadian habitant life, William McLennan has very few equals. His stories are characterized by warm coloring, much dramatic interest, and an abundance of original ideas.

Mr. McLennan was born in 1856, in the city 'twixt Mount Royal and the noble St. Lawrence, and has resided nearly all his life in the place of his birth. Ever since he was a boy he has had an intense love of literary work, and possessing, as he does, unusual talents and ability in that direction, his work has at all times been interesting.

Mr. McLennan is not only a prolific writer, but possesses much versatility. He is a poet in the truest sense of the word; has written much local matter of a historical character, and is a capital short story writer. Perhaps his best work in that line has been done in *Harper's Magazine*, in which appeared a series of French-Canadian stories told by an original character called Melchior, and also five or six stories dealing with the French Revolution. He has also written for *Harper's Weekly*, *The Week* (Toronto), *Youth's Companion* (Boston), *Montreal Star*, *Montreal Gazette*, etc. Besides all this, Mr. McLennan has done some excellent work as a translator, as well as writer, of verse.

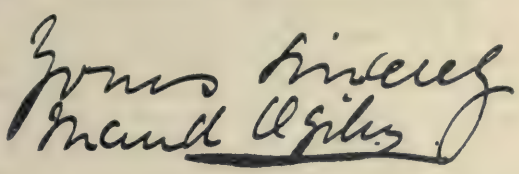
The author of "De Littl' Modder," when not engaged in literary work, attends to the duties connected with his profession of a notary, being one of the firm of McLennan & Fair, St. James-street, Montreal. This profession, in the Province of Quebec, is the same as prac-

tised in France. The cares of business do not sit heavily on Mr. McLennan. To use his own words:—"My occupation is the quietest in the world, and my attempts at literature are my greatest distraction."

The English vernacular of our French-Canadian brothers has received a good deal of attention within the last few years, and, to use the words of Major J. P. Edwards, late editor of the now defunct *Dominion Illustrated Monthly*, "Mr. McLennan's setting has invested it with a pathos which is marvellously attractive."

MAUD OGILVY.

A native of the city of Montreal, Miss Maud Ogilvy is descended, on her mother's side, from a well-known Ontario family—the Powells—members of which have held prominent positions in Toronto, while their descendants are still to be found in the front ranks of the public service, and of science. Hon. Wm. Dummer Powell, Miss Ogilvy's great-grandfather, was Chief Justice of Upper Canada, and her grandfather, Mr. John Powell, in the rebellion of '37 was taken prisoner by the rebels. Escaping, he reached Toronto (then called York), in time to give the alarm and put the garrison on their guard. Later he was elected Mayor of the City of Toronto. Miss Ogilvy's father, Mr. John Ogilvy, is a Scotchman by birth, a native of the little town of Brechin in Forfarshire, where his family have lived for generations. He has been a familiar figure in Montreal society and business circles for many years.



Miss Ogilvy received her early education at a private establishment for young ladies in Montreal, and graduated finally at an institution in London, England.

In this latter school she became remarkable for her excellent French accent, and her thorough acquaintance with English literature. Like most people from America, she found the English climate very trying, being constantly subject to "heimweh," and experience goes strongly to prove that no Swiss exiled from his native mountains, could suffer more than do many Canadians and Americans who have been in voluntary banishment in England for educational or other purposes.

Miss Ogilvy, from various causes, came face to face with the question, "What shall my life work be?" While her training qualified her to be a teacher, the more congenial and varied pursuit of literature attracted her, and those friends who knew her best, convinced that her natural gifts and industry were such as to promise success, urged her in the direction to which her tastes inclined. Thus encouraged, her first little ventures went forth, and were successful in a modest degree. They consisted of letters to the daily papers on such subjects as might be before the public, and were written in the purest of English, in a style by turns thoughtful and witty, and were eagerly looked for by appreciative readers. Short stories came next, and the short story proved to be a branch of literature in which she excelled.

In 1890 appeared Miss Ogilvy's first important venture, "Marie Gourdon," a romance of the Lower St. Lawrence. This book was well received by the Canadian public, and attracted much attention in French and Roman Catholic circles, to whom her writings had not previously appealed. By the appreciation shown in it of the influence of the Church on society in that primitive district, and by the delicate truth of the atmosphere through the medium of which her characters are seen, Miss Ogilvy

proves herself equally at home in the amenities of society and civilized life, as among the primitive surroundings of the French of the Lower St. Lawrence, and the changes from one phase of life to the other, give variety of interest to her story. One of its finest characteristics is the sympathy with everything Canadian—climate, people, traditions—which marks her at once to be a true daughter of her country.

Her next book, entitled "The Keeper of Bic Lighthouse," also proved a success, and has gone through several editions. An important work of Miss Ogilvy's, which has gained for her the greatest praise and distinction from both the press and public, is, "The Life of Sir J. J. C. Abbott," and it is said the late Premier himself was much pleased with the author's painstaking efforts to place his life and times more prominently before the Canadian people. I may add that this work was written by Miss Ogilvy on an order from the Canadian Government.

I believe the author contemplates writing a biography of Sir Donald Smith, the well-known railway magnate and millionaire, of Montreal, and there is no doubt that the appearance of the volume will be hailed with the greatest delight by the author's numerous admirers.

In addition to these works, Miss Ogilvy has written many interesting articles showing much research, and full of reliable information, and has contributed to the Boston *Transcript*, the Philadelphia *Ledger*, the Brooklyn *Musical Magazine*, the New York *World*, in addition to numerous Canadian periodicals. It will be seen that her writings touch upon many themes, and yet there is one more line in which she excels—that of a writer of society sketches. We all know how difficult it is in this branch of newspaper work to draw the line between privacy and publicity, between the incidents and people we may write about and those cases in which publicity would be a breach of good taste. In this regard Miss Ogilvy never fails. and with all due reticence, her notes are most piquant, interesting and appreciative. Alike in municipal events, topics of the day, society items, the churches, and the fashions, she culls her facts and fancies with a taste and judgment rarely combined in so high a degree. Consequently her services are constantly called into requisition by people who would hesitate before placing themselves and their entertainments at the mercy of the ordinary newspaper reporter.

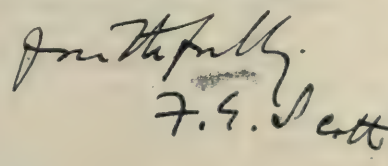
In person Miss Ogilvy is of middle height, with a dainty figure, small hands and feet, and lovely golden-brown hair. While her features are not strictly regular, her forehead and eyes are fine, and her expression animated and pleasing. Combined with these, a pure accent, a sweet voice in speaking and conversation, full of wit and repartee, make up a personlity charming and attractive in a high degree.

Of late, Miss Ogilvy has been obliged to seek a warmer climate, as she found she could not withstand the rigors of the Canadian winter. When the leaves begin to unfold, the blossoms to scent the sun-lit air with their delightful fragrance, and the robin once more to burst forth in his glad hymn of praise, then will the many friends and admirers of Maud Ogilvy hope to see her back again in the land of the maple leaf and beaver.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

The author of "The Bible Oracle," the Rev. Frederick George Scott, was born in Montreal, April 7th, 1861. Both of the writer's parents were of English birth, although his father, the late Dr. W. E. Scott, was Professor of Anatomy at McGill College for nearly forty years. Mr. Scott received his early educational training at the High School, and Proprietary School, Montreal, after which he attended

Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Que. From thence he went to King's College, London, Eng., where he graduated. Mr. Scott at once carried out his intention of taking holy orders. For a time he was curate at the Church of St. John the Evangelist,



Montreal, and afterwards went to England, where, in 1886, he was ordained a priest by the Bishop of St. Albans, and licensed to the curacy of the Church of St. Peter-ad-vincula, Coggeshall, Essex. In 1887, Mr. Scott returned to Canada, when he married, and was appointed to the Rectory of Drummondville, in the Diocese of Quebec.

Although always an ardent student of literature, it was not until the year 1888 that Mr. Scott's name first came prominently before the public as a writer of much promise. In that year "The Soul's Quest," and other poems, were published in London, Eng., by Kegan Paul. Four years later appeared "Elton Hazlewood" (Whitaker's, N.Y.)

During the present year "My Lattice," and other poems, were published by William Briggs, Toronto.

As a short story writer, Mr. Scott has done some excellent work. Most of his contributions were written for the *Dominion Illustrated Monthly*, *Arcadia*, The CANADIAN MAGAZINE, *Penny Post*, etc.

"The Bible Oracle" is one of the best things Mr. Scott has written. Its interest is such that it led one admirer to say to me: "If I have read Mr. Scott's 'Bible Oracle' once, I have read it half-a-dozen times." "The Unpardonable Sin of Mr. Baggs," shows the writer to possess a keen sense of humor, while, among the other short stories of real merit that the reverend gentleman has written, "The Soul-Snake," and "The Smile of Christ" are both excellent contributions to the short story literature of Canada.

STUART LIVINGSTON.

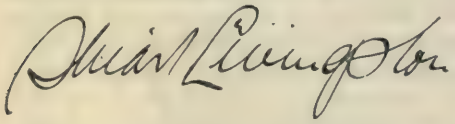
A Canadian writer, who has done excellent work in more than one branch of literature, and contributed materially to the building up of the art in this country, is Mr. Stuart Livingston, of Hamilton.

Although, I believe, first known to the reading public as the author of "The History of Professor Paul," (published by Hunter & Grant of Hamilton, and for which he received warm words of praise from the late Sir Daniel Wilson and others), it is as a poet that Mr. Livingston is best known, and Dr. Samuel Lyle's graceful tribute, in the CANADIAN MAGAZINE, to the young writer's gift, is still fresh in the minds of the many readers of that excellent monthly. But, as a writer of short stories of sterling merit, Mr. Livingston has fully demonstrated that he is also at home in the work of weaving together the fabric of an artistically told tale—always true to nature, and full of poetic beauty.

Mr. Livingston is quite a young man, being still on the sunny side of thirty, and was born and has lived the greater part of his life in the pretty city, under Bartonville's Mount, the present scene of his professional labors, where, in collaboration with Mr. A. E. Garrett, he enjoys a lucrative practice as a barrister and solicitor, holding the degree of LL.B., no slight distinction for so young a practitioner.

As a story writer, Mr. Livingston has contributed to many of the leading Canadian journals, his "Told in the Ball Room," in the *Dominion Illustrated Monthly*, and "The Girl in Canada," also contributed to a Canadian periodical, being stories possessed of power, brilliancy, and a certain poetic undercurrent, that is found in all his work. It is almost impossible to form any adequate idea of a writer's

style in a short prose article of this kind, without giving it entire. Want of space, unfortunately, renders this out of the question in a necessarily condensed article of this kind. The most that can be said of Mr. Livingston's work is that it abounds in telling scenes—scenes wherein the artificiality of modern society is held up in all its most glaring deformity; while the grand nobility of a manly man is depicted in delightful contrast—scenes wherein the heartless jilt, and sweet, innocent maidenhood are truthfully portrayed, while nature at all times is seen as she appears to the poet and the artist. A short-story writer, as well as a poet, Mr. Stuart Livingston will always find many warm admirers, and his work is a welcome addition to current Canadian literature.



Then there is William Wilfred Campbell, of whom "Clio," in a glowing tribute to the Canadian poets, hath said:

"Next Campbell, golden-shod, appears,
Bearing his sheaf of ripened ears;
Dear, dearest to thy heart, fond mother;
For he has touched the deepest deep
Where thy bruised love is sure to weep,
And hallowed it as has no other."

Although I, and, I believe, the appreciative public at large, like to think of Mr. Campbell, as of Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, as a distinctly Canadian poet, he has occasionally given us a capital short story. What could be more quaintly humorous than "Deacon Snider at the Circus." Several others, that have appeared in the CANADIAN MAGAZINE and elsewhere, are full of interest and literary merit.

Then there are the Rev. Arthur Wentworth Eaton and Mr. Craven Langstroth Betts, two Maritime Province writers, whose "Tales of a Garrison Town," written conjointly, are very entertaining, and possess much literary merit. This work, which has been issued in book form by the D. D. Merrill Co., of New York and St. Paul, is much after the style of John Strange Winter, and besides being bright and amusing, shows the authors to be quite *au fait* with the subject on which they speak. Although little known in this country—which fact appears rather remarkable—"Tales of a Garrison Town" is well worthy of a place on our bookshelves, as the work of two clever, native writers, whom the reading public would be glad to hear from again.

The Rev. Mr. Eaton has also added a valuable contribution to the history of the early and most important periods of Nova Scotia history, in his "The Church of England in Nova Scotia, and the Tory Clergy of the Revolution," published by Whitaker, New York; and Drysdale, Montreal. Mr. Eaton is now a Presbyter of the Diocese of New York.

Then there is Miss C. A. Fraser, editor of the Children's Department of the *Montreal Star*, author of "Atmâ," an Oriental romance, published by Lovell, and several short stories.

Other Canadian short-story writers whole contributions appear from time to time, and whose work displays great promise, are Miss Jessie A. Freeland, whose "Renunciation of Grahame Corysteen" is an admirable piece of work; the Rev. J. A. Smiley, of Pickering; Kay Livingstone, author of "Brough's Daughter," and other stories; K. A. Chipman, whose "Visitation at Verneuse" is of note; Beatrice Glen Moore ("How Remi was Satisfied," etc.); Samuel M. Baylis ("How Jack Won his Snowshoes," etc.); and E. J. Toker, who has contributed several good stories to Canadian periodicals.

STRICTLY VEGETARIAN; OR, BROWN'S DINNER IN JAIL.

BY KEPPELL STRANGE.

JUST a few scattered houses lining a narrow, pathless roadway—such is Lower Stoke. There are three Stokes, lying out of the track of civilization, off the Dover Road. Follow the turnpike road out of Rochester, ascend and descend Gad's Hill, (past Charles Dickens' house; on the right,) take a branch roadway at the foot of the hill, and you shall come to the first of the Stokes—Upper Stoke—a fairly prosperous Kentish village, of several hundred souls, surrounded by well-cultivated fields and hop gardens. Through this village a serpentine roadway will conduct you to Middle Stoke, smaller than the first and of different character. For this is the home of the mudders, master mudders and journeymen mudders—men who dig out the peculiar mud from the fringes of the Medway at low tide; from whence it is barged to Rochester, Chatham and adjacent places, to be converted into the famous Portland cement. Medway mud, as is well known, makes the finest Portland cement in the world. Hereabouts folks are as proud of the reputation of being expert mudders as are other people of the title of lord, or poet, or statesman—and who shall say that the mudder is least worthy? If you really wish to please a Middle Stoke man, just tell him that he can "shift a bit of mud in first-class style;" you will have made a life-long friend.

The journey from Middle to Lower Stoke is through flat but interesting scenery. It is interesting by sharp contrast; the dividing line being the hedge-lined, rutty roadway. On the right, the salt marshes stretch away along the Medway banks to where this muddy estuary joins the mouth of the Thames, near Sheerness. On the left are fields of roots and cereals and fruits and pastures, with a few widely-scattered farmhouses and clustering outbuildings.

Now, Lower Stoke had never a jail, and neither had Middle Stoke, or Upper Stoke, for the matter of that. It is true each had a dilapidated structure that was intended to answer that purpose, temporarily, in case of need, and tradition has it that each has been used for that purpose in the far away past. This, notwithstanding, to be locked up in style was impossible at either of the Stokes. To be incarcerated properly it was necessary either to walk to distant Rochester, or await the infrequent visits of the mounted patrolman. It is said that the United Stokians did not complain of this overmuch; they were a quiet, plodding race of people, content pretty much with things as they were; to be distinguished in a game of quoits, a cricket match, a flower show, or at a wedding, was about as much in the way of real excitement as they could stand. Nevertheless, Upper Stoke had a policeman—perhaps it would be more correct to say, half a policeman, because there was a tradition that Middle Stoke could lay claim to his services also, should some undreamed of circumstance require his presence there—and he had a real uniform, blue, with bronze buttons, and a helmet and truncheon and all. Now, when the constable wore his uniform, as he did sometimes on special occasions, such as Christmas Day, the first of May, and the annual harvest festival, Upper Stoke was really proud of him; Middle Stoke shared in the pride, in a modified degree; while Lower Stoke—well, although they would not ac-

knowledge it, you could perceive that they were moderately jealous and annoyed. They called Mr. Policeman a "rag-bag," and a "blue-bottle," "copper," "bobby, bobby, mutton pie," and "who bought the clothes you're wearing, yah!"—for all the world as some

"A splendid mudder."

ill-conditioned people do even in these *fin de siecle* days. They did'nt, of course, do this exactly to his face, but just at a reasonably safe distance, so that he might hear it without knowing who the culprit was, and feel comfortable accordingly. And the other Stokes' folk forgave them because they had not a uniformed guardian at all, only a man clothed like themselves, who was supposed to light the two street lamps and take care of the law and order of Lower Stoke in his spare time, for the remuneration of several pounds yearly.

Now, the Stokes and Toronto are very different in character and widely apart—this is not intended as an original remark, but merely as a statement of fact. Probably everyone in the Stokes has heard of Canada, though few have done more. For the yokels of the Stokes do not migrate even in these days, but are generally born and exist and die within sight of their birth-place. Even a visit to that great centre of activity, London, is an event in the life of an ordinary Stoke man of which he does not fail to boast until he has paid his final visit to the family grave; and even then the perilous adventure is not forgotten, but sheds a refulgent and undiminished splendor upon his children. "How many people, I wonder,"—so I often mused until last week; "how many people out of these teeming Torontonians have ever heard of the Stokes?" Brown was certainly the last man, but Brown undeceived me, and—great wheels turn on slender axles—it originated with a carrot, a boiled carrot. I have done business with Brown; nod to him on "Change" every day; have taken lunch with him occasionally for these few years past; met him at club dinners and public functions frequently; dined once or twice at his place on Sherbourne-street, and, of course, flattered myself that I knew him pretty well. Previous to last week had you said, "Do you know Brown?" I would have replied confidently: "Certainly; know all about him; thirty years my senior, but one of my closest friends." Which goes to show that one never knows.

"A carrot," said Brown, pointing to the bill of fare, "is a very esculent vegetable—boiled."

"They are moderately tasty, with salt beef," I assented, "but why lay stress on 'boiled;' who ever heard of them being baked?"

"I had 'em for dinner once," he said, "raw. I removed as much of the field that clung to them as I was able with my coat-sleeve—they were not clean, then, but they were good. I was a half-starved, ragged urchin then, locked up for thrashing a brute of a master. I was a work-house brat, by the way—and those carrots were the best I have ever tasted."

"Where did this happen?" I queried, curiously.

He replied, carelessly, "Oh, you

wouldn't know the place; it's out of the world, little place, called Stoke—Lower Stoke—near Sheerness, in the old country."

I simply gasped; really that is the only word to express what I did; I gasped. I remember being considerably surprised at an unexpected rencounter in my salad days. I left a moderate-sized Kentish village on a Thursday, and was standing on the Lion Mound at Waterloo the following Saturday. The first person I saw after toiling up the stairs, was my next door neighbor! I said, "Well, I never!" and he said, "Well, I never," too. Then we asked each other how we had got there, and why. I can't recollect, at this date, whether we adduced the circumstance to prove the smallness of the world, but I dare say we did; it was the sort of original remark that would most likely have occurred to us.

"Not know Lower Stoke?" I returned, as soon as I was able, "I know all the Stokes—Upper, Middle, Lower—I have heard of the ramshackle lock-up, I—so you are the hobbledehoy of the legend—of the staple, and the carrot, and the donkey, and the missing captive—and it wasn't all mythological?"—and I stared at Brown-open-mouthed with astonishment.

So soon as I grew coherent, Brown told me all about it, and it seemed then quite the funniest and strangest thing that could even happen to me in Toronto. I enjoyed the whacking he gave to that brute of a jobbing carpenter and undertaker most, and when he came to the part where he was given in charge of the rural constable, who wanted him to go down on his knees and beg pardon, and be forgiven, because the representative of the law was cleaning his lamps, and preparing his Sunday dinner, and clumping the soles of his boots, and forty other things, and because arresting anybody was such a new and undreamed of experience, that he was quite confounded, and didn't at all know how to proceed about it, I laughed until the tears ran down my face.

"However," says Brown, proceeding with his lunch and the story, "I was fastened in all right in the end. It was not so uncomfortable either. Whiskers (we called him 'Whiskers,' because he was so completely denuded of hair, both on the crown and face)

"Upper Stoke was proud of him."

used his amateur jail as a store-room principally, and it contained, besides garden tools, onions, potatoes, carrots, and other odds and ends, a quantity of matting and old sacks.

"Whiskers waited until I was well wrapped up in the sacking; then he went out and closed the door. How he had fastened it, I neither knew

nor cared then; although, perhaps, the fact that he had jammed a frozen carrot into the staple in front of the hasp, instead of the usual wooden plug, accounts for the difference between what I am and what I might have been." Here, Brown philosophizes upon the potency of little things, the modern instance being what he owes to a carrot—raw—and a donkey—as if he were the only person of modern times who has attained to fortune through the instrumentality of—ahem—asses.

"Why lay stress on boiled?"

"The shed," Brown resumed, "was warm and dry, the sacking was soft—to me—and after being accustomed to sleeping on sections of coffins, elm planks, and stair-case newels, in a draughty shop, the make-shift prison appeared, by contrast, quite luxurious, and I was soon peacefully asleep."

The chorus takes up the story to explain that Lower Stoke, like most rural places, had its donkey—nothing remarkable about him in appearance, just the ordinary donkey, with a coat like an over-worn door-mat, a pair of ears, and, of course, a bray — the latter worn outside most of the time. If there was anything noticeable about this particular donkey, it was his curiosity and his knowledge of vegetables. He was a connoisseur of vegetables, by reason of drawing a greengrocer's cart, and frequently visiting their habitat, the country fields; his curiosity was a gift from his ancestors.

It was Neddy's custom always, in his hours of ease, to prowl about the village, the adjacent lanes and fields, seeking what he might devour, and on the particular morning following Brown's incarceration, he reached, in the course of his peregrinations, the door of the lock-up and espied the frozen carrot in the staple. To say that he was astonished, is simply discounting the gravity of the situation; he was paralyzed! What he said is untranslatable; and what he thought was patent to the boy who was noting the expression of his features through a chink of the door while munching a raw carrot inside. If George II. was thunderstruck at the subtlety of the problem, "How di-did the apple ge-get in th' the dumpling?" that donkey was lightning-struck as well, trying to account for a carrot growing in a staple-eye. He argued that it was against nature and a sort of eighth world-wonder. He pondered over the

circumstance so long, and reviewed it in such a variety of ways, that finally, like some modern dialecticians, he began to doubt whether it really was a carrot. He at length determined that his teeth and palate would better help to solve the mystery than his eyes and brain, and so, in pursuit of truth, he seized the carrot between his teeth; out it came from the staple; the door creaked on its hinges and opened; the boy, thus tempted to escape, walked out and, watched by the wondering Neddy, commenced the journey that eventually led him to Toronto and prosperity.

The scoria from the volcano of the present has so far buried the quaint structures of the past that Lower Stoke people of the present day deny this story indignantly and in toto; at Middle Stoke they acknowledge that there is something in it, but treat it briefly and with half assent, being somewhat concerned for the reputation of their neighbors and the district; at Upper Stoke it is more strongly affirmed; while, as is the way of the world, at Rochester there are a few old men from whom may be gathered some of the details.

But if you are really anxious to hear the story told truly and in extenso, you must meet Brown either at luncheon, on 'Change,' or at his Sherbourne-street residence; he will put you right.

Anyhow, whether you meet and question him about the circumstance or not, you may take my word for it; you may also be assured that Brown's present dinners do not consist of carrots—raw—with portions of real estate clinging to them. This knowledge will be useful to you should you be asked to dine with him.

MODERN ROYAL AUTHORS.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

LITTLE known is the fact that there are several Kings, Queens, and other Royalties, who are authors of volumes, nearly all of which have won financial success; for thousands of copies were bought up by the subjects of the King or Queen author. The most talented writers among Royalties are Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania, of whom more anon, and the Duke d'Aumale.

The late Crown Prince Rudolph, of Austria, left a MS. on "Natural History," and his "Impressions of a Visit to Bosnia," which was published a year after his tragic suicide. His mother, the stately Empress, a counterpart of Diana of the age of mythology, writes comments in her diary on German poets, and entertains a special cult for Heinrich Heine, whose grave in Paris is decked year after year by immortelles woven by the white hands of Elizabeth. Like Madame de Pompadour, the Empress uses her own printing press, and lifts the "ems" with consummate skill—preferring to do this mechanical work herself rather than confide her literary secrets to any possibly garrulous compositor. Tbe daughter of the Empress, Archduchess Valerie, sends at least once a year a collection of original verse of more than mediocre merit to a Vienna committee in charge of a monthly periodical the proceeds of which are invested in a fund to help the aged employés of the empire.

For the past hundred and two score years, the Hohenzollerns have not displayed any decided taste for literary work. They paid so much attention to the sword that they had no time left to cultivate the pen. Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, used to write French and Latin poems, which were revised by Voltaire, who was then, in the middle of the last century, living as the King's guest in the Royal Palace in Berlin. The late Emperor Frederick kept a Diary, from which a volume of extracts will soon be published,

The Crown of Roumania is resting so lightly on the head of Carmen Sylva, that she can still be a poet while remaining a queen. When Elizabeth was Princess of Wied, before she had any dreams of sitting one day on a throne, she proved herself capable of taking a place among the most distinguished writers of Germany. Carmen Sylva is no mere word painter. She has originality of thought. Her prose proverbs rival those of Pascal in their knowledge of human nature. "White locks," she writes, "are the spray that rests on the waves when the tempest is over." What a delicately wrought idea! Carmen wrote in German originally. Now she writes gracefully in French. She receives all French *littérateurs* who may happen to be travelling in Roumania. Madame Adam, editor and owner of *La Nouvelle Revue*, published at Paris, and Pièrre Loti, are her more welcome guests. When the beautiful Queen wearies of the pen, she stands in the midst of her muslin-dressed maids of honor, like Corinne, or the heroine in old Decameron, telling joyous tales of the brave days of old, when the world held on its surface gallant knights, sweetly singing troubadours, dancing fays, and beautiful women.

The late Dom Luiz, King of Portugal, was the author of a Portuguese translation of Shakespeare—a literary enterprise which occupied twenty-five years of his life, and which is an ex-

cellent work, according to that famous Parisian critic, Francisque Sarcey.

Queen Victoria made her *début* on the literary stage by a volume entitled "Meditations on Life, Death, and Eternity." A few decades afterward, "A Tour in the Highlands" was published. These publications had an extensive sale. The Queen's eldest daughter, the Dowager Empress Frederick of Germany, has very decided literary tastes.

The Coburg family is famous for the graphic literary style of its members. Prince Albert, the late Consort of Queen Victoria, wrote memoranda for the Cabinet. King Leopold I. of Belgium used to pen brilliantly written letters to the sovereigns of Europe. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha issued volume after volume on a variety of subjects. These three brothers were also adepts in science.

The Prince of Bulgaria contributes to several first-class European scientific reviews. King Oscar II. of Sweden and Norway woos the muses, and, stranger still, has a taste for political economy. He is the author of "Pious Poems," and a very dry and uninteresting volume on "The Mission of Sovereigns." Disdaining to curry favor by appearing as monarch, he sent an essay on Liberty, under an assumed name, to the Stockholm Academy, which chose that theme for competition, and he won the second prize.

In France, the historical works on the Condés, by the Duke D'Aumale, one of the sons of King Louis Philippe, are highly prized for their originality, as the Duke had valuable MSS. concerning that historic family in his library which had not been previously published. These volumes won the Orleanist Prince a seat in the Academy. The late Count of Paris wrote two volumes dealing with a theoretical settlement of the working-man problem.

Prince Jerome Bonaparte has written a panegyric on his illustrious uncle, *le petit caporal*, in two eloquently-worded volumes. The old blind Prince of Monaca, father of the present Prince, contributed to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* gossipy souvenirs of the days when his eyesight was clear as crystal and he travelled in foreign countries. He also favored the Academy of Science of Paris with his observations on submarine currents.

The late Prince Lucien Bonaparte had a library containing books of all the dead and living languages, even books of dialects spoken all over the world. He used to write articles in the Basque tongue, and composed several Basque lyrics. To complete our list, we have only to enumerate the recently-published "Speeches of the Prince of Wales," and the "Voyage of the Duke of York and his lately-deceased brother, Prince Victor."

THE POOR PLAYER.

From the French of Gaston Schaedler.

BY S. A. CURZON.

"GOOD evening, Charlie, and good evening to Mother Martin."

"Thank you, folks: good evening and good night."

Then pulling up the collar of his thin overcoat and thrusting his withered hands into his pockets, Martin, the comedian of Montmartre, went away. Pegging along in short, regular paces, he passed before the theatre *café*, took *Rue d' Orsel*, turned to the right, and went up *Rue des Martyrs*. In a few minutes he lifted his head, and observed in a house, high up—the fifth story—a window, which, despite the lateness of the hour, was still lighted, and formed a pleasant bit of brightness amid the surrounding obscurity; then, smiling, he crossed the road, rang, passed gaily by the concierge's lodge, singing out in a sonorous voice, "d'cabot," and mounted to the fifth floor, taking the stairs four at a time.

Before he reached the top, a door opened, and an elderly woman, whose face was visible by the light of the lamp she held in her hand, cried,

"Is it thou, Charlie?"

"Here I am, mother; good evening to you."

Throwing both his arms around the old lady's neck, he almost choked her with kisses, and the door being shut, both sat down to a table where two covers had been carefully laid. Then, in the midst of the moist warmth which filled the neat dining-room, they ate their supper, he relating, in the course of the meal, all the details of the evening; giving importance to the relation of the most trifling incident, particularly those points in his part when he had been most effective; telling little anecdotes of his fellow-actors; chattering about everything; touching up everything; she. Mother Martin, urging him on, laughing with the laugh of a young girl, despite her sixty years; settling herself in her big arm-chair and lovingly contemplating her '*p'tit*,' 'the actor,' as she had named him herself, with a touch of sceptical raillery.

Martin loved his mother dearly! While he was quite young and going to school, his father had died, and his mother transferred all her love and tenderness to him. She had raised him somewhat like a girl; surrounding him with a thousand cares; trembling at the first sound of a cough; working night and day, so that he should wish for nothing, for she would not have known how to refuse him; and then when he was grown a youth and said; "Dearest mamma, I want to be an actor," she consented. Nay, more, she encouraged him, inspired him, dreamed for him the most glorious future, saw him, already triumphant, acclaimed by houses wild with delight—and he began at Montmartre, where he remained.

To be sure he was not a great artist; yet the theatre-goers adored him; his thin face with the cheek bones reddened with rouge, his large mouth furnished with long teeth, his tremulous voice that seemed to come out of a clarionet, above all, his childish method of launching a joke, made them explode with laughter from the time the curtain rose. And he had acquired a distinct renown in that neighborhood. His success stopped there, but what did it matter so long as he enjoyed the admiration of his mother.

His life, so calm, so tranquil, so simmering—as some would say—he loved; he adored, knowing no other; and when, the play over, somebody invited him to a little spread, he would reply smiling: "Well, you see, mother is waiting for me."

One time Martin, was greatly hurt. That evening there was much disputing in the green-room. Everybody was shouting, vowing, calling upon witnesses; a craze of babel cries in the air. When the comedian entered they handed him a newspaper; he read in it an article in which comedians were roughly handled. Among other insulting things, he only comprehended one; the writer said that comedians were incapable of a single true sentiment. That evening, on returning home, he showed the paper to his mother, showing her the place with his thumb. And when she had read the article through, he exclaimed, while two large tears rolled down his cheeks:

"Tell me, mother, is it so, indeed, that I do not love thee truly?"

Already Mother Martin was caressing him fondly, her eyes blazing with wrath at the unknown detractor, and she exclaimed, excitedly:

"Let them come and see then whether thou lovest thy mother truly or not, my darling!"

II.

One evening in December the theatre was crowded, for it was the first night of a piece which it was expected would be a splendid success, there being introduced in it a wonderfully grand Parisian scene.

In spite of the severe cold, Mother Martin determined to be present on the occasion; imagine, then, the 'p'tit' playing the principal rôle, and his name at the head of the placards, set off in grand style!

It was an absolute triumph for Martin. Each time he left the stage the cheers resounded to the echo again and again. Never had he so entered into the spirit of his character, surpassing himself, giving his powers the fullest play. Yet so it was that in all the audience he saw but one person at the foot of the orchestra, rising from her chair, applauding frantically—his mother! For that evening he played to Mother Martin.

When the curtain fell upon the last act, Martin was personally recalled.

Mother Martin, completely carried away, left the house quickly, elbowing her neighbors, so that she might get out before them, and, like a shot, made for the dark passage by which the actors leave the theatre. So full was her head of joyful ideas that she forgot to throw over her shoulders the warm woollen shawl she carried on her arm; more than that, she felt not the cold, tramping back and forth, talking aloud, becoming impatient—never had they been so long changing their clothes. At length he appeared; at one bound she threw herself upon his neck, murmuring, her throat strangling with emotion:

"Ah! my little one—My little one!"

Martin, quite overcome, gathered her to his heart in a long embrace, stammering:

"Then you are satisfied, mother?"

"Can you ask?—ah, my Charlie!"

That evening the lodging on the *Rue des Martyrs* seemed to them tranferred into a palace, so happy were they, so brilliant appeared the future, and the supper, christened with champagne—Mother Martin's surprise—was merrier than ever.

III.

The next night, despite his great success of the previous evening, Martin wore a preoccupied air. He responded to the compliments he received with a smile of constraint; he was irritated by everything, worried about nothing, and, he, who was looked upon as the sweetest-tempered of men, fell foul of the dresser, scolded his comrades, urged the manager to give the three strokes for beginning business.

"What's the matter with you?" cried his comrades. "Me!—nothing's the matter with me, but Mother Martin has a cough which tears her to pieces, and I believe she caught cold coming to see me."

"Ah, poor woman! But you don't think it much."

"I hope sincerely it is not much!" cried Martin.

At the idea that "it might be something," he felt a cold shudder down his spine, and he paled perceptibly under his rouge.

That night, when he returned, although, according to custom two covers were laid on the little table, Mother Martin was lying down, and she appeared worse; she could laugh, nevertheless. For fear of distressing the "little one," she asked the news of the evening, and referred to the triumph of the night before, at the recollection of which she became again enthusiastic, she no longer felt her illness, the fever which burned in her chest; but a cough, dry, rancous, stubborn, chopped her words, interrupted her, all without in the least disturbing the sweet temper of this adorable old creature. The next day the doctor said she had inflammation on the chest. A week after, as he left the wings, Martin noticed at the end of the passage a neighbor of his mother. Without stopping to find out the reason of the impression on him, Martin was seized with a deadly chill.

"Come quick, Master Charlie; your mother is very ill and wants to see you."

He waited for no more. He ran, elbowing the passers-by, whom he could have knocked over—killed even, if they had barred his way; what would it have mattered to him!

At a bound he mounted the stairs, but, arrived at the landing, he suddenly stopped, not daring to go in—choking, stupid, stunned, unable to think. A trembling voice from within roused him from his torpor.

"Is it thou, Charlie?"

"Here I am, mother," he cried, softly, not daring to speak up lest he should weep.

Mother Martin, the last pallor upon her face, had raised herself a little; in her two thin arms she took the head of her son, drew him close to her breast, pressed a kiss upon his brow, and the death-rattle already in her throat, her last breath exhaled in one anguished cry:

"My Charlie! My Charlie! ah, my poor little one!"

And, as if by a supreme effort of the will she had awaited the return of her son before giving up her last sigh, her head fell heavily on her pillow, without having loosed the hold of her convulsively entwined arm around the neck of the beloved son, her "little one."

IV.

Dejected, gloomy, his eyes seeing nothing, yet brilliant with a feverish light, without speaking a word or shedding a tear from first to last—to the Cemetery of St. Ouen, Martin followed the funeral of his mother; When the grave-digger, running a rope round the coffin, let it slip heedlessly into the grave, making a clatter of stones upon it, he seemed about to throw himself in. He made a step, but stopped; pale, his eyes fixed on the bottom of the opening, he clenched his fists, his nails digging into the palms. Then, without a word, automatically, he let himself be led away by his friends, who, alarmed at his calm, did not leave him until the moment he entered the theatre.

For he must act! Already, the previous evening there had been no one to take his part. They had given him all the leave possible, and his fellow-players had been so kind to him! Although not well off, they had sent such a beautiful crown for Mother Martin! Certainly he could not leave them in a difficulty. Therefore, he would play.

He did play, and admirably, making points of which it was not supposed he was capable, causing the boxes to ring with laughter: an artist, yes, this time indeed an artist! The audience gave him an ovation, and some among them who did not know, said enthusiastically: "Isn't he funny!" "Look at him; he laughs so heartily you might think he cried."

In fact, all the muscles of his face were contracted; his mouth, wide open, twisted itself laughing till he hiccupped and, nervously, little tears ran down his cheeks, drawing white lines on his rouge, making a countenance so droll that the excellent public nearly exploded with laughter.

At length the play was over. Martin reached his closet, quickly changed his costume and went out, without even washing off his paint. His comrades would have detained him, and taken him with them, but, in spite of their pressing, he gave them no heed. He seemed to have become deaf and dumb. At length he half opened his mouth, and gently, with his pleasant smile, said: "Well, you see, mother is waiting for me."

And all, dumb, positively dumb, they went their way, respecting his great sorrow.

The snow was falling in little flakes thickly. Martin pulled up the collar of his overcoat, buried his hands in his pockets, and mechanically, as usual, took his way to the *Rue des Martyrs*.

Arrived opposite the house he had so long inhabited, he stopped and raised his head: but, above, no light shone! Choking, trembling nervously, seized of a sudden fear, he fled, running straight before him, bareheaded, beside himself.

Without noticing, he had taken the long route the funeral had followed in the morning. He cleared the barrier, and a few minutes after came upon the long line of the walls of the cemetery. Suddenly, with the agility of a cat, he stuck his nails into the stones, clambered to the top by the aid of his knees, and at a bound, leapt over.

Completely dazed, he walked across the graves, jumping over such stones as he found in his way, without swerving; his long, lank body giving him the fantastic aspect of a phantom which had just risen from among the thousand tombs.

All at once he stopped. There, before him in the newly-turned sod, stood a little cross painted black, on which by the light of the moon he saw in white letters the name MARTIN inscribed. He tottered and sank upon his knees; memory came back to him —he recovered himself. All at once his mind was full of memories of his whole life; he called upon his mother with hoarse cries; he wept; he beat his head; he shrieked with grief; but, alone, far off from everybody, in the depths of the cemetery, only echoes repeated his lamentations. It was a general breaking up of his whole system; his bursting heart broke; his brain gave way; he threw himself flat; he vaulted; he rolled upon the grave, biting the earth in his frenzy, and filling his mouth with the clay.

But he ceased; a smile played on his lips. Coming from afar, very far, deep down in the earth, he thought he heard a beloved voice, a fond voice, the voice of Mother Martin, and it said:

"Is it thou, Charlie?"

"Here I am, little mother," he cried, and fell in a swoon, his poor body burying itself in the soft clay, like a cast that one would mould therein.

* * * * * * *

Next day the keepers of the cemetery made their usual rounds. In passing near a newly-made grave, they observed a shapeless mass covered with snow.

"Probably some poor dog come to die upon his master's grave," remarked one, drawing near. But he recoiled in horror.

"It is a man!"

He turned him over, put his hand upon the heart, and added lightly, as he picked up his cap: "And he is dead!"

The body being quite pressed into the mould, the caretaker raised it, pushed aside the muddy snow that enveloped the face, and the countenance of Martin appeared.

And from the half-open mouth, whereon death had placed the smile of hope, from the laughing mouth and wide lips of the jester, from the mouth of the poor player, seemed to come the words: "Here I am, little mother!"

SIR JOHN THOMPSON.

Hush! 'Tis the solemn touch
Of one unbidden—the dread, awful guest.
A noble spirit, burdened over much,
Has sunk to rest.

Beneath a royal roof,
His honors, clustering thick upon his head,
Beyond the reach of pity, praise, reproof,
He lies, cold, dead

What are thine honors now,
Poor dumb, insensate clay? A passing breath
Thy brief renown; the laurels on thy brow,
Who mocks them?—Death.

Death, ay, but Death alone.
Afar, in thy fair land beyond the wave,
An eager, loyal people, all thine own
O'er-step the grave,

O'er-step the grave, and wreathe
With loving hands, again upon thy brow,
Fresh laurels, that, despite Time's blighting breath,
Shall greener grow.

Men, for whose land he died,
His own fair Canada, the brightest gem
In that bright circle of his Sovereign's wide
Colonial diadem,

These knew his worth;
Their hearts are wrung by his untimely fate;
These cry, "Among the great ones of the earth,
He, too, was great."

These mourn as one;
No bar of race or creed restrains the tear
That falls—his labor o'er, his journey done—
Upon his bier.

—F. P. Betts.

London, Ont.

THE NEW TZAR'S REIGN; HIS FIRST STEPS.

BY FELIX VOLKHOVZKY.*

THE whole world is looking just now at the first steps of Nicholas II., and asking the great question whether the personal change on the Russian throne will mean a change for the better in the political destinies of several great and gifted nations now bound hand and foot by an irksome, bureaucratic absolutism. Everyone is heartily wishing for that change, but not everyone is so sure of its coming. The first steps taken by the young potentate as ruler accordingly awake the greatest interest, and should be carefully studied. While making full allowance for the shortness of time and the greatness of the task, we have the right to expect, in measures which are of grave importance, either as matters of principle, or by the vastness of their application, acts that may fairly be regarded as characteristic of the new reign. The so-called "Clemency Manifesto" issued by Nicholas II. on 14th Nov. 1894, O. S., is doubtless an act of such importance. It is the act by which the new sovereign desires to find his way to the hearts of his subjects, and which presents to every Russian sovereign an exceptionally good opportunity to redress some of the most crying wrongs committed in the preceding reign, without throwing any blame on his predecessor, as the whole is supposed to be an act of clemency, for which, as the Russian proverb runs, "there is no rule." It would therefore be interesting and instructive to make a calm examination of some of the principal points of that manifesto.

FELIX VOLKHOVZKY.

As a matter of course, it begins by pardoning some debts to the Government, and making other financial concessions to certain classes of society who are in distress. The pardoning of debts and arrears in taxes by "clemency" manifestos is usual in Russia when it becomes evident that some of them can never be recovered. It is thus useful so far as it simplifies the work of the financial officials, which, if the dimensions of the Empire be considered, is no slight advantage. But there is no real clemency in these acts. And, indeed, among the arrears of taxes and debts now pardoned are found sums which ought to have been paid some thirty years

* Felix Volkhovsky, now of the "Free Russia" newspaper, London, Eng., was sentenced to Siberia for political opinions, not those of the Nihilists, Arnachists, or even Socialists, but for opinions such as are held by Liberals in self-governing countries. Escaping through Eastern Siberia to Japan, he made his way to Canada, where after a stay for some months, he went to England.

ago, but as a matter of fact could not be raised until now. Half of the sum lent to the peasantry during the last famine is also pardoned. It must be confessed, however, the general expectation in Russia was that it would be entirely pardoned, as, some two years ago, the Minister of Finance published some figures about the paying in all arrears of the regular taxes, on the one hand, and of the famine debt on the other, and from these figures it appeared clearly that when the paying in of the taxes and arrears went on, the paying of the famine debt stopped altogether, and *vice versa*. In other words, the paying possibilities of the population could not bear the strain of both payments. Another point is the lowering of the rate of interest at which the nobility and peasantry, respectively, can borrow money from the State banks. This might be fairly regarded as an honest attempt to improve the economical position of certain classes, and to a superficial investigator it might seem that the large agricultural class, the peasantry (about 80 per cent. of the population), who are the poorest class, though the one on which nearly the whole State budget is pressing, is treated with special consideration, because, while the nobility will now pay a half per cent. less than before, the peasantry will pay one per cent. less. The fact, however, remains, that with all this lowering of interest the peasants will still pay a higher rate than the nobility, while the lowering of the rate for the nobility will lead to a deficit in the nobility bank, which will have to be supplied mainly by the peasantry.

The next section of the Manifesto likely to be of interest, is that which deals with clemency to all kinds of offenders. It contains a large number of subdivisions pertaining to different classes of offenders, diminishing their penalties, though not always proportionately. While some, such as those undergoing hard labor in the mines, have their term of punishment shortened by one-third, others only have permission granted them to obtain passports, without it being mentioned that they have been exiled, though not allowed to return to Russia. There are, however, large classes of people undergoing punishment who are not mentioned at all, and this passing them over in silence makes a somewhat depressing impression. It must not be forgotten that the late Tzar replaced the Communal Elective Justices of the Peace by special, so-called District Commanders, officials appointed by the Crown, and in whose hands the administrative and police functions were united to the prerogatives of judicial office. The standard of these new officials, chosen mainly from the impoverished gentry or retired *Chinovniks*, is very low, and one of the deplorable features of their administration has been their excessive liking for the infliction of corporal punishment. The birch, as a punishment administered by any magistrate, was long ago excluded from the Russian penal codes. But the right of using it was left intact to the peasant communities, as regards their own members. During the thirty years that have passed since the liberation of the serfs, the feeling of self-respect among the Russian peasantry has grown to such an extent that although a large number of sentences implying corporal punishment have been passed by the communities, a number of them remained unexecuted for years. The new officials have demanded the execution of these sentences, and have used their extensive powers to force the communities to pass new sentences of the same kind. Another class, which is punished not only with the birch, but the *plet* (a long whip made of very rough leather), is the tramps who refuse to give their names or other means of identification The application of the *plet* is barbarous, and if reserved for that class of tramps, when abolished as a general punishment, it was because it was

supposed that a man would not conceal his past unless it implied a still harder punishment. Any one, however, can easily see that there may be a great many harmless reasons for keeping silent about one's past, and, in any case, it is no reason for keeping in force a barbarous punishment. It might fairly be expected that a young monarch who proclaims "justice as the foundation of popular welfare," and "the right of forgiveness and mercy the most precious of the gifts conferred upon him by the Almighty" (Section 4 of the Manifesto), would profit by the opportunity to redress these two wrongs; but, as a matter of fact, there is not a word about them in the whole Manifesto.

Every one knows that the second half of the reign of Alexander II., and the whole of that of Alexander III. was an almost permanent crusade against everything that was spiritually alive in Russia. Liberty of conscience, liberty of speech and pen, and liberty of action, were regarded as the vilest of crimes, and, consequently, thousands upon thousands of men, women and children have been rendered unhappy by every kind of persecution. The new reign began under most favorable auspices. The people who suffered so much during the preceding periods, were only too eager to see in the young Tzar the hope of Russia; and the new Tzar, ascending the throne in altogether different circumstances from his father, has every facility to show himself worthy of these hopes. It might, therefore, be fairly expected that he would show from the first that he would leave the past to the past, and that he desired to deal with the present on freer and better terms. It might be expected that he would at once relieve the periodical Press from so-called "warnings," which are now hanging over them and threatening their very existence. It might be hoped that he would give full redress to those unfortunate victims of religious intolerance who are now smarting in Siberia, the Caucasus, and throughout Russia, under police surveillance, and in gaols; and that he would give a real, unconditional amnesty to the so-called political offenders. If, however, we study the Manifesto with these expectations, we are doomed to great disappointment. Not a single word is said about redress. The Uniats, the Lutherans, the Stundists, and other dissenters, are not even mentioned. And as to amnesty, the main features of what there is of it are as follows: To those political offenders who were sentenced by some court, the same general measures of clemency are extended which apply to ordinary criminals, yet even this general measure, so far as concerns the convicts in the mines and at other hard labor, is hedged round with the condition that they shall prove worthy of indulgence, by good behavior and diligence. It is questionable what will be understood by the expression "good behavior" in the case of a political convict, but, if, as the tendency is at present, it be interpreted as meaning an inclination to abjure his former political opinions, this would render the whole measure nugatory, and make it not an amnesty but a bargain. And there are some indications that this spirit of bargaining with clemency is far from absent from the Manifesto. For example, Section XI, paragraph 6, orders that *all* the Poles be freed who are still undergoing restrictions on their rights of moving from place to place, owing to their participation in the insurrection of 1863, and immediately adds, "but it will be for the Minister of the Interior to exempt certain localities from the effects of this measure," which practically means that any person of this class will be dependent upon the tender mercies of the Minister of the Interior, who may change the place of exile for him. Notwithstanding, however, certain particulars in the measures of alleviation, so far as concerns

the political exiles who were sentenced by some court, they may be termed general measures, some of which are unconditional. But if such measures of clemency were thought to be appropriate in cases in which the victim was supposed to have had the safe-guards of justice, the more would a general and radical measure be expected with regard to persons who were arrested, imprisoned, some times for long terms, and exiled, in some cases so far as the Saghalien Islands, for terms of ten, fifteen, and twenty years, without any trial whatever, by one stroke of the pen of the Minister of the Interior, or one of his immediate subordinates. The paragraph alluding to this class is the second of Section XI, and runs thus: "Be it allowed to the Minister of the Interior, to submit to our judgment the fate of those persons who are undergoing penalties for state crimes, to which they were subjected by Administrative Order, and, who, either according to the nature of their guilt, or to the repentance shown by them, deserve clemency; and also to remove the prohibition against living in certain localities, from those whose return to those localities is compatible with the requirements of public order and peace." Thus the principle of punishment for a supposed crime, which was never proved in court, is fully maintained, and it is even assumed that this kind of dealing is less liable to mistake than the court proceedings, and the victims of "Administrative Order," are now denied any amnesty at all, unless permitted by the very administrative departments of which they have been the victims.

The principle of converting clemency into a pretext for endeavoring to get opponents of the Government onto its side, by persuading them to abjure their former opinions, is carried so far in the Manifesto, that by Section XI, paragraph 5, those of the political offenders who have escaped from Russia, except those who were in any way implicated in any plot against the person or the authority of the Tzar, may be permitted to return home if prepared "to atone for their former crimes by faithfulness to the throne," and if allowed by the Minister of the Interior. But Russians have always had the right to recant anti-governmental opinions, as undoubtedly the Russian Tzars had the right of being gentlemen and good rulers. The only explanation we can suggest for the conversion of this right into a privilege is that the Russian refugees have availed themselves of it as little as the Russian Tzars of theirs.

To sum up the impressions produced by a study of the Manifesto, we may fairly say that it does not differ in any favorable way from its predecessors; on the contrary, the statements about "administrative exile," which in similar Manifestos of preceding monarchs, was at least passed over in silence, are a real cause for alarm. If then the reign of Nicholas II. is to be liberal and progressive, it will be not in consequence of, but in spite of, this Manifesto.

FRIENDS ON THE ASTRAKAN RANCH.

I.

Curious—none of it shows in the bearing!
Blood, says some fool, will certainly tell.
Who out here would believe I am wearing
A topaz, wine-warm in a silvery shell,
Handed down to me—dubious crown to me—
Brought from the East by some Crusading swell!

II.

When you bent over me did you not see it?
Here it lies under this coarse flannel shirt.
Want to examine it? If I can free it!
Gently, Batoche, with that fierce little spurt
That takes it out of me—raises a doubt of me—
Were *you* like this when your shoulder was hurt?

III.

Giddy, I mean, like a girl in the saddle.
Jove! How some fellows I used to know,
All of them shots and all skilled with the paddle,
Adepts all round at the rifle, the bow,
Riders to hounds with me—how this brute bounds with me—
How they would laugh at this pace sick and slow!

IV.

Talisman "family-proclaimed" without joking!
Curious *you* should have seen it the first,
Out of all the Ranch—you, of the smoking,
Hard-living, loud-talking fellows, the worst.
But you were kind to me. Should I not bind to me
One who for months a mad stranger had nursed?

V.

You reckon it, don't you, a queer kind of necklace,
Worn by a fool of a cowboy chap.
Sometimes it makes me a little less reckless,
Sometimes I dream of my mother's lap.
Once there awoke to me—shivered and spoke to me—
Voices of girls from over the gap—

VI.

Gap of gray ocean and ocean-green prairie—
Girls, Jim, are rare in this manger of men,
But *I* had four sisters. My favourite the fairy,
Mabel, the youngest, was just turned ten.
Mabel, who'd spring to me—play with and sing to me—
Mabel, the pet of the Earl in his den,

VII.

Mabel, the mischief, with playmates in plenty,
Slim little shape with long ringlets of sheen—
Tall, like the Mater, Theodora was twenty;
Beatrix—Eva they blossomed between.

* * * * * *

Often it seems to me—coming in dreams to me
Here on the prairie when moonbeams are keen,

VIII.

Silv'ring the hair that I knew yellow-youthful,
Paling the cheeks I remember as rose,
Dimming the gaze that I found ever truthful,
Chilling the blood till my young blood, too, froze,
Flutt'ring, fair band, to me—waving, pale hand to me—
* * * There, I'm but a dreamer as every one knows.

IX.

To-night 'twill be dark though, and no one be driving
West on the glittering car of the moon,
Splendid with silver, and rich in contriving
Seats for fair maidens so glad of the boon.
No one will bend to me—leap down, descend to me,
Fall on my neck in a sisterly swoon.

X.

Well—those are some of the fancies that urge me,
Hurry me on betwixt midnight and morn;
Out on the prairie they seize me, and urge me
Far from the cowboy's rattle and horn;
Pistol—the click of it! Whip—the flick of it—
Jim, do you wish you had never been born?

XI.

Tell me the truth, pard, now when I ask you,
Under your brown hide, man, do you blanch?
Of course I'm a gentleman? Yes! 'Twould task you
To sketch the tree of which I'm a branch;
Told my affairs to you—said my prayers to you,
Big Bully Jim of the Astrakan Ranch.

XII.

York, Plantagenet, Courtenay, Tudor,
It's all, Jim, I guess, the same to you.
You saw but an innocent boyish intruder
Fleeced in the Rockies—nothing new.
But—here's the truth of it—misery and ruth of it—
You know, Jim, I *feel* I'm a little—*askew*.

XIII.

Whimsical, moody, not much perhaps to mention,
Indolent, restless, no talent for work,

No limit set to my powers of invention,
A passion for sport, a genius for shirk,
Viking propensities—small social densities—
Lunacy somewhere supposed to lurk.

XIV.

Dangerous? Never. But men like my father—
You never, I know, saw an Earl, did you Jim?
Perhaps you can picture one. Well, he had rather
See a son die, than live, mentally, *dim.*
You understand, don't you? Give us your hand, won't you?
Fever slides still through each tremulous limb.

XV.

What good to me were his turrets and tenants,
For I, Jim, was only a younger son,
And for that I did daily a kind of dull penance;
Oliver—he was number one.
Percy came next to him; Vivian—a text to him
Gleams in the chapel above his old gun.

XVI.

Cut down was Vivian in Africa, fighting!
That's something like living, to die for one's Queen.
Frederick followed; in danger delighting,
Both boys must show up where old Gordon had been.
Once there were five of us, but now, alive of us,
Only the first two, and I, on the scene.

XVII.

And I was no good, so they packed me off farming!
Picture me, pard, with those delicate hands,
A "swell" as you call me, who ought to 've been charming
Ladies per hour in gay cricket grand stands,
Tugging at plough and spade. Not long. My bow, planned, made,
Turned I my back on the black stumpy lands.

XVIII.

"Gentlemen farming," my father wrote, choosing
Pretty soft terms, but then, how could *he* tell?
By jove! Sir, our England's so ignorant, losing
Hundreds of fellows a year. Shot and shell—
Where is the gain of it? Cruel the pain of it,
Exiled, away from their country to dwell.

XIX.

Climate—consumption—a reckless well-doing,
They throw themselves into the emigrant fray,
And some may succeed, while the others are ruing—
As for me, Jim, there seemed only going away.
I was a—bore to them; kind of—eyesore to them,
Hanging about 'twixt the Castle and Bay,

XX.

Making my bed, as they told me, with keepers;
Manners too free; as for dignity, none;
Though what could it matter, young rakes or young—reapers,
I could'nt see, being a Younger Son.
There was no place for me—sweetness nor space for me,
In England, I saw, my career was nigh done.

XXI.

I know that I never did very much credit
To the Pater and Mater, my line, and all that;
But I remember that Dennis once said it,
(Our tutor and clever, though pompous and fat)
That there was lost in me—destiny-crossed in me—
A Soldier! Dear Dennis—we all called him *Pat*,

XXII.

And laughed by the hour at his air and his graces.
"Tutor to noblemens' sons" was inscribed
On his air and apparel, but solemner faces
Than those he could make when he'd lately imbibed.
Never were known to me. * * * But simply *stone* to me,
The Pater. *My* day, pardner, never arrived.

XXIII.

The Earl was not rich, and when he'd provided
For Vivian and Percy, and Frederick, too,
Launched Theodora, and someway divided
The rest 'mong the rest, as was right to do,
There was no chance for me—bayonet nor lance for me—
Only the Church was left vacant in view.

XXIV.

Fancy *me* preaching! The "illigant" sermon,
Which, thanks to Dennis, I might have got off,
Is lost, man, forever. I had sense to determine
It never would suit me to heedlessly doff
Cheviot for cassock, and knapsack for hassock, scanned
Weekly by those with occasion to scoff.

XXV.

Well—I'll not trouble them. Live—a Pagan!
Die on the Ranch, before a long while
Cheat and confuse the London Fagin
Who sought to make out of me his pile.
Here's the home for me—broad blue dome for me—
Onward, Batoche, for another ten mile!

SERANUS.

(Mrs. S. Frances Harrison.)

A TRAGEDY AT MILLAGEVILLE.

BY ELGIN MYERS, Q.C.

THE best place from which to view Millageville is a point to the south-east of the town, from the topmost peak of the high hill, slightly to the eastward of the Bamford Road, where it reaches the summit of the height that overlooks the place.

A pile of stones that lies there, collected by some thrifty husbandman from the surrounding field they had formerly encumbered, affords a still greater eminence from which the lovers of landscape frequently gaze on the glories of nature that so generously abound there.

In the early morning of the day on which our story opens, a stranger might have been seen on the stony elevation, drinking in the splendors of the scene. From the light that overspread his countenance, and the ecstatic beam of his eyes, it was evident that his soul revelled in the lovely prospect.

Turning towards all points of the compass, the changing panorama seemed to affect him strangely with its own variable moods. Whilst rapidly turning towards every point, he extended his arms, as if forced by the fervor of his passions to embrace in them the gorgeous spectacle. And well he might be enraptured. The morning was one in lovely September. The sun was slowly and majestically lifting his glowing brow over the distant hills, causing the light mists that had stealthily gathered in the valleys in the night to roll out of their places, and curl gracefully up the encircling heights, before vanishing into space. To the north-westward, another towering hill on the opposite side of the town, through the open spaces between the layers of rolling vapors, seemed to nod to its confrère the greetings of the new day. In the valley separating them nestles the town with its bright homes, having the happy look of a modern burg. For many years had these hills solemnly and silently looked down upon it like faithful sentinels, all the time keeping locked in their silent bosoms the secrets of the joys, sorrows, the comedies, and the tragedies that had been witnessed there. To the north-eastward stretched the beautiful valley of the Luckley, through which sped, foamed, laughed and gurgled the cool, sweet waters of the Nottawa. The valley was here and there dotted with slight elevations, from which could be seen the smoke ascending from occasional chimneys, that marked the comfortable homes that had been hewed from the primitive forest. Winding around these, and up the sides of the valley, could be seen the white, narrow, serpentine curves that indicated the travelled roads. Frowning cliffs here and there confined the valley within narrow limits, whilst beyond these it spread out into wider and still wider curves until it gradually disappeared into the open country beyond. The whole scene was immersed in a vast sea of light green foliage, relieved here and there by the darker hues of the graceful and tapering hemlock and spruce, and the stalwart pine. It again was bedecked by the many crimson-tinged leaves that, owing to the great drought of summer, were beginning to take on their autumn hue, and that glittered and glowed like myriads of gems in the morning sun, with indescribable brilliancy, and with much of the pageantry of Canadian autumn scenery.

Opposite to this, and to the south-eastward of the stranger, could be

seen the valley of the Rork's, eclipsing, if possible, in glorious grandeur, its rival the Luckley, and sparkling with a like splendor with its early autumn robes. Through it speed the pure spring waters of the Credit, as they rush over stony beds, towering cascades, and swirl in many foaming eddies, as if angry at the obstacles in their course to Ontario's inland sea. To the south-westward from where he stood, the stranger saw a beautifully undulating country, in its raiment of white stubble and green pastures, that imperceptibly, far beyond the natural vision, vanishes in the level lands of the lower part of the province. Almost at the foot of the hill on which the stranger stood revelling in the scene, glide the limpid head-waters of the last-named river, as they force their way through the reeds, rushes, water-cress, tangled underbrush, and prostrate trees, until they emerge into the open meadows, before entering the gloomy shades of the Rork's. In its clear, silvery waters may almost at any time be seen the flash of the graceful trout, as it rises to inhale the fresh air, or to capture the unhappy beetle that ventures too near their deceitful surface.

Whilst resting his eyes for a moment on the gliding stream, the attention of the stranger became attracted to a lone fisherman, who with difficulty was working through the many obstructions that impeded his course. Over logs, through the soft, wet earth and tangled underbrush, he made his laborious way. Notwithstanding the crisp air of the early September morning, he appeared to experience much warmth, and his pocket handkerchief frequently mopped the rolling perspiration from his brow. Regaining his rod, that he had laid down during this operation, he hurried again down the stream. Sharply armed insects, startled from their resting places by his rough intrusion, furiously attacked him. Often was he seen to pause in his occupation to vanquish his tantalizing foes, his hands frequently flying to his exposed face and neck with a force that boded no good for the objects of his wrath. Then, again seizing his rod, he would hurry along. He was slightly above middle height, and of muscular form, framed for great endurance. On his feet were the creek fisherman's rubber boots, the tops of which reached nearly to his knees and enfolded the lower extremities of his pantaloons.

For some time the attention of the stranger was not especially drawn to the fisherman; but the longer he watched him, the more his interest increased, until it was eventually rose to an uncontrollable pitch. For although the fisherman studiously adhered to the bank of the stream, and now and again dropped his hook into the water, as if desirous of capturing the gleaming trout as he saw them dart from bed to bed of cress and reeds, his movements indicated that his real object in thus appearing so early on the scene was not so much to engage in his present occupation, as some ulterior purpose that this was designed to conceal. He appeared inattentive to his fishing, and he moved along the stream at a pace too rapid to be consistent with a patient determination to inveigle the most wary of the finny tribe. Besides this, his seeming endeavors to conceal himself behind undergrowth and shrubs, and his quick, furtive looks and constantly listening attitude betokened an anxious spirit that was not sufficiently accounted for by the employment he was engaged in.

Some distance ahead of him, the undergrowth grew thicker and more obstructive, until it eventually merged into a thick forest of trees. The nearer the fisherman approached this thicket, the more eager and, at the same time, the more fearful he became, until at last he quickly disappeared from view in its shades. Gazing for some moments at the spot

where the fisherman vanished, the stranger, muttering to himself something about this peculiar behavior, was about to turn away from the scene, when on the still morning air he thought he heard a weird, sad sound that resembled either the suppressed scream of a human being in great distress, or the hollow, mournful cry of one in whom reason had left its throne.

It was impossible to judge whether the cry was that of a male or a female. In fact, so unearthly was it, that it resembled as much that of a wild animal in distress as that of a human being. A shuddering feeling passed over the stranger as the sound was again and again repeated. Suddenly his eye caught sight of what appeared to be a terrific struggle between two persons, one of whom he distinguished as the stout, rugged form of the fisherman. Who the other was, it was impossible to discern. As they approached an opening in the bush, it appeared to assume varying shapes and forms, sometimes that of a man, sometimes that of a woman, and at others, owing perhaps to the intervening shrubs that broke the view of the shifting scene, that of a wild beast. From the distance where the stranger stood, it was impossible to learn the cause of the struggle, its phases and forms, or on which side lay the varying successes, only that it was long, desperate and sustained. As he gazed intently at this singular contest, where everything a moment before was so smiling and peaceful, a light seemed suddenly to dawn on him and reveal the full secret of the combat. It seemed also to increase his horror and create an irresistible desire to interpose.

Suddenly rushing from the point where he had been standing, and seizing a huge club, he madly plunged down the steep hill, over fences, brambles, prostrate trees, thick underbrush, through marshy bogs, throwing his hands and loudly shouting, as the full horror of the reality evidently broke on him, when reaching the grove where the battle was raging, he vanished into its shadowy recesses, and was seen no more.

* * * * *

Many persons in the town will have a vivid recollection of that time in September, in the year 1881, when the thick, heavy, smoky, oppressive atmosphere rendered the day almost as dark as night. It was in the afternoon of the day of which we have been speaking. The sun, like a great ball of fire, seemed suspended in the heavens, threateningly near, as if angry at the audacious attempt to prevent his rays from penetrating to their accustomed recesses. No clouds appeared in the whole broad sweep of the heavens. Nothing but that dull, heavy, oppressive atmosphere that so suddenly and mysteriously appeared and settled on the town for several hours, like a spectre of ill omen, and as mysteriously disappeared. Mystified, perplexed and awe stricken were the citizens. As the darkness and heaviness increased, so did the perplexity, mystification and awe. Restless and uneasy, the inhabitants became, and gradually began to desert their desks, counters and offices, for that mutual companionship that seemed a guarantee of security. Here and there lights gradually began to appear in the dwelling houses and shops, until the whole town was soon lighted up as if it were nearly night. Still the darkness increased, and to this was added a smokiness that imparted a choking sensation to all obliged to inhale it.

Almost breathlessly, and with pale lips, men asked of one another an explanation of the seemingly insoluble mystery of the phenomenon.

With pale faces, trembling women spoke to one another in whispers of the probable arrival of the final judgment, and other possible catastrophies. Many of the frivolous, as well as the

devout, among both men and women, sought their knees, hoping in the retirement of their closets to find relief from the terrible suspense that was denied them elsewhere. The frivolous, alas! found that, although religion when long enjoyed is a great stay and comfort in times of trouble. it could not be manufactured for any sudden emergency.

Others of the sterner sex, already doubtful of the efficiency of this suddenly acquired devotion, could be seen silently gliding to those places where artificial stimulus is provided for depressed spirits, and where the desired companionship is found. In one of these some half dozen men had gathered, from whose countenances the convivial glass and congenial comradeship failed to drive the restless look of apprehension.

In vain went round the well-worn query as to the meaning of this turning of the day into night. Had the sun lost its power? Certainly not, for that sultriness present in the atmosphere belied any such theory. Even the oldest inhabitant, who is seldom at a loss for a parallel, real or imaginary, could furnish none for this case. Ubiquitous as ever, he was in the party we have last described.

"Just twenty-five years last month, something happened like this, though it was not half so bad," said he. "I remember it as well as if it were but yesterday. It began to get dark about this time of the day, and kept getting a little darker until night came on, but it was nothing like as dark as this," he said, "and the air was not so stifling and murky, nor was there such an eerie feeling around," he added, shudderingly.

"I remember that time." said another. "I was quite a lad. It was when there were so many bush-fires around."

"Yes," replied the old man, impatiently, chagrined at the prospect of the event being deprived of an uncanny appearance, "but they were not the cause. And," he continued, "it was a time when there were a good many Millerites or Adventists, as they liked to call themselves, round. Their minister had told them that the world was coming to an end on this particular night, and the good would be separated from the bad. There were quite a few families in the town belonging to this sect, but they have all gone now," he added, with a deprecating shake of the head—whether at their temerity in forming such a society, or their frailty in permitting it to disappear, it was impossible to judge.

"Old Doctor Hicks' wife belonged to them," he continued. "They could'nt get the doctor, though, to join, He used to poke fun at them in his rough, brusque, good-natured way, and his wife, who was desperately in earnest, did'nt enjoy it. Luck seemed to be on the side of the prophet, for, strange to say, about three o'clock the darkness began to appear, and by six, I tell you, some of those people who were loudest in their laughing about it, began to shake in their boots.

"The Millerites all agreed to meet at the old doctor's house, as it was the largest, "and besides this," the old man added, "it was the most stylish, from which to ascend." The old man at this point rolled his eyes and brows towards the zenith, and accompanied the look with a gesture of his hand. "They had an idea that the fashionable color in Heaven was white," he continued, "and, as they had for some time had everything prepared, all they had to do was to don their robes and wait. They accordingly went to the doctor's house. Some half dozen or so of the women had babies, and they tucked them up in the old doctor's bed until the summons should come. The doctor was a jovial soul, and used to spend many nights with his companions down town; but, however festive the crowd might be, he always got home not later than ten o'clock, and went immediately to bed. This

night, having met a merry party, he was a little more belated than usual. Entering his house he went down the hall and to his bed-room. Lighting a lamp with considerable difficulty, and somewhat unsteadily, what was his amazement at seeing in his bed the six or seven small babies. Wider and still wider he opened his eyes. He rubbed them repeatedly to try to drive away, what he supposed to be the phantoms of a disordered imagination. He told me afterwards that he thought he "had 'em bad." Had they been snakes, frogs, rats or mice, he would have been sure of it; but babies appearing on occasions like that he had never heard of. He turned his eyes to various other parts of the room, and every object seemed natural and in its right place. He looked at himself in the looking-glass, and his countenance, though somewhat flushed from his potations, wore its natural expression. He then turned again to the bed, and there were the visions of the babies as vivid as ever. He made up his mind that it couldn't be the "jim jams" that troubled him. To make perfectly sure of this, he took hold of one of the babies and gave it a pinch. A vigorous cry confirmed him in the notion that they were all realities. But how or why they were there surpassed his comprehension. The problem was soon solved. The cry of the infant brought the servant quickly to the room. "What in tarnation thunder are these brats doing here?" shouted the doctor.

"'Oh, please, sir,' said the girl, 'their mothers are all up stairs waiting to be took up.' 'Taken up where?' demanded the doctor. 'To Heaven, please sir,' responded the girl, beginning to grow somewhat frightened.

"The doctor was more mystified than ever, and began to have doubts again as to whether or not he was in full possession of his reason. Visions of an epidemic, or great calamity floated in his mind, in which maimed and wounded females played an important part. 'Oh, sir,' said the girl, observing his anxious, enquiring look, 'don't you know that this is the night that the world is coming to an end, and the women and men are all up stairs waiting to be took up.'

"'What in blazes are they going to Heaven for and leaving them brats with me?' roared the doctor. 'Why don't they take them along.'

"'Oh, sir, listen to them,' said the girl, opening the door leading up stairs, anxious to divert the doctor's supposed wrath from her own person. The staircase led to a large room the doctor used but very little, owing to the smallness of his family, which consisted only of himself and wife. The doctor went to the stairway and, sure enough, heard the groaning and sighing, intermingled with sobs and supplications, 'to come quickly and receive their spirits,' from a number of female voices. Intermingled with these were a few masculine supplications uttered, though with much less fervor and faith. Judging from the diminishing volume of sound, and exhausted sighs, the doctor rightly concluded that the enthusiasm was on the wane. For the sound was more like the sighing and sobbing of the departing storm, or the moan of the retreating tide, than a tempest at its utmost height.

"Silently stealing up-stairs, he observed a most unwonted performance in progress. The room was dimly lighted, and around the open trap-door leading to the roof of the house, he beheld, looking imploringly upward, a number of human forms each arrayed in a loose white garment that was thrown over their other garments and enveloped them from head to foot. He quickly, however, distinguished several of the wives of his old neighbors.

"The doctor's appearance had a disturbing effect on the party. Some of them rose to their feet and, going towards him, exclaimed, 'Oh, doctor, won't you come too?' 'Why in thun-

der don't you women go home to your husbands and quit your infernal nonsense,' replied the doctor. 'Oh, they are here with us, too,' said the women. The doctor, looking more carefully, sure enough distinguished several of his old friends arrayed in similar robes. Some of these were old companions of the doctor, and men he little expected to be affected by serious thoughts of the future. Some of these had, some little time before the doctor's arrival, withdrawn from the circle of worshippers, and were seated on benches against the walls. Others were still in the party, looking somewhat wearied with their long vigil. All looked exceedingly foolish under the doctor's gaze. To do them justice, they had entered on the vigils with much less faith than their wives possessed, but allowed themselves, like good husbands, to be influenced by the zeal of their wives. Carried away at first by the surrounding enthusiasm, as hour after hour passed with no signs of providential intervention, their faith began to wane. Wearied with their kneeling posture, their ardor had almost exhausted itself when the doctor's arrival afforded them relaxation.

"'Come Jim, Donald, and Charlie,' he said, addressing them familiarly, 'what in the world are you dressed up like ghosts for? and acting like old women? This is a pretty example to set your wives and families.'

"'But,' said one, with more courage than the others, 'I don't know but what the women may be right and that the world is coming to an end.'

"'What the Sam Hill put such nonsense in your head?' responded the doctor.

"'Well, how do you account for such darkness in the day-time?' replied the other. 'You know that the Bible says, "The day of the Lord is darkness and not light."'

"'How do I account for it,' said the doctor. 'Why, I don't require to account for it at all, for it's all gone; 'just look,' he said, throwing up the window. Looking out, the company beheld, to their astonishment, that the atmosphere had recovered its clearness and the moon was sending forth her rays in all the mild splendour of her fulness. Men and women alike looked at one another, some relieved, others disappointed, and all somewhat crestfallen. Observing their hesitation, the doctor, like a good general, determined to take advantage of this confusion, and shouting to his man-of-all-work, who had just arrived on the scene to learn the cause of the turmoil. 'I can't stay up all night. Come, John, just give me a lift, and we'll give those babies a hoist that will send them up ahead of their mothers.' At this threat, some half-dozen feminine voices united in a scream of protest, and, rushing past the doctor, they clasped their babies to their bosoms, who, in their turn, disturbed so suddenly from their peaceful slumber, tried to outvie one another in the vigor of their howls.

"'Come,' said the doctor, kindly, to their husbands, 'get them off home, and no one will know anything about this.'

"Acting on his advice, the men took their wives by their arms, first relieving them, as well as themselves, of their white robes, and the house was quickly deserted by all except its usual occupants, and silence once more reigned supreme.

"The old doctor went to his room, and sat on his bed, and, being a good-natured man at heart, as the ludicrousness of the scene began to penetrate his brain he began to laugh, and his risibilities rising higher and higher, he rolled on the bed with merriment; and, as we all have done in our boyhood, he threw himself back and kicked up his heels in an ecstasy of glee, until he heard his wife steal off quietly to her own room. Although he loved her dearly, and never retired without proper salutations, he concluded not to disturb her this night, and mentally

resolved not to broach what he supposed would be to her a delicate subject."

During the recital of this story, the oldest inhabitant was frequently interrupted by his auditors with guffaws and ripples of delight, but he was scarcely prepared for the explosion of mirth that greeted its close. This somewhat relieved his auditors of the sense of impending disaster that had hung over them.

"Well," said one, after recovering himself somewhat from the effects of his mirth, "that is certainly worth another hooker all around. What will you have?" After the decanter had once more circulated, to the decided exhilaration of their spirits, the old man was asked by one if that was all that occurred.

Considerably flattered and elated by the success on his hearers of his previous recital, the old man responded: "No, I will tell you something more that happened. Jack Longwood was one of the Adventists. Until they got hold of him, he was a ne'er-do-well around town. To do them justice, however, when he adopted their religion, he became a changed man.

"With the zeal of all new converts, he eagerly took up every new notion, and new idea, however fanciful. So he was one of the first to grasp this new doctrine of immediate translation of the saints. He didn't know exactly how the miracle was to be effected, but he reflected with satisfaction that the conveyance that carried the saints would not require to be large, as the company would be small and select. After his conversion, like all men who are in earnest, he had moments of discouragement and remorse for his lost opportunities in the past. Thinking that an unusual exhibition of ardour in this matter would make up for past delinquencies, or with the desire to outstrip his fellow saints, he determined to get the start of them if possible. Old Squire Enfield had a farm, on which a part of the town now stands. Very few had barns in those days, and he was no exception to the rule. He had had a big crop, and had just threshed a couple of weeks before, and had an immense straw-stack in his field, the highest I ever saw," said he.

"John thought it would give him the start if he got on this. So, ignoring the doctor's house, up he gets on it about six o'clock in the evening. Like those in the doctor's house, after praying and waiting many hours, he, from weariness, about ten o'clock fell off to sleep.

"The boys, in some way, known only to boys, got some inkling of what was going on at the doctor's house, and also of John's purpose in going up on the straw-stack; but they were over-awed by the terrible prospect of the final crash, until they saw the people leaving the doctor's for home. Then, learning that the great event had been postponed, one of them suggested that as a lark they should frighten John by setting fire to the stack. They all immediately fell in with the idea, and the stack was quickly fired. No sooner had they done this than they trembled for the consequences. They set up a great shout that awakened John. Getting up, and seeing the flames creeping over at one side of him, it immediately flashed across his mind that he had, whilst asleep, been translated, and yelling at the top of his voice, 'In hell, just as I expected,' he rushed through the fire and to the ground. Had he gone down the other side, he would not have been injured, as the match had only been applied to one side. As it was, he got badly scorched. I saw him only the other day near Mayville," said the old man, "and he wears the scars on his face and head to this day."

"I said nothing to him about it, however," he continued, "as I knew it was a sore subject with him."

Again the laugh became uproarious;

but one of the listeners, after recovering from his hilarity, thinking that he recognized an old friend in the last story, said, "Now Sam," which was the name of the oldest inhabitant, "you have been joshing us all along." "No," protested the old man, "every word I have been telling you is true. You can ask so and so," mentioning the names of several ancient residents, "if it be not true."

The effect of the hilarity having to some extent passed away again, the party found their spirits subsiding through the awful darkness and undefinable mystery that enshrouded them and that almost blotted out the gas jets in the low-ceilinged room in which they were sitting, so that they appeared like minute, fiery orbs set in the air above their heads. "Well," said one, "it will never do to sit here and suffocate; we must have something to cheer us until this enigma is solved."

He rang the bell that sat on the adjoining table to summon the Boniface. Its clear sound had just begun to die away, when the group was startled by a loud, shrill, doleful cry, unearthly in its weirdness, that froze the blood and paled the cheek of the listeners. This startling sound began in a high key, and continuing many seconds, seemed at last to be expiring in a low wail, when rising again on the murky atmosphere, in a mournful tone, in which misery, sorrow and despair seemed combined, it rang out in a female voice —the heartrending cry repeated again, "My daughter! Oh! my daughter!"

"Heavens! what is that?" exclaimed one. "It seems to come from the street," said another.

"Suppose we go and see what it is," said a third.

"Who can see anything in this darkness?" replied the first, "although it is only four o'clock," he added, examining his watch, and showing a disinclination to leave his comparatively safe quarters.

Going to the door, however, that opened on the street, and gazing down the sidewalk, they observed the figure of what at one time must have been a tall, muscular woman of splendid form. Now, however, it was bent by premature age. From under a dark, broad-rimmed straw hat of a long departed fashion hung the loose grey hairs.

Across her shoulders was thrown a threadbare shawl of many faded hues. With her right hand she clasped the end of her shawl across her breast, and her left arm swung to and fro in unison with her tread. A shortness of one of her limbs gave a swaying motion to her step. Soon she was lost to view in the thickening darkness, and, as she finally disappeared, the same heartrending cry resounded through the air, so sadly that it surely would have raised her offspring from her grave had she been near. "My daughter! Oh! my daughter! My daughter! Oh! my daughter!"

"It's old mother Melville," said one. "She must have gone mad," said another, as the party retreated to the safe recesses of the room they had just vacated. After seating themselves, some one asked what she meant by this cry?

"Did'nt you hear?" was the response. "Why, when she got up this morning her daughter was gone."

"I suppose she went off with some fellow on the train?" queried another.

"No," said the oldest inhabitant, restored to his natural frame of mind by this fresh evidence of human woe, "she enquired at the railway station and learned that she did not, and the old woman has been around town all day going to see the fellows that kept company with her, and with all the people with whom she might possibly be staying, and she satisfied herself that her daughter is not in the town, and she has been seized with the notion that she is dead." "Poor old body," he added, sympathetically, "I have been afraid for some time that the troubles with her daughter would

unhinge her mind, and it seems to have done so."

"Where do you think her daughter can be?" asked one.

"No one knows," replied the old man. "Her old mother thinks that this darkness has something to do with it, and that this strange shroud has been thrown over us in mourning for her poor girl."

"And who knows but it might," he added, reflectively. "Let us go out and see if we can do anything to help find her," said another, kind-heartedly. "All right," was the response. "Although I don't think it will be of any use." Simultaneously they arose, leaving, in their abstraction, their replenished glasses untasted. Issuing on the street, they found that the old woman's cries had inspired others to a like effort, but to all enquiries the same discouraging answer was returned. Some of the more superstitious were inclined to the suggestion of the oldest inhabitant that the inexplicable gloom that surrounded them had some connection with the daughter's disappearance.

Universal was the feeling of commiseration for the girl. Expressions of sympathy had been common and almost universal in the town for some time past. They indicated a sorrow for human degradation that was not in keeping with the general indifference of the public to miseries that did not affect itself; and this was highly creditable to the sentiment in the town.

For the damsel who caused such mournful lamentations had for some time been only a girl about town. Nearly all remembered her as she appeared some five years previous, a raven-haired, dark, velvety-skinned girl of fifteen, a universal favorite. Her dark eyes, in their unfathomable depths, sparkled with animation, and tender smiles constantly played about her ruby lips. Her lithe, well-rounded form set one wondering how a branch so beautiful and delicate could proceed from a tree so rough; for she was the only child of the woman who was so loudly lamenting her throughout the gloomy town. Her father had been an honest, hard-working man, who, some six years previous to the day our story opens, had met with a terrible accident, and, after a long illness, had died. Edna was their only child, and was, naturally, the idol of the home. All the money the father could earn was lavished on his wife, and, more especially, on his daughter, to whom he gave an education in music and literature, modest in the abstract, but beyond that usually enjoyed by people in her rank of life. So that when death gathered in the bread-winner, the widow found herself destitute of all but what her own skilful fingers and stout heart could obtain for a living for herself and daughter. Nobly and heroically suppressing her load of sorrow, she set to work to earn their support. The whole volume of her affections were now centered on her child. For a year her needle and the assistance she sometimes rendered her neighbors in their domestic duties sustained them, and she was enabled to neatly clothe and continue the education of her girl. Then a serious illness enveloped her in its hot, feverish embrace. For many months she lay hovering between life and death. Faithfully her daughter attended her. Unobtrusively the kindly neighbors contributed comforts and delicacies. This aid, however, was not regular nor sufficient for her wants, and the little store of earnings was rapidly disappearing. Unable, by reason of being obliged to attend her mother, to earn anything for their sustenance, Edna, although so young, was subjected to most terrible apprehensions as to the future. It was at this juncture, when, worn with toil and weeping, and distressed at the prospect of want, when true friendship would have proved such deep solace, that the most heartless blow, and one that robbed her of

the most priceless of all feminine possessions, was struck her.

The blow came in the sweet, sacred disguise of love, that conquered her womanhood, and rendered her confiding nature an easy prey to ruthless lust. The sorrowing widow was rapidly approaching convalescence when the secret of her daughter's humiliation became too glaring to be longer concealed. This second grief plunged her frenzied mother into a more dangerous sickness, and it was not until upwards of a year after her first being stricken down, that she arose from her bed a bent, grey-haired, prematurely aged woman, with her reason, caused by terrible disgrace, partially dethroned.

Nothing daunted by the desolation that surrounded her, the widow prepared again to buffet, single-handed, the waves of debt, sorrow and disgrace that were threatening to deluge her.

Above all, was she solicitous of the welfare of her daughter, whom she appeared to love with the more intensity as her humiliation increased. With the jealousy and ferocity of a wild beast guarding her helpless offspring from their would-be destroyers, did she endeavor to watch over and protect her daughter from further harm. This constant espionage had the opposite effect to that intended; but, nevertheless, the natural one with a girl of Edna's spirit and disposition. But how could a prematurely old, frenzied, partially demented woman, carried away by the intensity of her passionate love, know what was best for her daughter?

Feeling the irritation and humiliation of this constant watch, which never permitted her sorrowful memories to depart, Edna rapidly sank deeper in disgrace and despair. The course of reformation, difficult enough under any circumstances, is rendered more arduous to one to whom recollections of past trangressions are constantly present. The wiser plan is to try unobserved to divert the attention of the guilty from the past delinquencies to a higher and purer life. Brought up in a hard school herself, and unacquainted with the delicate springs of human character, her reason partially unbalanced, the poor widow found herself unable to cope with the waywardness of her child. Discouraged with the lack of success, and erroneously thinking that she had lost the respect of her neighbors, who, on the contrary, deeply commiserated her in her double affliction, the widow herself began to lose self-respect, and was rapidly losing that neat, trim appearance that so distinguished her former days. One thing, in all her degradation, the daughter would not do, and that was to divulge the name of the fiend responsible for her fall. So that with all the terrible weight of eternal responsibility, he drags along his wretched existence quite unknown to any one but the poor bleeding heart that so faithfully kept the secret of his perfidy. Speculation was, therefore, rife as to who her destroyer was. There were whisperings of a tall stranger who had visited the town and formed her acquaintance, and had paid her some attentions. Others again, mentioned the names of certain men about town; but to all such suggestions the girl's lips were mute.

Rapidly these reflections passed through the minds of the citizens on this gloomy afternoon, adding to their horror.

Many of them formed the resolution to aid the poor mother in the restoration of the girl. As time passed, however, the solemn impressions, as usual, would have worn away, and nothing would have been done, had the citizens not been constantly reminded of their resolution by the pitiful wailings of the distressed widow.

* * * * *

Far into the winter there constantly rang out on the crisp night air that strange, shrill wail that seemed

to contain the concentrated essence of frenzied despair, and that sent such thrills of horror through the town, and caused the young to hurry for safety to their comfortable homes. "My daughter! Oh! my daughter."

Aroused again by sympathy for human suffering, a solemn resolution was made, as soon as spring returned, to spare no reasonable effort to discover the body of the daughter who all seemed to take for granted was dead.

So, when the snow had nearly disappeared under the persuasive power of April's sun, and the violets and buttercups began to rear their dainty heads through the dead leaves and lingering winter snows, parties were organized for the search. For three days they scoured hill and dale, forest and moor, but with no success. On the morning of the fourth day they determined to make a final effort. One party started for the thicket on which the stranger witnessed the singular contest mentioned at the opening of our story. One of them in advance of the others, entering the thicket, had his attention engrossed by a beautiful bird of brilliant plumage. Attracted by its gorgeous beauty, he followed it. Of the mysterious incidents of this story, none is more strange than this, that the bird by its actions seemed to be designedly leading the searcher to a definite spot. It advanced, returned, flew from side to side, looked intelligently at the man, chirping all the while, then again advanced until it finally rested on a tree, and turned its little head from side to side, but looking steadily at a spot on the ground directly beneath him.

Gazing at the spot indicated by the bird, the man perceived a dark mass of tangled hair that appeared through the dead leaves. Hastily drawing away the mass of leaves that had gathered there, he drew back with a cry of dismay at the sight that met his eyes. Hearing the cry, the others hurried forward, and were transfixed with horror at what they beheld. Could it be that that cold, still, ghastly form lying in a pool of water formed by the melting snows, and partially eaten away by the rodents that dwelt in the marsh, was all that was left of the bright, beautiful Edna, that for many years graced and gladdened the town, and tripped its streets with the lightness and grace of the doe. These sturdy men were seen stealthily to brush away their tears as they recognized that such was the fact. As gently as the dead clay of royalty was this poor form raised by those rough men. Tenderly they bore her to her home, and subsequently laid her away in her peaceful grave, over which the fierce winds of winter howl, and the summer breezes softly murmur, unheeded by her in her tranquil repose. Then began enquiries as to who had been guilty of "the deep damnation of her taking off," but all in vain. This proved another instance refuting that standing lie, so often repeated and so constantly disproved, that "Murder will out."

Who the lone fisherman was, what brought him out so early that morning, whether or not he designedly appeared on the scene of a liason with his inamorata, though wishing his presence to appear as if by chance, and a desperate and deadly struggle between two rivals ensued, it has not yet become known. Who was the fisherman? Who his foe? Why was it that the girl was the only one found dead? Who was the stranger who so fiercely rushed to the scene of the combat? What became of him? Why did he never again turn up? Was he also murdered and his body thrown over a precipice, or hidden in a ravine? These are all questions that naturally suggest themselves, and seem incapable of solution.

It is true that, on application, a detective was sent from Toronto to unravel the dark problem. He looked extremely wise, scrutinized the faces of the innocent men in a suspicious

way that made them all feel uncomfortable, and ignored the guilty ones, if such were present.

Vaguely but learnedly he talked of clues and motives. When we last heard of him, detective like, he was still "working on the case," and is likely to remain so until some one comes along and tells him all about it, when the newspapers will bristle with paragraphs as to the remarkable skill and shrewdness of detective so and so, in unravelling the tangled web that for so long has veiled one of the most extraordinary murders of modern times.

Until the time arrives, all these questions must remain unanswered, for it would be presumptuous in me to pretend to know more than the detective. I can only make public these facts within my own knowledge, and indicate lines on which I think the detective should proceed in his investigations. In the meantime, we must wait patiently for the revelation that will, no doubt, furnish Millageville and the country at large with one of the most startling sensations of the day, and when the dark and mysterious particulars shall be unearthed, I promise to give full information in respect to them to a waiting public.

TWO VALENTINES.

Trinity Convent.

Up past St. George's Square,
Under the Polar Bear,
Home of the good and fair,
Stands Trinity Convent.

High fences close around
All the enchanted ground;
Scarce to us comes a sound
From Trinty Convent.

Happy man in the moon,
Gaily rising, who soon
May unchallenged look down
At Trinity Convent.

All are up ere day can break,
Prayers read; breakfast take,
Then to their tasks betake
In Trinity Convent.

French music 'ologies,
Occupy all their days,
No sham apologies
In Trinity Convent.

To one fair and beautiful,
Most kind and dutiful,
Angels be bountiful
In Trinity Convent.

Norah, so debonnair,
Bright her eyes, dark her hair,
None can with her compare
In Trinity Convent.

May no sad contagion,
No evil star rage on
My bonnie bird caged in
Dear Trinity Convent.

Janey.

Smiling, laughing, chatting,
With charming frill and ribbon decked,
Dark hair, in matchless chignon packed,
Knitting, hemming, sewing, tatting,
She sat,—and I with Janey.

Her lessons, ancient lore,
Apollo and the Muses Nine,
Orpheus and the dancing pine,
Heroes that fell, whom angels bore
To Jove, are known to Janey.

She'll tell you of Greek Isles,
Great Euboea, little Ios,
Andros, Varos, Samos, Delos,
Of wars, B. C. relate; and miles
Count up 'tween the old towns, will Janey.

Of Paris, son of Priam,
Lovely Helen, wondrous story;
Ah me! thro' love great Troy all gory
Its reign deny who may, I am
No doubter, taught by Janey.

Then of the stars we talk,
Orion and the Pleiades,
Aldebaran—the Hyades,
Arcturus—all in radiance walk
And smile at smiling Janey.

Thus ever smile, dear lips,
Bright eyes and heart sincere; tho' far
I roam, tho' lost be every star,
And sun grow dark in strange eclipse;
Thy smile I'll see, dear Janey!

JAS. CLELAND HAMILTON.

THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE OF CANADA.

THE habitual development, encouragement, and distribution throughout the Dominion, of minds trained in intelligent military reflection and study is very important to Canada as a nation.

The supreme trial through which China is now passing is clearly due to the short-sighted contempt in which her upper classes hold those of the military profession, and to her neglect of higher military education. With a population of over 360 millions, and one and a-half millions of square miles of richly-productive territory, she has for many ages had at her disposal well nigh unlimited command of wealth, men, and material.

Yet, she is now all but at the mercy of Japan, which has but a tenth of her population and territory, and is at her wits' end to secure the hired services of militarily-educated foreigners of any grade, from private to commander-in-chief, from able-bodied seaman to admiral.

Japan, with an army of only 78 thousand twenty years ago, and 18 war vessels, has given unremitting attention to progress in military matters.

But a year or two ago China, with nearly 2,000,000 enrolled men, and an army of trained irregular levies, had better founded reason for neglecting energetic military education than Canada has to-day.

Formal, full, and effective recognition of the vital national interests involved in the purposes for which the Royal Military College has been established, should not be longer withheld.

If encouragement, conducive to increasing the number of students resorting to the college, can be accorded only at the cost of personal inconvenience and political sacrifice, patriotism demands that the inconvenience shall be suffered, and the sacrifice made.

With the object of directing public attention to Canada's only school of higher military education, we present the following papers to our readers :—

THE RELATION OF THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE TO THE EFFICIENCY OF THE MILITARY FORCES OF CANADA.

By Lieut.-Col. W. H. Cotton, R.C.A., D A G.

The Royal Military College having on several occasions been a subject of much controversy and crude criticism, it may not be out of place, and certainly will be of interest to the public generally, if a resumé of its objects and work is brought to more prominent notice.

The R. M. C. was opened in 1876, and the first graduating class passed out in 1880. The only restrictions to entrance are, that the candidates must be British subjects, between the ages of fifteen and eighteen, and that for three years preceding the examination they or their parents have resided in Canada.

Its object, defined by the Act of Parliament establishing it, is for the imparting of an education in such military subjects as fortification, tactics, and military engineering, embracing, too, a general, scientific knowledge in such studies as are now necessary to a modern education, as well as to a thorough knowledge of the military profession. Differing from the English Military Colleges, from those on the continent of Europe, and from West Point in the United States, where the graduates are all expected to adopt and immediately follow the profession of arms, the R.M.C. has steadily, from the first, had in view a good military education, calculated to improve the whole martial spirit of the country, as these young men take their places as citizens of Canada.

FIELD-GUN DRILL—"FIRE!"

As a special reward, a few commissions are given away every year in the British army and Colonial forces, but to gain these, the cadet must be proficient in all the subjects taught. It was never contemplated that all graduates would adopt a purely military career, but that in course of time such a leaven of specially instructed men would be spread over the community that their services would be of incalculable value in case of need. With this object in view, and also providing amply for such as desire to follow a purely civil occupation, the curriculum embraces such studies in its higher branches as civil engineering, architecture, drawing, painting, physics, chemistry, and topographical surveying. Nor are electrical engineering, meteorology, astronomy, geology and other applied sciences omitted. Therefore, while a student is, during his four years' residence in college, subject to military discipline and drill, his studies can be so ordered, and such branches taken up, as may assist in the profession he desires to ultimately follow.

All graduates, beyond the few granted special commissions in the British or Colonial forces, are gazetted as officers in the Canadian Militia, and expected to identify themselves with the force as it now exists.

As the Canadian force is purely militia, and has so far been entirely drawn by voluntary enlistments from the civil part of the community, it cannot fail to be self-evident that the training provided by the R.M.C. must tend to its greater efficiency. The effect is the dissemination of military knowledge, a more marked improvement in the status of the corps in which the graduates are employed, and a general condition of self-reliance only imparted by military education.

The present enrolled active militia force of the country is about 1-13 of that which would be required in the event of Canada being called to arms. Consider, then, the rôle expected of those who have had the advantage of receiving their education at this national college. Any demand must be sudden, and will necessitate an immediate call for all educated and trained officers.

There would be the battalion organization, the mobilization and concentration of the levied troops, the drill and issue of arms and supplies, the distribution and supply of ammunition, requiring more skilled instruction than is available to the average officer. Then, as still further requirements, there would be the knowledge of strategy and applied tactics, of military sketching and reconnaissance, of railway construction and management, of heliographic and other forms of signalling, of telegraphy, and of the selection of military positions and the placing of them in a state of defence conformable to the general plans of the commander-in-chief.

Every year adds steadily to the number of those thus qualified who have passed out of the R.M.C., and, although not always in active employment, they would be available in a wondrous degree when called upon to act. In this it is that the true work of the college, as yet in its infancy, consists; to mature the work, the energies of the Government should be put forth and the sympathy of the people at large enlisted.

The sources from which an adequate supply of trained officers are available are so small that the greater must be the dependence placed on the instruction afforded by the R.M.C. It is the only educational establishment in the country where any such work is touched upon and early training provided to fit men to usefully take their places in a military organization suddenly formed for the defence of the country.

It requires but a very cursory study of the history of the older world to appreciate the advantages accruing to a nation whose early systematic military training has been carried out with

preconceived plans and ideas. If this is true with those maintaining standing armies, how much more forcibly must it come home to us, relying as we do on our citizen soldiery in moments of urgent need.

It should be a national pride, as it certainly is a national insurance, to foster such a spirit among our community. On the other hand, history presents to us a forcible lesson in the fate of those whose supineness and indifference have led to their decline and even extinction.

It may here be interesting to review the military instructional system of Canada and the relation thereto of the R.M.C.

As a primary course for those already in the force, there are the permanent corps established for schools of instruction in regimental details, and acting as patterns of a more finished training. The average time of instruction here is only three months, familiarly known as the "Short Course," rendering it impossible for men to acquire more than an elementary knowledge in such a limited period of attendance.

Then, as a continued line of study, there is provided the "Long Course," lasting for six months. Its earlier stages comprise an advanced course at these military schools of the different arms, and include a special three months' attendance at the R.M.C., where the superior advantages afforded are made available and its usefulness and educational facilities presented immediately to the commissioned ranks.

It is, however, in the early education carried on in the college that its great service is apparent, the design being to meet the requirements of the country in providing instruction in excess of the regimental detail of the "Short" and "Long" courses, and to form a reserve of men fitted to rapidly fill the positions which they may at any time be called upon to assume. Only by such early education can they appreciate and with advantage render the services expected of them by the nation.

All vacancies in the military schools of the different arms, consequent upon promotion and other causes, should in the future be filled by the graduates of the R.M.C., as naturally it must furnish more promising officers and instructors than are available from any other source in Canada. How can this be otherwise when outside the R.M.C. the opportunities are very few, if not entirely wanting, for officers to acquire a knowledge and proficiency in subjects so essential to military training as fortification, both field and permanent, and bridging. There are also the branches of telegraphy, military law and administration, principles of the manufacture of material, the nature and use of explosives, and the application of electricity,—all vital, if we wish to advance with the present times. Without a knowledge of all these, an officer must be greatly handicapped when he finds himself in the position of an instructor. Combined with all is the excellent education afforded in French, English and mathematics; and last, though not least, a properly conducted and supervised physical training. We have already had proof of the value of the college in services rendered by some of its graduates in England, Africa and Asia, and on its own staff. During the N.W. rebellion of 1885, thirty-three R.M. College graduates were employed, including seven on the staff in the field. Can it be doubted, then, for a moment, that, if exigencies demanded, such services would not be rendered at home. The college has been fortunate in having had since its start, in 1876, the services of an efficient staff, who by their ability and example have done much to assure the success achieved. It is directly to the high standard of training and disciplinary spirit of the R.M.C. that its young men may ascribe their honors won.

THE MESS ROOM, ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE.

The condition of China to-day affords an object lesson to be taken to heart by those who despise and ignore, or pretend to ignore, all necessity for home defence. Her utter humiliation to-day is a striking illustration of the disregard of military education. Let us hope that in the day of our need, should it unhappily come, our cry will not, like poor China's, be *sauve qui peut.*

THE EFFECT OF THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE TRAINING ON THE PERSONAL CHARACTER AND SOCIAL RELATIONS OF CADETS.

By Richard Walkem, Q.C., LL.D.

THE period between the ages of 15 and 21 is usually important in the life of most men in regard to the formation of habits and character. This period marks the change from the boy into the man, not merely in physical but in mental development. It is the age at which men are easily moulded and impressed and form habits and acquire principles which may make or mar their future lives. The period which I have mentioned may be said generally to be that during which students go through their course at the Royal Military College of Canada, the age for entrance being from fifteen to eighteen, and the period of pupilage four years; and as the college is a public institution and undertakes the training and education of a great number of our young men, it will, I believe, serve a useful purpose and will be interesting, to consider very shortly the effect of that training and education on the general character, habits and social relations of the cadets who pass through the college course. I think that most parents would desire, so far as education might be intended to affect personal character and habits, to see

their sons taught to be truthful, manly, temperate (I use the word in its general sense), and punctual. There are other virtues, no doubt, which go to make the perfect man, but I must confine my remarks in this paper to the effect of college training towards the development of the particular characteristics which I have mentioned.

As might be expected, the course of training in the college is prescribed by rules, instructions and standing orders; but these would be of very little service unless the whole staff of the college, from the commandant down, take a warm interest in their work and are prepared to carry out heartily the instructions under which they act.

Much must, in the first place, depend on the commandant, to whom are committed powers which may almost be termed absolute, and which impose on him a corresponding weight of responsibility. He must be not merely a disciplinarian, but a man who understands and can sympathize with and attract young men. We all know how much the success of some of the great public schools in England and in this country has been promoted by the personal character and ability of their head masters, and their tact in dealing with their pupils, and it is manifest that in an institution like the Royal Military College, where young men reside away from home influence during a period of four years, the character, tact and capacity for government of the commandant are of supreme importance.

Col. Hewett, the first chief of the college, by whom the work of organization was very ably and successfully performed, and who held the position for over ten years, recognized the duty of the commandant to cultivate friendly and cordial relations with the cadets, in the following order, which is still in force: "The commandant will be pleased to see the cadets at any time or place on matters not of official character, and he wishes them to come to him and consider him their personal friend and adviser in anything connected with their progress at the Royal Military College, or their private affairs."

Next to the commandant it is important that the staff should be men who co-operate loyally with their chiefs in carrying on the college work, and who illustrate by their lives and examples those precepts and lessons which it is their duty to teach to their pupils. The character of every member of the staff is very soon thoroughly understood by the cadets, and I take the liberty of saying that the greatest care should be taken in the selection of the professors. The results of an unfortunate selection are very serious in regard to the character of the cadets and their discipline, and no consideration should prevent the removal of any professor who proves himself unfit for his position.

Though every cadet, on entering the college, is enlisted and becomes subject during his college course to the Queen's regulations and orders for the Army, the Army Act, the Militia Act of the Dominion, and all other rules and regulations to which Her Majesty's troops are subject, it is not intended that he should bear this heavy burden without assistance or be allowed to understand that he is to be merely a military machine. On the contrary, he is assured that a deep interest is taken by the authorities of the college in his personal welfare. I have already alluded to the fact that he is invited to communicate freely with the commandant on all private matters; and on looking at the standing orders, I find that it is enjoined on all who share in the responsible charge of educating the cadets to take the greatest interest in their welfare and in all that relates to their instruction; and all the members of the staff are required to bring to the notice of the commandant all matters affecting the well-being of the cadets. With

the object of further promoting confidence and good feeling between the staff and cadets all members of the former are instructed that it is their duty to make themselves personally acquainted with the character of, and to take a personal interest in, each cadet; to encourage him to ask their friendly advice, and, by precept as well as example, to influence him for good, to gain the confidence of the cadets generally, and, while enforcing all orders issued for their guidance and the government of the college with tact, discretion, good temper, and decision, to promote an honorable feeling amongst them.

INTERIOR OF FORT FREDERICK LOOKING TOWARD FORT HENRY.

The college orders and instructions are framed evidently with the object of promoting friendly and cordial relations between the staff and the cadets, and, at the same time, of maintaining strict discipline.

The first word of the college motto is "Truth." This quality was that which the framer of the motto—Col. Hewett, I believe—evidently thought of primary importance. A regard for truth is enjoined in all the college regulations, not directly, perhaps, for it should hardly be necessary to enjoin the duty of truthfulness in plain words, but inferentially. Thus, it is left to the honor of a cadet to submit himself loyally, without espionage or observation, to any punishment such as restriction of leave, confinement to barracks, etc., which may be imposed on him. He is not watched, and he knows that he is not. Anything in the nature of espionage is, in fact, repudiated by express order. An abuse of the confidence thus reposed in the cadet is regarded as a grave breach of honor, and the result, without doubt, is that though there may be instances in which such abuse occurs, yet, on the whole, better discipline is maintained than if the cadets were subject to strict supervision, while, at the same time, the duty of truthfulness and honorable dealing is strictly inculcated.

In their dealings with the cadets, the staff are instructed to make a broad distinction between acts of an immoral, dishonorable and ungentlemanlike character on the one hand, and of thoughtlessness on the other: the former are to be prevented and the latter checked and reproved.

I have alluded to temperance as a virtue which it is desirable to cultivate in a young man; I meant tem-

perance in a general sense, that is, the duty of using all things temperately. The moderate use of ale by the cadets at dinner is permitted, on the written request of the parent or guardians, but that is the limit allowed for the use of any liquor of an intoxicating character. No cadet is allowed, under pain of severe punishment, either to be intoxicated, or to have liquor in his possession or to bring it into the college or to connive at its being brought in by others.

Vice comes in for a special denunciation in the college orders. Says one order: "The commandant looks to all —whether members of the staff or cadets—to prevent vice of every description in all connected with the Royal Military College, by never omitting to notice it when and wherever it may come under their observation, and by at once bringing it to his knowledge."

It is almost needless to remark particularly to parents who have sons growing up to manhood that the manner in which young men, at home, spend their spare time, particularly their evenings, is often a source of considerable anxiety. Cadets attending the college are not allowed to enter taverns or saloons, and they are compelled by the college regulations, unless they have leave, to be within the gates at a comparatively early hour in the evening, so that as little time or opportunity as possible is given to them, even if they were disposed to do so, to visit or frequent places that they should avoid.

Gambling of any sort is strictly prohibited by the college regulations.

The system of fagging which prevails, and has in the past prevailed, in some of the large public schools in England is prohibited by the Military College rules as tending to destroy or lessen self-respect. Cadets are forbidden either to require from or to perform for another cadet, any menial office, or to suffer such service to be exacted by one cadet from another. At the same time, it is understood amongst the cadets themselves that certain duties, such as the care of the recreation grounds, are to be performed by the junior class as a body. The practice of hazing also is absolutely forbidden. Each cadet on entering the college promises to abstain, during his connection with the institution, from using physical coercion to any fellow cadet, and to discourage others from doing so, unless required in the discharge of duty, and to refrain from combining with others to enforce the views of a combination on their fellows. That the observance of this rule is strictly enforced is evidenced by the severe punishment meted out on a recent occasion to some cadets who had so far forgotten their duty as to break this promise.

In a community where strict discipline prevails, and where power is given to the subordinate officers to award punishment or regulate disputes, it is important that each member should have the means of protecting himself against wrong or injustice. Any cadet, who thinks himself wronged by any member of the staff or any other cadet, may state his grievance to the captain of his company, whose duty it is to report it for the decision of the commandant. The fact that this right of appeal exists tends to produce care in the awarding of punishments and to restrain the vexatious or arbitrary exercise of authority.

Stringent regulations also exist to prevent what may be termed boycotting on the part of the cadets, that is, the persecution of any cadet by combinations on the part of others to prevent social or friendly intercourse with him.

Habits of self-reliance are cultivated in the college by devolving authority on the cadets as soon as they prove their fitness for its exercise. There is a gradual scale of promotion similar to that existing among the non-commissioned officers in the regular

service. The scale is as follows, beginning at the lowest step: Lance corporal, corporal, sergeant, company sergeant major, and battalion sergeant major, the last being the highest rank which a cadet can attain. Promotion is made to depend upon character and conduct, special qualifications and performance of duties. Only those of the first or second class, that is, the two senior classes, are eligible for promotion to the permanent rank of sergeant, full corporal, or lance corporal; but acting rank may be given to a cadet from any class. Non-commissioned officers are required to perform certain duties assigned to them, to act with the officers of the college in preserving discipline and instructing the junior cadets in their military duties, and to set a good example to the other cadets. They are invested with limited powers, and have allowed to them privileges in respect of leave, etc., which are proportioned to their rank. Badges are also given to mark proficiency in different subjects.

THEY VIEWED THE GAME TOGETHER.

All the duties in the college form the subject of rules intended to secure order and preserve discipline. Attendance at divine service on each Sunday is compulsory, but each cadet may elect which denomination he will attend. Any cadet may, besides, attend the afternoon or evening services of his church. A change from one denomination to another is not permitted, unless authorized in orders, but the cadet must adhere to the denomination to which he represents himself to belong on first entering the college. Should a change be desired, it can be granted only on written application and with the approval of the parent or guardian. In attending church, the cadets must be accompanied by the officer or cadet in charge, who must sit with them in the pew allotted to them. A reverent behaviour in church is strictly required. In the event of the weather being such as to preclude attendance

at church, divine service is held in the college, the officer or cadet in charge officiating. The form is taken from the service book of the Church of England. At dinner, grace is required to be said by the senior cadet, both before and after the meal. A short and simple form of service is prescribed to be read every morning before breakfast by the senior officer or cadet on duty. Roman Catholics are not required to read or attend the college Sunday service, or the morning prayers, unless they desire to do so. The clergy of all the churches attended by the cadets are encouraged to visit those of their own denomination at the college.

The attendance at classes, the mode of dress, the hours for meals, recreation and duty, the care of rooms, furniture and equipments, are all regulated by orders, to which the space at my disposal will not permit me to refer in detail. Suffice it to say that they all tend to inculcate habits of regularity, carefulness and economy. Extravagance is not permitted in any direction, and uniformity is prescribed, so that there can be no material distinction in the mode of living between the sons of the wealthy and those of moderate means.

I cannot close this review of the college rules and system without alluding to the facilities which are granted to the cadets of visiting their friends or those who may be disposed to entertain them. A cadet is allowed to visit friends, subject to certain regulations. The order on the subject requires that he should bring with him, at the beginning of each term, a letter from his parent or guardian, stating the names and addresses of the friends whom he may be permitted to visit. In order to get leave he must obtain a special written invitation from such authorized friend for each occasion. Passes are freely granted, subject to this rule, as it is considered desirable that the cadets should have opportunities of social intercourse. These passes are limited as to time, so as to ensure a return to the college at proper hours, as no cadet is allowed to sleep out of barracks.

THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE FROM A PROFESSOR'S POINT OF VIEW.

By the Rev. Clare L. Worrell, M.A.

In speaking of the Royal Military College from a professor's point of view, let it be distinctly understood that the opinions expressed are those of the writer alone, and that he is not in any way voicing the sentiments of the members of the staff.

A civil professor of Canadian training, meagre military education, and scanty knowledge of Woolwich, is at first struck by the iron-clad character of the college movements.

On one side are the sound of the bugle, the rattling of swords, the mustering of men and the march of companies; on the other, the various reports, the formal communications, the recognition of rank, the regular routine and mechanical precision—all of which have a smack of barrack life known to the university man chiefly from his Lever or Lover. And when he understands that the uniformed youths about him are not simply playing soldier, but are, in sober earnest, training for the great battle of life, passing, as it were, through a military mint and acquiring a military stamp, but all with a view to making themselves fit for civil as well as military science, he asks himself, *cui bono?* Does the system answer its purpose, and how does it compare with that of the universities?

First of all, the military discipline places it in a unique position. Everywhere one is reminded that he is in a *military* college, and that he must be as one under an authority saying "Do this," and expecting to have it done, but never at any time rashly hoping for more than the strict letter of the command being obeyed; works of supererogation are left for divinity

schools. Nelson's battle-cry is part of the college-motto, and the key-note of the college system. A cadet knows he must perform his duty under all circumstances; and if, at any time, he undertakes a skirmish in forbidden lines, he does so at the cannon's mouth, with the certainty of being mentioned in the despatches of the orderly room, and probably receiving the distinguishing title of C.B.*

I have known genuine students in the college, but they are such by natural temperament, not as a result of the college methods. Men of action are more likely to come from its corridors than men of thought—men of practice rather than men of theory. Independence, fearlessness, decision—these are the qualities developed. Regularity, punctuality, industry and application these are the habits acquired.

In carrying out its aims, the system of residence, by which all cadets are under one roof, cannot be too highly valued. It is the true idea of a COLLEGE, as the *alma mater* presiding over the life of her family during recreation as well as in the hours of study. As the cap and gown to the university man, so the tunic to the cadet is an outward and visible sign of his birth into the college family; and it is a noteworthy fact that while the gownsman is seldom or never seen with his badge, the red-coat readily reveals the favorite resorts of the cadet and his comrades.

To make the family idea more complete, some things are needed. If it were not for the state of religious and political partisanship, one might be tempted to put down as the first a regular chaplain and a daily chapel service. But, leaving that out for obvious reasons, a second may be readily found in the need of a larger number of residences for professors within the college grounds.

This would greatly aid the friendly social relations which at present exist between professors and cadets, and influence for good the habits of the latter.

Another need is a larger library and reading room. The library at present has about 3,000 volumes, and there are two reading rooms. But the library room is too small, and the reading rooms are practically the only inside places of recreation, alike for noisy and reading cadets. One large, well-lighted library and reading room combined would be a great boon both to cadet and professor.

In the arrangement of work much may be said in favor of the R.M.C. A university student is required to attend only a certain proportion of the lectures in each subject, and may in some instances present himself for examination without being on the lecture roll at all. At the R.M.C. a professor is always sure of his constituency. The various classes are paraded before each attendance, and all must be present unless specially excused.

On the other hand, it must be said for the university that the men who do attend lectures are generally studious and eager to learn.

Again, a professor at the R.M.C. is not hampered by a constantly varying set of regulations, framed, from year to year, by experimenting pedagogues and argus-eyed politicians.

He has sufficient time in every attendance to thoroughly explain his subject and oversee the work of the cadets in studying it.

There are no outside examiners. The professor, therefore, has a reasonable amount of certainty in expecting his class to devote their attention to those matters on which he has himself laid stress. They are working to acquire knowledge of a subject as interpreted by him, and not simply to gain sufficient smartness to pass an examination. He feels that the lines he has marked out will not be deserted in order to practise the whims and

*C. B.—Confinement to barracks.

oddities of some riddling examiner.

One thing the professor would ask for is a more thorough preparation of recruits before entering.

Perhaps a preparatory department might meet the want. But, whatever the remedy, here, if anywhere, an improvement is needed. Sixteen is young enough for the average recruit.

While it would be well for parents to remember that the R.M.C. is not a reformatory for those who are supposed to be past redemption by ordinary methods, the intending recruit must himself understand that a full appreciation of the college work can only be had by those who have grounded themselves in the elements of a primary education. Those who leave before the end of their course, whether voluntarily or otherwise, are nearly always those who have been admitted by some special grace over which the examiner has no control. The ingenious methods of spelling, the crude ideas of grammar, the innocent thoughts of history, and the reckless disregard of the cast-irondom of numbers, as shown by some of the recruits, are, to say the least, a sad commentary on a few of our preparatory schools.

On the whole, from a professor's point of view, a favorable aspect of the system of military education at the R M.C. is presented.

That, under it, young men acquire a thorough knowledge of the military art cannot be doubted. The Imperial army list proves it.

The graduates who are filling high places in other professions have demonstrated its usefulness in civil pursuits.

The efficiency of the machinery which produces such results has this further testimony of a professor. It works smoothly, evenly and thoroughly. It makes the relations between himself and cadets pleasant and attractive. And it inspires him with confidence that, whether in matters of discipline, instruction or recreation, he knows what to expect, for he knows he is dealing with gentlemen of gentlemanly instincts, habits and surroundings.

(To be continued.)

GABLE ENDS.

MRS. TRAILL.

"——Evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor est."
—*Virgil.*

We are accustomed to judge of a writer by what that writer has put on paper, but in the case of the author of "Pearls and Pebbles" that would be quite an unsatisfactory text. Neither is it an easy thing to focus the characteristics of a personality that has not been fully revealed in her writings—as it would be difficult to describe a country from a few specimens of its *flora*, or from the music of its songbirds.

Though the writer of this sketch is no more than an acquaintance of the famous author, yet, perhaps, he is not simply on that account the less fitted to comply with the editor's request.

Mrs. Traill's latest book has again aroused the interest of the public in one who has devoted the greater part of her ninety-three years to the building up of the natural history of Canada. My first thought, on meeting her some years ago, was that if I had been the father of a family of girls I should bring them to see her without delay, so large a share does she possess of that gentleness and dignity of mind and heart, which is at once the charm and pre-eminence of womankind.

Though one admires her writings, the best of her is unwritten. Her extensive and important researches in Canadian wild-flowers are not literary but botanical, and her descriptions of life in the forest are entertaining but not intended to be more. With the exception of these latest "leaves from the journal of an old na-

Yours very sincerely
Catharine Parr Traill.

turalist," which are literary in the tenderest sense, her work has been useful more than ornamental. Hence, if we would know the worker we must see her—see her in her happy moods, when the lustre of her eyes makes easy the reading of her thoughts, and the undisturbed flow of her conversation holds the interest of the listener.

Her earlier writings, published in England, brought her recompense both in pocket and reputation. There she has a reputation like that of A.L.O.E. in this country.

She is not valued in Canada as she should be. Her ideal is too high and her work too consistent for that. The two-and-two-are-four fashion of the day has

driven out the ideal, and in two generations more, young Canada will have learned to smile at a world that could have stood in awe of Agamemnon for three thousand years. Her contributions to English magazines began at a very early age, but the novelty of Canadian life and the wild beauty of Canadian scenes caused her to turn to the natural rather than to the intellectual.

In her works of fiction Mrs. Traill cannot be acquitted of faults. "Lost in the Backwoods," the most typical of these, is both dramatic and descriptive to a degree, but the dialogue is stilted, and the wisdom that of the old rather than of the young. The story opens in Lower Canada at the time of the "famous battle of Quebec," when the wounded Scottish soldier, Duncan Maxwell, meets for the first time the widow's daughter, the *petite habitante*, Catherine Perron. A few years elapse. They marry. Catherine has a brother, Pierre, who is a hunter, and who, in his hunting expeditions, had gone up as far as the Plains of the Rice Lake. He suggests that Duncan and he, with their wives, should found on the shores of the Rice Lake their future homes. Thither they go and establish themselves amid the loneliness and isolation of the forest. We wonder at their courage, but, as the author tells us, "there was in those days a spirit of resistance among the first settlers on the soil, a spirit to do and bear that is less commonly met with now." Hector, a boy of fourteen, is the eldest child of Duncan. Louis, of the same age, is the only son of Pierre. Catherine, the sister of Hector, is two years younger. All three set out one lovely morning in May to find the cattle. They lose themselves in the forest, and their wanderings furnish the materials of the narrative. As the warlike Mohawks and the Chippewas still "held their councils and their hunting-parties on the hills about the Rice Lake," the fear of capture and of torture add horror to the anguish of the parents. The author avails herself of every occasion to inculcate practical Christian teaching and to describe the manner of life in the forest and among the Indians. One would suspect, however, a different conclusion from the children when "they beheld a savage enemy in every mass of leafy shade, and every rustling bough struck fresh terror into their excited minds." "They might have exclaimed," says the author, "with the patriarch Jacob, 'How awful is this place!'"

Yet no more accurate and entertaining description of the woods, flowers, forest-animals and Indians could be wished. Nor dramatic, as it is, is it one particle overdrawn.

Even the old frequenter will know the Rice Lake country the better for having read this book. Who can resist the flowers' appeal, when Mrs. Traill interprets; still, the botanical names, hidden though they be in parentheses, give one a sort of chill. The naturalist has clearly overborne the romancist. The minuteness of detail is extraordinary, but it sometimes lengthens into a catalogue. Her imagination, too, is restrained by an intensely religious spirit, and her candour is such that she does not forbear to acknowledge the legend which she has made use of to develop the story. This is as it may be, but it is not literature in the strictly literary sense. When the weirdness of the tale has secured the reader the reading will do much more than entertain, and the reprinting of the tale by the publishers speaks for itself. It would indeed be a great pity if no record of the fortitude of these pioneers had not been kept. The chronicles are few, and the tale of patient courage is such as will never again be told in Canada. Unlike Cooper, Mrs. Traill tells of the white man rather than of the Indian, excelling him in her descriptions of nature, though his greater field admits a greater plot and a more elaborate treatment.

In "Pearls and Pebbles" one will find a book of poems in prose. There is nothing more difficult to describe, perhaps, than the Canadian seasons. They have been done almost to death. But I know of nothing more exquisite than some of her shadow-dreams of Autumn.

—Hampden Burnham.

THE NEW MAN.

(Dedicated, without permission, to The New Woman.)

A New Woman is now on the market. In these days it is only the bran new article that can arrest attention. We have no leisure, no love, for the old. The old religion, the old virtues, the old books, that satisfied our fathers in their day are

not worth our looking at now. The old horses are replaced by fast and showy trotters. Books for all time, full of solid, brainy matter, must be discarded for the latest bowl of froth from the not always clean craninm of the smart but shallow-pated prattler. And in this age of new inventions the latest advertised novelty is—the New Woman.

Yes, a species of woman has burst the bonds that bound her to the sphere hitherto regarded as peculiarly her own—is arraying herself in new and startling colors, and challenges the world to fall and and worship—the new divinity. I understand she has ordered a new Heaven and a new Earth. But has she figured on the New Man? The world is growing old, they say; but if it can produce the new woman it can, and will, bring the New Man upon the scene. It may be taken for granted that when the New Woman stands forth in all her glory the New Man will be looking around the corner. It may be urged that the New Man should have come first. Not so. The New Man coming after the New Woman will have the advantage of the latter, being newer and more powerful, like the latest built battle-ship.

Under the old order of things woman has always been newer than man (man being made first, though he mostly goes after her), and this may account for the fact of her never having been properly subdued by the lord of creation.

However, all this will be changed on the advent of the New Man. Meanwhile, the absorbing question for all (especially the New Woman), is, of course:—What will he be like?

I trust I have shown that he will not, as some insist, have all the weaknesses and none of the virtues of the Old Woman. No! on the contrary, he will assuredly possess all that is noble in the highest manhood, and a full line of everything necessary to manage the New Woman.

He may, perchance, occupied in the pursuit of the delusive dollar, or the bubble, fame, neglect his duty awhile; but the day will come when he shall take the New Woman in hand and, while she is new, train her in the way she should go, that when she is old she may not depart therefrom. REYNELL UPHAM.

THE FUTURE OF B. C.

There comes to-night a vision bright:—
"A city by the sea,"
Where breakers roar on a western shore,
In lonely majesty!
In solemn majesty!

I hear again the sweet refrain,
The music of the sea!
The night winds sigh and the waves reply,
In happy melody!
In tuneful melody!

The moon looks down with a chilly frown
On a mermaid of the sea,
But she sings away and without dismay—
(At Victoria, B.C.,
This mermaid sings to me.)

List to the song as it's borne along
Through the shadowy pine tree.
She sings out loud of a 'Future" proud,
With no uncertainty:—
The Future of B. C.

When, instead of her forests of pine so dread,
As far as eye can see;—
Forests of masts and vessels vast,
Of A1 registry,
In all her harbors be.

And many a city that (more's the pity),
In beautiful B. C.,
Has reared its stacks and awful shacks
Near by the crystal sea,
Near by the deep blue sea,

Shall in some day, not far away,
Make all this cease to be;
For marble halls and granite walls,
In tinted harmony,
All in their place you'll see.

In glory drest, the "Golden West,"—
"A hive of industry,"—
Then shall feast in the culture of the east,
And roll in luxury,
(When all goods come in free.)

The country around, no more to be drowned
By river or by sea,
Where'er one goes, shall bloom as the rose,
In full security
From river and from sea.

The bounteous west the treasure chest
Of Canada will be;
A mighty hoard of riches stored,
And Victoria the key;—
Victoria, B. C.

Toronto. REYNELL UPHAM.

JOHN BROWN IN CANADA.

To the Editor.

DEAR SIR,—I have read the December number of your excellent magazine. It is brimful of instruction and of interesting articles. In the article, "John Brown in Canada," we are indebted to Mr. Hamilton for much valuable information *re* John Brown and the convention held in Chatham in 1858. In this article I observe an error, which I hasten to correct. The esteemed writer refers to a Canadian contribution of money, some $400, toward the surviving members of John Brown's family, then living at North Elba, N.Y. It is true that nearly $400 was subscribed by some of my friends in Montreal in the spring of 1860, but it is equally true that the Brown family never realized any benefit from it, in consequence of a temporary revulsion of feeling, resulting from exaggerated stories of what was then termed the "*Pottawatomie Murders.*" I withhold the names of the subscribers to that fund, to save their descendants the blush of shame they would now feel for the cowardice and shortsightedness of their ancestors.

A. M. ROSS.

TORONTO.

BOOK NOTICES.

The History of British Columbia. By ALEXANDER BEGG., C.C., F.R.C.I. Illustrated. Toronto: William Briggs. Montreal: C. W. Coates. Halifax: S. F. Huestis. 568 pp.

A more interesting work on Canadian History would be difficult to find. It is well written, comprehensive, yet concise, and on every reader it will make a vivid impression of the strange history and the wonderful resources of the Pacific Province. The early discoveries of Vancouver and other early navigators are told in a fascinating manner. The seizure and destruction by Spanish marines of the British establishment at Nootka, and the final relinquishment by Spain of all claims to British Columbia, make a most interesting chapter of the early history of the country. So also does the narration of the curious details connected with the San Juan dispute—a dispute which, owing to the comparative inaccessibility of the Province at the time, received scant attention in Canada, and the strange details of which have until the publication of Mr. Begg's volume remained almost unknown to even well-informed Canadians. One of the most charming chapters in the volume is that describing the wonderful overland journey made by Alexander Mackenzie, the discoverer of the great river bearing his name, from Lake Athabasca to the lonely Pacific coast. It possesses all the interest attaching to Stanley's explorations in Africa. The gold excitement in British Columbia in the late fifties, of course, receives the attention which it deserves. So also does the career of the North-West Fur Company and the Hudson Bay Company in British Columbia, Washington and Oregon. Justice, too, is done to Sir James Douglas and other men famous in the early history of the Province. The history is brought up to date, and throughout the author carries with him the close attention and interest of the reader. The illustrations are numerous and generally good, and a map, showing the routes followed by early explorers, aids much in explaining the text of the earlier chapters.

Notes of Pictures and Paintings. Letters on Italian Art. By EMILINE A. RAND. Toronto: William Briggs.

This small book is one of the most charming contributions to the literature of art. In a series of letters dealing with paintings in the National Gallery at London, the author, with remarkable perspicacity and excellent judgment, describes the development of Italian art, and affords the reader charming glimpses of the leading Italian painters and their work.

The New Womanhood. By JAMES C. FERNALD. New York, London, and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls Co. 369 pp.

This volume, though dealing with a somewhat hackneyed subject, is interesting, and is written with boldness and good taste. Marian Harland furnishes the volume with an introduction.

The Emancipated. By GEORGE GISSING. London: George Bell & Sons. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd. 456 pp.

Denzil Quarrier. By GEORGE GISSING. London: George Bell & Sons. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd. 341 pp.

At Last. By MRS. MARIE ELSIE LAUDER. Toronto: William Briggs. Montreal: C. W. Coates. Halifax: S. F. Huestis. 310 pp.

IN THE PUBLIC GARDENS, HALIFAX, N.S.

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THE WOMEN'S RIGHTS QUESTION IN ROME—195 B.C.

BY ARTHUR HARVEY.

THE wheel whirls. The uppermost spokes have been uppermost before. The dust of circumstance alone varies. Throughout the cycles, *plus a change, plus c'est la même chose.* History repeating itself is, however, not monotonous, but ever interesting. Instead of craving for the unattainable new thing, and being discontented, because, as yet, they have not wings, wise folk learn to know the old, and use the powers they have. One of the lighter scenes in the kaleidoscope of ancient story as told by Livy, will amuse, and possibly instruct us.

When the terrible grip of Hannibal was tightest on the Roman throat; when he had routed consul after consul, and slain army after army, the women of the city of Rome cast their treasures into the public coffers, and, to make sure that there should be no Sapphiras, it was decreed that no one should retain in private ownership more than half an ounce of golden ornaments.

In due time, the ship of state weathered the furious African hurricane, emerged triumphantly from the cyclone; its battered hull, refitted, rode buoyantly on calmer waters, and the women of that generation became restive under the sumptuary law of the old days of trouble. The men were strenuous and still revengeful. They argued for simplicity in private manners, for storing armories and arsenals, for strengthening the resources of the state, for emulating Spartan discipline as well as Spartan fortitude. Brass and steel for armor blade and javelin were more to them than cloth of gold and bravery of gold and silver. So, at least, they said in public, but at home each was another Alexander who could rule the world but not his wife.

The instinct of personal adornment, inherent in the sex, which Herbert Spencer and his school do most learnedly discourse about, began to assert itself, the more strongly for its late repression. The first fair breakers of the law were, no doubt, dealt with by the law. The inspectors of the Roman morality department raided Livia's house, and impounded the lovely bracelet her sailor-love had brought from Sicily, as the modern censor Arcibaldus might seize a thief's revolver. Virginia's necklace, being as heavy again as was allowable, had three or four links docked, according to the statute. Were the rings of Julia overweight—a fine of an as, and confiscation to the state. Yet, not all were caught thus golden-handed. Pomponia kept her jewel casket for strictly private lunches, and jealous Honoria straightway made her husband bring

her quite as handsome things for the return-party. Fickle Fashion, which, twenty years before, had favored severity in all such matters, now, in her inscrutable way, made jewellery quite *chic*. Solomon erred. He only catalogued four mysteries: the way of an eagle in the air (which Prof. Langley has told us all about), the way of a serpent on a rock (which any photographic artist can now-a-days explain), the way of a ship in the midst of the sea (which is now plain-sailing), and the way of a man with a maid. If he had added, the way of Fashion in Society, he would, at least, have had one riddle unsolved still.

It was a *commencement de siècle* time — a period of revulsion from the stern, hard-fighting days when the lithe Numidians and the wily Carthaginians were looking for the weak points in the Roman defences —a time for sudden whims, unrest, change. The old order was giving way. Among the women, this hysteria did not take the shape of bloomers or bicycles, but of popular agitation for the repeal of the Act to limit the possessions of Females. They formed primary conventions in each ward or precinct. They organized committees; delegates came in from towns and townships. They buttonholed tribunes and senators (or would have done so if they had had buttons). They championed women's rights as briskly as emancipated women do to-day. They crusaded in the streets, held public assemblies in the squares, and lobbied in the senate-chamber peristyles. It must have been hard to resist the tears of Volumnia or the seductive graces of Cornelia, but there were antagonists of the movement— the Cause, (with a capital C, Mr. Printer, if you please)—and after a dress-coat debate in the senate (though, of course, nobody wore dress-coats, but only togas), the whole question was remitted to the people.

The methods of reference were very like our own. They had two consuls; we have a single mayor. Their council was hereditary; ours is elected; but they had four tribunes of the people, who could call for plebiscites on all manner of subjects, almost at their own sweet will. Two of these tribunes were persuaded—we might perhaps say, cajoled—to demand that this question of repealing the Oppian law be submitted to the popular vote.

The law, in truth, was pretty stiff. "No woman to have more than a semiuncia of gold, or to use clothing of several colors, or to ride in carriages in or within a mile of the city or towns, except for necessary attendance on religious rites." Yet, two of the tribunes favored its continuance, and so did the consuls, especially M. Porcius Cato.

These Catos were a dour lot. They were the Bourbons of their time, forgiving nothing, forgetting nothing, and learning nothing. Naught ontside their narrow circle was right. Greek luxury, indeed?—wear homespun. Cabs and coupés?—walk, the exercise is good. Honors, Fulvius, for you? True enough, you beat the Ætolians; but your tastes are literary, and you had poets in your camp! Severity like this was in the blood, and persisted in until this first great Cato's great-grandson attacked Cæsar for entertaining progressive views, and was forced to commit suicide by falling upon his sword, when, at Pharsalia and Thapsus, his party was utterly crushed. Bitter in speech, too, was the whole brood of them. "Censorious" is a word we get from the time this man was finding fault with everybody and everything in his capacity of Supervisor of manners. If ever two persons were disagreeable to excess, Cato and Socrates were that brace! Yet, all the Catos were just, and honest to the last bawbee. We have men in politics to-day quite like them,—especially one whose name has the same initial—fertile in epithet, forcible in speech, but how vitriolic in utterance, how charged with strychnine his every word!

Such was the consul, who, when the question was to be spoken to, strode into the forum, his lictors, with the fasces, preceding him, and a dignity, as of a king, hedging him around, as he thus took up his tale in short, sharp sentences, soldier-like and stern.

"If we men had resolved to preserve our just authority, each over his own wife, we should have less trouble with the general question. It is because we have neglected rightful control at home that these females are worrying us by public rebellion. Since we have yielded to each as an individual we are afraid to resist them as a body. (Hear.) I once thought the story false, that in a certain island the women set upon and murdered all the men; but an equal danger threatens us if we let these meetings, these conspiracies, continue. It was only by forcing my way through the crowd of women that I could reach this Forum now. Had I not respected some as individuals more than the general assemblage of them, I would have addressed them thus: 'What morals are these which permit you to appear in public places, block up the roads, and speak to men you do not know? Could you not ask your husbands at home to interest themselves in your behalf? Are you more desirous to please in public than by your own hearth? Do you wish to captivate strangers rather than those of your own households?' (Applause.) Our fathers would not allow women to have the least initiative in business. Without the leave of father, brother or husband they could not do the slightest act. We are now permitting them to meet in the forum, to meddle with assemblies and nominations. Do you expect that if you give license to weak natures and rebellious creatures they can be restrained except by force? No, no! This pretence, that women are groaning under an unjust law, is but the thin edge of the wedge. If they abolish this bulwark, what will they not try next? Consider the whole body of the laws concerning women, by which our fathers thought they should be guided, and within which it is difficult enough to keep them. If they break one, and modify the next, how long before they will be, in all things, the equals of men? Could you put up with that, long? Would not they, after attaining equality, assert superiority in a trice? Their policy is plain to see. If they get one law repealed, under the plea that it is irksome, they will weaken the authority of the whole. (Applause.) No law suits everybody; laws are made for the benefit of the majority, and of the most deserving. If an individual could repeal at pleasure this or that law which did not suit him there would be an end of justice. (Hear, hear.) What are these females alarmed about, that they swarm into the public squares—do they want us to ransom their husbands, sons, or brothers, who are prisoners of Hannibal? God forfend! There was a time, though, when they did so, and you refused; you refused, I say, their most anxious entreaties to this end. (Sensation.) No personal motives of the kind are theirs now; they say, it is a matter of religion; they wish to honor, with splendid ceremony, the Idæan mother. What quibbles! They wish to be resplendent with gold and purple, to ride in chariots on feast-days and week days, as if triumphing ever the beaten and abrogated law, setting no bounds whatever to their magnificence and luxury. (Loud applause.) Often, citizens, have you heard me declaim against the two evils, avarice and luxury—diseases which have been the bane and destruction of great empires. I dread them more than ever, now we have crossed into Greece and are establishing relations with Asia. I fear the regal wealth we are obtaining thence will subdue us, rather than that we shall subdue those regions. I hate the bringing of statues from Sicily, and hear too much of the dilettanti who admire the high art of Corinth and Athens, and contemn the

images, made of homely pottery, that are set in our Roman shrines. Yet, our own gods have ever been propitious, and I have faith they will continue so, if we only let them be. (Vehement cheering.) Before this Oppian law was passed, Pyrrhus sent Cineas with gifts for men, and women, too, but nobody accepted any, and why? Because there were then no luxurious ideas to be kept in check, nothing to call for such a law. You must suffer from a disease before you need a remedy. (Hear.) But were Cineas to come again, he would find people in the streets not ashamed to accept his bribes, nay, holding their hands out for them in public places. (Shouts of applause, and voices "Boodle," "Guelicus," "via ferrea," etc.) I shall spare you a dissertation on abstract principles, but pray remember, that to be ashamed of honest poverty, is as unworthy as to boast of exceptional riches, while it is wrong for the rich to so display their wealth as to make their poorer fellow-citizens feel shame or envy. This law restrains the pride of the rich and prevents the humiliation of the poor. Abolish it, and what jealousies, what incitements to lavish expenditure you introduce! Unhappy the man who will be asked to buy what he cannot afford, or if he can afford it, what he thinks his wife ought not to wear. He will be forced to behold another giving what he has withheld, for the next request will be made, not to him, but to some unwelcome "friend." What else is meant by this canvassing for votes? If the law should be abolished, away with all control of your wives' expenditure for dress. Remember, when you go to the polls, that it is better not to accuse a criminal, than to lay an information and see him acquitted, better not to dispute the law, than to strive against the rising tide of luxury that will follow its repeal. I think the Oppian law should be long retained on the statute book, but, Romans, the question is in your hands, and may the gods guide you to a correct verdict." (Prolonged applause).

Hardly had the cheers subsided which the earnest speech of Cato had called forth, when the dissenting tribunes rose to speak. They followed in the same strain, but briefly. After the consul, they did not receive the most attentive hearing, so, when the tribune Lucius Valerius arose — on whose motion the referendum was being made—he passed their arguments by, and with pleasant voice and easy gesture proceeded to undermine the edifice Cato had built up.

"Fellow-citizens," he began, (it puts an assembly in good humor to call them fellow-citizens,) "If persons of private station had alone addressed you, I should not have spoken, but when the consul comes to lend his great authority to the negative, and supports his views with a long and brilliant speech, a few words are called for in reply. (Hear.) He occupied more time, though, in finding fault with all our wives than in arguing against my motion, nor could I quite understand whether he was not blaming us, too, for permitting the agitation my proposition is meant to quell. I pass that by; it is scarcely to the point. He calls it sedition and conspiracy when our wives ask us in a frank and open manner to remove, in the flourishing and peaceful times we are now enjoying, a disability imposed during the stress of a severe war. We have heard this simple request twisted by the eloquence of Marcus Cato into I know not what. It needed high-sounding words to improve his argument, and the consul has them at command; he is a weighty speaker, but we know how savage he can be at times, for all his nature is so kind. (A laugh.) Now, fortunately for my purpose, the consul once wrote a book. (Laughter.) A book about "old times." (Great laughter.) There he recounts, and not without just pride, the conspicuous part our Roman women have, more than once, played in public af-

fairs. They went to the field of battle, and threw themselves between their Roman husbands and their Sabine kinsfolk, and brought about a peace. They averted the ruin of Rome, when Coriolanus Marcius with the Volscian legions was encamped but three miles off. They filled the public coffers with gold when the city was taken by the Gauls and held to ransom. It is no new thing, then, for our women to interest themselves in public matters—if the consul's book is to be believed. (Cheers and laughter.) Coming to recent times, did not even widows help fill the treasury in the war just closed, and when new gods were needed to help complete our victory, did not our matrons turn out to the last woman, to escort the Idæan deity from the sea-side to Rome? (Hear.) The times, he says, are different. I propose to abolish the difference, and restore the *statu quo.* I am not introducing new legislation, I am a true Conservative (laughter) and only revert to old-fashioned principles. (Applause.) I ask for no new equal rights; I am not the champion of a new emancipated womanhood; I merely wish to restore to the sex their ancient privileges in a matter which especially concerns them, and, by the Eternal Thunderer, we carry our heads too high if we can give ear, as masters, to the complaints of our slaves, but get angry when our faithful wives present a reasonable request. (Volleys of cheers.) Now the consul should have been careful, when touching upon first principles, to tell you that while some laws are made to endure forever, others, which are made for an emergency, are as mortal and mutable as the men that make them. War annuls decrees promulgated in peace, and *vice versa,* just as some commands suit on a ship in a storm, but would be absurd in the succeeding calm. (Hear, hear.) Of what kind is this law we are going to repeal? An old one, coeval with the city, or, at least, as old as our twelve tables, venerable through age, and one without which our ancestors thought matronly decency could not be preserved? Quite the contrary; everybody knows it was brought in only twenty years ago, and, if in the "old times," (laughter) women could do so well without it, why can't they now? If even it had been introduced to check extravagance, I might have been silent; but what are the facts? Hannibal had beaten us at Cannæ; he was in possession of Tarentum, Arpes, even Capua; he was thought to be marching upon Rome; our allies had fallen away; we had no men to fill up our ragged ranks, no sailor folk to man our fleet, no money in the treasury, and we were driven to arm even our slaves, and offer them freedom in recompense for service. We were casting our all into the public chest. Women—even widows with dependent families—did not spare themselves. That was when the Oppian law was passed, and do you believe for one moment it was so passed in restraint of feminine extravagance? No, our mothers were all in tears, in the deepest mourning, too wretched even to celebrate the joyful holidays in returning spring, and the Senate had to intervene on quite the other side, and order mourning to be abandoned after thirty days. (Sensation and applause.) All sorts and conditions of men now feel the improved condition of affairs, but our wives are not yet allowed to taste the pleasures of peace and public tranquillity. We men wear purple in civil and religious offices; so do the magistrates of neighboring towns; our children do; while the meanest official here in Rome has an embroidered uniform—but our wives—Oh, no! not even a scarlet cloak; our very horses are better caparisoned than our consorts. (Shame.) In rich vestments there may be a little waste, but in ornaments of gold there is none. Gold endures; it lasts for generations; it has historic value; it is a fine possession

for the citizens of a state, it is so useful in public emergencies. (Hear.) Shall we deny our Roman women what vassal states allow to theirs? Never a lady comes from Latium, but she drives her horse and carriage; she is handsomely dressed, with gold and jewels galore. Do you think our men like this, and wish their wives to go afoot, in homespun, without adornment, a mean contrast to their visitors? (No, no.) To be neat, well-dressed, well-mannered, is the special glory of the tender sex. This they like, and so do we. Such women were what our fathers called "well-groomed." In times of mourning, all their bravery is laid aside; the depth of their feeling harmonizes with their difference in dress. Naturally they wish to decorate themselves in times of joy —but the law—the weary old enactment! . . . Naturally, too, they wish to be within its provisions, but not to be kept in tutelage or slavery. They want reasonable liberty, and you, Romans, will, I know, prefer to be looked on as their friends, than as domineering masters. (Applause.) The consul used harsh language when he spoke of sedition and secession. He alludes to the time when part of the people left the city and camped on the Sacred Hill. Does he wish our women to imitate that movement? (Laughter.) Then pity that weak utterance; consider that women are the weaker sex, and use your power with kindness." (Thunders of applause.)

Livy winds up the tale with brevity; he always drops the curtain at the close of every scene; it is part of the admirable method by which he forces us to look upon his groups like living pictures most dramatically posed. The dissenting tribunes withdrew their opposition; the motion for repeal was carried by a majority of every tribe. The wheel whirls. The under spokes have been undermost before. The only variation is that of the mere dust of circumstance.

THE POLITICS OF JAPAN.

BY CHARLES T. LONG.

THE statesmen of Europe, as well as of the Orient, are watching with anxious eyes the current of Japanese affairs. What has the future in store for Japan and what attitude will that country assume towards Western powers after the present war? These are questions that, are upon the lips of many a politician at present. The war in progress with China has demonstrated that in all future arrangements of matters dealing with the Orient, Japan is a power whose attitude will have to be considered. This Land of the Rising Sun, that has borrowed so much from the west, has, in turn, afforded a great lesson to her European instructors. She has, within thirty years, without a struggle, without the loss of a drop of blood, without the shadow of religious bigotry, completely turned herself inside out, has abandoned feudalism, and has seated herself serenely among the civilized nations of the earth with power, modesty, and dignity. A quarter of a century ago, the islands included within the realm of the Mikado's empire were a closed book to the world. Foreigners were not allowed to land, and natives were forbidden to have any intercourse with them. The forty millions of people were mainly serfs, who paid tribute to their lords and masters, the nobility. They had no voice in the government of the country, and knew nothing of its affairs beyond what little they gathered through the priesthood. In these days the proletariat were contented and happy. In theory, the Mikado was absolute and infallible. He had a divine right to rule, since he was a descendant of the gods, and no one ever dreamt of disputing his authority. Japan had taken her religion from China, but her politics have always been upon an entirely different plan. According to the Chinese sages, "the people are the most important element in a nation, and the sovereign is the lightest." This doctrine has always been viewed with horror by the Japanese, who claim that they are honoring themselves in paying respect to the head of the nation.

Previous to 1868, Japan was ruled under the feudal system, the Emperor's powers having been delegated to Shoguns, whose occupations were gone from the moment Western powers forced an entrance to the islands and insisted upon trading privileges. Then the Mikado ascended the throne in person, and undertook to grapple with the then burning question of foreign intrusion. He proved to be a man of intellect and judgment. He saw at a glance that so long as his people remained ignorant of foreign affairs, that they would continue to remain at the mercy of the stranger. He sent picked men, in thousands, throughout the civilized globe, charging them to study Western institutions in every detail, and report with despatch. During the twenty years that followed, there was scarcely a month passed that did not prove the wisdom of the Emperor's course.

Railways were constructed and the rich mines and agricultural lands opened up for commerce; telegraph, telephone, and electric light wires were placed in operation throughout the empire; merchant and war ships were constructed; an army, upon the Western plan, was organized; schools were equipped, universities founded, banking establishments upon the modern plan opened; and, finally, to crown the glory of the new *régime*, a consti-

tution was granted, and in 1889 a parliament opened. The constitution secured to the people a certain measure of control over public affairs, which had hitherto been vested in the nobility.

This measure of control was limited to the nobility and those gentlemen and commoners whose property qualification entitled them to vote or to be voted for. A measure of popular control of local affairs, resembling our county council system, was also granted during the same year. The parliament consists of two houses, and is upon the same basis as the German government.

The administration is divided into ten departments, namely: the Imperial Household, the Army, the Navy, the Interior, Foreign Affairs, Justice, Finance, Education, Commerce, Agriculture, and Communications (posts, telegraphs, etc.), each presided over by a Minister of State. These, with the exception of the Minister of the Household Department, constitute the Cabinet. The Cabinet is responsible only to the Emperor, by whom also each Minister is appointed and dismissed at will. Besides the Cabinet, there is a Privy Council, whose function is to tender advice.

There are three capital cities, Tokyo, Hyoto, and Osaka, each with its strip of adjacent country, administered by a Governor. The rest of the Empire is divided into prefectures. An unusually large proportion of the revenue is raised by land taxation.

Western thought devised the party government system. England has but two great parties, Liberal and Conservative; the United States but two, Democrat and Republican; France three, Germany four, but it was left for Japan to fully demonstrate the extent to which the system may attain. She started off with eleven distinct parties, and there is every reason to believe that these will develop others. The parties in the Lower House of 300 members are composed as follows:

Fiyu-to (Government supporters)	88
Kaishin-to (Progressionists)	35
Domei (Radicals)	19
Kishu-ha (followers of Mr. Mutsu)	8
Tohoku-ha (Popular Party)	12
Toyo-Jiyu-ha (Seceders from Fiyu-to)	3
Shiba (Independents)	14
Churitsu (Radical Independents)	10
Military Party	56
Chuo-Kosho (Social Reformers)	49
Rito Mushozoku (Tariff Reformers)	6

It will be seen at a glance that, at present, no party has control, and it may astonish my readers when I say that this in no way hampers the Government. The budget is annually submitted, and, with amusing regularity, rejected. The taxes are collected, nevertheless, and the Mikado never dreams of dismissing his Ministers and calling upon the leader of any of the parties to form a Government, because he well knows that the result would be the same. The men in office were the same who assisted the Emperor in all reforms, and they will continue to manage the affairs of state until the parties become consolidated. One reason that prevents a fusion at present is the false idea that politicians entertain of independence. This virtue has become so ridiculously appraised that, unless a man can prove himself independent by opposing the Ministers of the Crown he must, at any rate, be careful not to support them publicly or permanently. No politicians could construct a stable edifice of party Government out of a House composed as is the present, and yet, strange to say, all parties are clamoring for "responsible Cabinets." Once the budget is disposed of, the Japanese members who have defeated its adoption calmly set to work to discuss all other measures brought before them. Laws regulating trade and commerce, dealing with crime and criminals, etc., are treated in much the same way as in our parliament at Ottawa. No one for a moment dreams of rebellion because the Ministers of the Crown who

have failed to pass their budget refuse to resign. Everybody laughs and goes on with business.

There are no religious questions to agitate the country. Every man is free to worship at what altar he pleases, whether it be Buddhist, Shintoist, Catholic or Protestant. The schools are free to all, and the children of the different sects may, during certain hours, receive religious instruction by their own priests or ministers.

MOUNT ROYAL—A NOVEMBER WALK.

Past street and square: the city lies behind—
(Within its walls we'll leave our cares to rest);
The roadway curves toward the gleaming west,
Whence comes, with song and dance, the merry wind,
To match the joyous freedom of the mind;
'Tis true, the road in melting snow is dress'd,
That dead leaves vex the "gully" with unrest,
The ferns with frost are brown and interlined.

But when the branch is bare the view expands,
The lace-like twigs are strown with bits of sky;—
A silver-blue, in matchless harmony—
And strange new tints of brown bedeck the lands;
And fairy shades of gray bestrew the strands,
Where, like a sword, the river flashes by.

"The Pines" at length, and resinous perfumes,
(Like subtle incense flooding stately aisles)
Around, a wondrous landscape frowns and smiles;
Above, the firs, like warriors, wave their plumes;
Now, like a sentient thing, the vale assumes
A lone, lost mood, and now the hill beguiles
Its winding path—a-many varied miles
It searches for the peak the sun illumes.

Here Summer smiles with the declining sun,
And lingers coyly in the grass below,
And flashes where the sinuous waters flow;
But Winter walks the woods in garb gray-spun,
And wrestles with the wind in bitter fun,
And lieth prone amidst the scrambled snow.

One pathway of the many lures and leads
Through all the curtaining twigs; the wraiths of gray
Start up like spectres, and so steal away;
The birches amble by as milk-white steeds;
Here flits a bird and there a squirrel speeds
Through groves of oak and maple, sadly stay
Senescent flowers, where the woods array
Their aisles with carpeting of dusky weeds

To left and right come glimpses of the vale ;
  The western skies with orange-crimson gleam,—
As to thine ear Romance repeats a tale,
  They match their glories in some favored stream
And Silence stalks, a knight in blue-cold mail,
  Through all this realm of solitude supreme.

Now, in the flutter of Night's raven wings,
  The dead leaves palpitate, and all around
  The air is pregnant with that mystic sound—
The deepening and darkening of things ;
The inquiet sense to ev'ry footstep clings
  As of pursuit ; the moon lies on the ground
  Awhile—a fay in tangled meshes bound—
Then, imp-like, on some pendulous branch it swings.

The white lights of the city !—it is well.
  Here cluster pleasant memories for dole
  Through all dark days ; so Beauty's sweet control
Pursues the blesséd into meanest cell ;
Like to a vestal lily she doth dwell
  Within the tender garden of the soul.

AN ORIGINAL RETRIBUTION.

BY CHARLES NELSON JOHNSON.

At the point where the Nonquon River empties into Lake Scugog, nature has done much for the hunter. A wide expanse of rushes and wild rice on either side of the current forms a fitting abode for water fowl of every kind, while, in the cool depths of the dark blue water, the Muscalonge and gamey Black Bass live in perfect harmony with their universal mother.

Seeking out, with natural instinct, those rare places on the earth best suited to his primitive purpose, the Indian long ago built his wigwam in this region, and leaves to this day a tinge of his personality through the subtle influence of nomenclature. Nonquon was what he called his meagre attempt at a village on the bank of the river about a mile from its mouth, and Nonquon it remained (or rather "The Noncon," as newcomers termed it) till long after the white man had assumed the prerogative of his race, and the Indian had quietly moved on. Of late years, the post office authorities, with more practicality than poetry, have dubbed it something which to them may sound more civilized, but which to us certainly sounds less musical.

At the time of which we write, however, the despoiler had not yet set his mark on the place, and it was from the Nonquon village that a stalwart young white man stepped out one spring morning with an axe over his shoulder, and entered a piece of woods on the bank of the river. The clear ringing blows of the axe were soon heard echoing among the tall trees, and the sound came back pleasantly to the ears of the snug little housewife he had left in their shanty washing the breakfast dishes.

But presently the sound stopped, and the chopper turned his head from his work to see, approaching among the trees, the figure of a smaller man whom he evidently knew.

"Hello Pete," said he, "What's the news this morning?"

"Oh nothin' much," responded the new arrival, apparently ill at ease for some reason.

The young man watched him rather carelessly for a moment, expecting something further, and then went on chopping. The other, after standing in hesitation till the log was cut through, said in a constrained way:

"Lije, I guess you'll hev to come with me. I've got a warrant for you."

Pete was the constable, and instantly there arose in the young man's mind the memory of various fishing expeditions he had taken of late with jack-light and spear, which of course was against the law at this season.

All Nonquon went fishing in that way, and it was seldom a culprit was taken. There was a feeling among the people that the law was a little out of its element in this particular, and even the constable was accustomed to close his right eye meaningly when talking to intimate friends on the subject. Lije knew this, and was surprised at his visit this morning, but good-humoredly submitted to circumstances.

"All right, Pete; come along. Let's go up by the shanty so I can put away my axe, and tell Mandy."

As they walked toward the village, the constable seemed the more worried of the two. When the shanty was reached, and Mandy stopped her work to look inquiringly at the men, her husband laughed carelessly and said:

"Don't be scared, Mandy; I've got to go with Pete a little while. Guess somebody's been smelling that 'lunge cookin' this morning. I'd oughter sent you around a piece, Pete," said he, turning with a twinkle in his eye to his captor, "and then it 'd 'a' been all right."

The constable avoided his look and the quick-eyed Mandy suddenly asked:

"Is it goin' to be anything serious?"

"No," said her husband, with the utmost assurance, "it won't amount to anything. You jest git dinner as usual, and I'll be here to eat it with you."

He put his arm around her for a moment, and then kissing her, quickly hurried after the constable, as he saw evidence of breaking down on Mandy's part.

"Poor little girl," he said, tenderly, as the two walked away. "She gets scared so easy; the least thing upsets her lately."

"Lije, it ain't the fish," said the constable uneasily, when they were out of ear-shot of the shanty.

"What do you mean?" asked Lije, looking at him quickly.

"I didn't care to say anything about it till after we had got away from Mandy, but Lije, the warrant says you are going to appear for forgery."

"Forgery!!" exclaimed the young man, stopping suddenly and putting his hand on the constable's shoulder, as if to make sure he had heard aright, "Pete, haven't you made some mistake in your man? You sure it's my name on that warrant?"

"Oh yes, Lije, it's your name sure enough. 'Elijah J. Landger,'" reading from the warrant.

"Pete, there ain't another constable in ten counties that could take me on that warrant," said the young man viciously, "but I'll go anywheres with you. Jest send somebody back to tell Mandy how it is, and say to her not to worry any, for I'll come out all right."

II.

When the news spread around the Nonquon that Lije Landger was arrested for forgery, there was the wildest excitement. Forgery was considered almost worse than murder, and Lije had always borne so good a reputation that people could not understand why his name should be coupled with so foul a crime.

"Lije was about the last man in these diggins' that I'd 'a thought would do a trick like that," said one of a group who were discussing the news.

"Whose name do they say he forged?" asked another.

"Bexter & Brown's, down at Port Rowen, the firm that buys all our furs. Of course he knows their signature well enough on account o' dealin' with them so much, but I would n't 'a' thought it of Lije."

"Hev they any witnesses?"

"Yes, one, Steve Peenuck; says he seen him do it."

"If Steve Peenuck is a witness ag'in Lije, it'll go hard with him. Steve h'ain't forgot how Lije cut him out and took Mandy Page away from him and married her."

"Mandy would n't 'a' married Steve anyway."

"That don't make no difference. Steve thinks she would; so it's all the same to him, and I'd hate to be in Lije's shoes."

The sequel showed that the last speaker's suspicions were well founded.

When the County Court met at Whitford, about thirty miles from the Nonquon, Lije's case was the most important event of the session.

There seemed to be rather a weak case against the prisoner, till the last witness was called.

"Bring in Stephen Peenuck," said the lawyer, and a small, slim, wiry-looking individual took the stand.

The clerk went over the regular formula with the witness, but seemed to throw more than ordinary emphasis into it.

"Do you solemnly swear that the evidence you are about to give in this case is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?"

"I do," said Steve, kissing the book.

Then the lawyer began:

"Do you know the prisoner at the bar?"

"I do."

"What is his name?"

"Elijer Landger."

"Where were you on the night of May 2nd?"

"In the loft of a small shanty on the bank of the Nonquon River, about half a mile from its mouth."

"Was there any one else in the shanty?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"Lije Landger."

"Did he know you were there?"

"No."

"What did you see him do?"

"He took a piece of paper out of his pocket with the name of 'Bexter & Brown' in writin' on it, and then tried to copy the name on some blank paper. He practised writin' it a great many times, and then tore the paper up and threw it under the table."

"Are these the torn bits of paper you see here?"

"Yes."

"What did he do then?"

"He took a long slip of paper and wrote an order on it for a big bill of goods on one of the stores in Port Rowen."

"Would you know that order if you saw it?"

"Yes."

"Is this it?"

"It is."

"What next?"

"He set the signature of 'Bexter & Brown' in front of him, and lookin' close at it, he copied it to the order as near as he could imitate it in his own hand."

There was intense excitement in the court room.

"You positively swear to this fact?"

"I positively swear to it."

The jury made short work of the prisoner. They were men who knew nothing of his past record, and thought a heavy sentence should be given him as a warning to others. That was the policy of justice in the early days of the county.

"We, the jury, find the defendant guilty."

He was sentenced to seven years in the penitentiary.

III.

Let us pass lightly over those seven years, much more lightly than did the prisoner.

One afternoon in the early part of June, Lije walked into the village store at the Nonquon, and coolly said, he guessed he'd have a "plug o' chewin' tobaccer."

It was his first appearance since the morning when the constable interrupted his chopping down by the river.

"Kin you tell me where my wife's folks live?" he asked of the storekeeper.

"Live right over there in the same place," was the answer.

"Well, I guess I'll go over and git 'quainted with my little girl." And he sauntered out.

His "little girl" was now nearly seven years old. Mandy had left him this blossom as a memento of her love. The baby was born shortly after his imprisonment, and the cruel blow of his sentence fell so heavily on the delicate woman, just at her critical moment, that she never revived. She died with his name lingering on her lips.

"Seen anything of Steve Peenuck lately?" Lije asked a day or two later, as he lounged carelessly against the counter in the store.

"No, haven't seen him for several years. Heard he was out Fenelon Falls way at last accounts."

Lije aimed some tobacco juice with wonderful precision at a box of saw-

dust, set for that purpose near the counter, and, taking himself listlessly out of the store door, was not seen around the Nonquon for several weeks.

Conjecture as to his whereabouts was frequent enough, but nothing definite was heard of him till one morning old Andy, the one-eyed Indian from the Island, was seen paddling his canoe up toward the village, and after landing and lifting out a huge maskinonge, walked with his characteristic rapid, but quiet tread in the direction of a knot of men lounging in front of the blacksmith's shop. After vainly trying to sell his fish, he incidentally imparted the information that a couple of men had moved into the old shanty down by Bascoe's Landing.

When asked if he knew them he answered:

"Don' know, mebbe, one look like Pee-nock."

Peenuck! The men glanced wonderingly at each other. The shanty referred to was the one in which Steve claimed to have seen Lije commit the forgery.

"And don't you know the other one?"

"Don' know, mebbe, big man, look like La'dger, don' know."

Here was a sensation to stir even the sleepy group of listeners. But the majority, on second reflection, thought that Andy must be mistaken, and that it was best not to get excited on the evidence presented. That Lije and Steve were really living together they could not believe, for the conviction had long ago settled itself among the Nonquonites that Steve had sworn falsely when he sent Lije to the penitentiary.

However, it turned out that Andy was right; the two men certainly occupied the shanty in company.

"Well, Steve is a bigger fool than I ever give him credit for to put himself in Lije's hands in that way. He'll be a dead man inside o' no time." This was the expression of one of the villagers, and the general sentiment of all of them.

But the dire prediction proved amiss. The summer passed away, the fall came, and Lije and Steve were living in apparent harmony at Bascoe's Landing.

One morning early in October, Lije stepped out of the shanty, and looking at the weather, called back indoors:

"Steve, this is goin' to be a good day for ducks. Git your gun and let's go down to the mouth and see if we can't get a crack at some o' them."

Steve came out with his gun under his arm, and, looking at Lije, said:

"Whar's yours?"

"Oh, I won't shoot any to-day. I'll jest row the boat and let you pop the birds."

Steve followed Lije down the river with a sort of hang-dog air that seemed to be growing on him of late.

When they stepped into the boat he tried to take the oars, but without a word Lije reached for them and was soon sweeping the boat down the river, with Steve sitting in the stern, his gun lying across his knees, and his eyes avoiding the open countenance of the rower.

It was still early in the morning, and the plash of the oars, alternating with the grating of the rowlocks, echoed over the water and among the reeds on the bank, starting into activity countless numbers of black birds, who fluttered away, chattering vigorously in their flight. An occasional mud hen dove out of sight at their approach, and several times a small flock of ducks rose and flew rapidly toward the lake. A cold reeking vapor hung over the water and filtered up through the rushes, and the air was filled with a pungent, though not unpleasant, odor from the herbs growing in the soft black loam on the shore.

"I'll land you on Beaver Meadow Point," said Lije, "and you can settle yourself down snug behind a clump

o' bushes, and then I'll row round the bend on the other side of the marsh, and scare out the ducks. They'll fly right over you on their way to Big Bay, and you can pepper 'em. When you get tired shootin' jest give me the signal, and I'll come back.'

They had a good day, and, on the way home, Lije, who seemed in the best of humor, pointed at the pile of ducks in the boat and said:

"Tell you what, Steve, that ain't no slouch of a day's work, You're a corker for ducks, and no mistake."

"Would n't 'a' been likely to get many if you had n't placed me jest right, and then sent the ducks over me," answered Steve, looking away from his companion.

"Oh pshaw! 'tain't no credit to me; you're the boy that pulled the trigger, and you can't get ducks unless you shoot straight, I notice."

"Always the way," said Steve pettishly, "you're eternally givin' me the credit for everything. when it's always you that does the hardest of the work, and puts me in the way of gettin' all the praise."

There was a pause, and nothing was heard for a time but the regular sweep of the oars. Presently Steeve resumed:

"Lije, I'm gittin' tired of this kind o' thing. I've been goin' to speak for some time, and now I'm bound to. I want to ask you what it all means? Here we've been livin' together for some time now, and you 've been treatin' me jest like a prince—nothin' too good for me—and I want to know what it means. Any one would think I had done ye some wonderful good turn in my time and that you was tryin' to pay me back for it, when instid o' that, Lije you know 's well 's I do that I ——.'

Just at that moment the boat, steered by Lije, ran bump against a projecting log and nearly upset.

"Look out for the ducks!" cried Lije, "We don't want to lose any of them fellers. Guess I must 'a' been lookin' too close at their pretty feathers to notice that log. I'll try and do better, Steve; 'tain't very consid'rit o' me to come so near spillin' all the birds you shot to-day."

And then he talked away, enlarging on the beauties of this and that particular bird till they had reached the landing.

"You jest take it easy, Steve, while I cook the supper. You've had a hard day's shootin', and tain't no fun to go slumpin' round among the bushes, watchin' these wild-eyed fellers."

After supper, Steve broke out once more:

"No use talkin', Lije, I've got to have my say. I can't stand this no longer; it'll kill me. I've got to tell ye something."

They were sitting in the dim light of the flickering fire, and Steve's face, as he spoke, was turned away from Lije.

"I've got to tell ye,' he went on, "how I come to swear as I did down at Whitford; how I come to make up such an infernal lie I hated ye, Lije —hated ye like pisen—from the time ye took Mandy away from me. I was bound to git ye into trouble in some way, and first thing I thought about was the forgery. I signed the order myself, and I knowed you was out fishin' the second of May, and so you could n't prove where ye was. You know the rest. I don t say I was sorry or glad when Mandy died, but I was most all-fired 'fraid to meet *you* again, so I went away from here I did n't think ye could find me, but when ye put yer hand on my shoulder at Bobcaygeon, and said, 'Steve, you come with me,' I knowed 'twas no use to shirk, so I come along. I fully expected you'd shoot me when ye got me back here to the old place, but 'stid o' that you 've been kinder to me than my own mother could 'a' been, and I don't know what to make of it. If ye intend to lead me on gradu'lly, and then some day throttle me and choke the life out o' me, I wish you'd hurry

up and throttle, for I'm wearin' out with this way o' livin."

He turned to see what effect his words had on Lije, but there was no Lije there.

He had been making his whole confession to the bare walls of the shanty. He had not heard Lije when he went out, but he felt that he had quietly left when he first began to talk. The thought maddened him. He had been burning to say this so long, and now it was all said to no purpose. "My God, my God," he groaned. "I wish he'd shoot me!"

He was sitting some time after, gloomily stooped in front of the fire, with his face buried in his hands, when Lije burst into the room with a ringing laugh, as if nothing of a depressing nature had ever happened.

"Well Steve, here's a good one on me. I was jest down here in the aidge of the woods gittin' some pine knots for the fire, and as I was comin' along back, not noticin' where I was steppin', one o' my feet sunk plump into a mud hole, and away I went sprawlin', firewood and all." And then he laughed again, and looked down comically at his bespattered clothing.

Steve turned away his head with a sigh and slunk off to bed.

A close observer might have judged that Lije had got both feet in a mudhole; and in fact, if anyone had been outside the shanty that night, he might have seen Lije, when he left the door, dash vigorously into the low timber along the river bank, and tear madly about among the trees and underbrush, as if battling with some terrible frenzy within him. After expending his energy in this way for some time, he turned toward the shanty again, and when it was reached, he paused and passed his hand across his damp forehead, as if to brush away his agitation. We have seen with what success, as he entered the shanty.

IV.

For a week after this, Steve moped drearily about the place and then suddenly was missing. He had run away from the Nonquon on account of the terrible uncertainty hanging over him. He was careful to study well his means of escape to avoid being followed, and reached Port Rowen so stealthily that he breathed freer than for many days before. Here he stayed over night, and in the morning felt almost hilarious at the thought of his deliverance. He remained secluded in the tavern all the morning, so that he felt no apprehension when he started out to take the stage which was to carry him further on his way. He had not gone a dozen rods, however, when he was conscious of a figure stepping up by his side, and he heard Lije speak in a careless, matter-of-fact way, at the same time looking out over Lake Scugog, as if studying the weather intently:

"Steve, it looks out there as if we was goin' to have a freeze-up before many days, and we 'd oughter have one more crack at the ducks this fall. When you git through with your bizness here, we'll go back to the Nonquon and try our hand down at Beaver Medder Point again."

"I'm through now," answered Steve, moodily, and the two men turned without another word, and by nightfall were once more at the door of their shanty.

As they entered, Steve seemed possessed of more than usual energy, and walked to the corner where his gun was standing, handed it to Lije, and said, with a strange twitching of his lips:

"Here Lije, for God's sake take this and shoot me. I'd ruther ye would. Take it and do it quick."

Lije reached for the gun, and walking to the door, pointed the muzzle out toward the evening star, twinkling in its uncertain light, just over the shanty door. Then looking with calm meaning straight in Steve's face, he fired both barrels into the air, and walking back, quietly put the empty gun in Steve's trembling hand.

The poor culprit knew from that time forth he had no need of fear of Lije.

But he was more ill at ease than ever. Lije's kindness became more pronounced, and manifested itself in every conceivable manner. Steve grew churlish and irritable with every one he met. The inhabitants of the village had never been very gracious to him since he came back from testifying against Lije, and now showed their ill-will on every occasion. Since the two men occupied the shanty together they had very little intercourse with outsiders, but now, for some reason, Steve took a fancy to go down to the village quite often, and Lije humored him in this as in everything else.

"Why, yes, Steve, we haint seen so much of the village as we might since we've been here, and it don't look quite sociable. We'll go down as often as you like."

And they went. It was to Steve the nearest semblance to relief. Here he could pick a quarrel and vent some of his spleen. But Lije always took his part in any wordy altercation, and this robbed Steve of half the comfort.

One day he became so abusive in the blacksmith's shop that the smith could stand it no longer, and, throwing down his hammer, started for Steve, with a vicious light in his eye.

"I'll pitch you into the gutter, you miserable liar and blackguard!" he cried in a fury, and was on the point of striking him when he was stopped by Lije, who placed himself between the two men and said:

"No, you don't, Pringle. You can't strike Steve when I'm around. He ain't any meaner 'n the rest of you, and he's smaller. It won't be well for any of you to touch him while I'm here." And he walked away with the crest-fallen Steve, who hated him worse at that moment than ever before.

He knew that the men would not quarrel with him after this, and he would be deprived of that solace.

Not a word was spoken on the way back to the shanty, but a dark scheme was brewing in Steve's mind. A vicious mood was on him all the evening, and in the quiet hours of the night when he thought Lije was asleep, he crept stealthily out of bed, and, taking a large hunter's knife in his hand, softly approached the bunk where Lije lay.

The embers from the dying fire sent flitting lights and shades around the room, and as Steve drew near Lije's bunk the shadow of the face lying on the pillow was outlined against the wall in a quivering uncertain light. Steve's attention was riveted to this dancing, grinning apparition on the wall. He began to tremble, and felt his resolution weakening. His eyes never once sought out the real face, he stared so much at the shadow.

"No use," he thought, despairingly, "if I pierced his body through and through, there's his shadow to haunt me always, and it would drive me crazy."

Just then a gust of wind howled outside and swept some dead leaves rustling against the window, and the next moment the knife was dropped, and he was in bed with the clothing clutched tightly about his face.

In the morning he was horrified to think how near he had been to murder. A revulsion of feeling set in, and he moaned to himself:

"What have I ever done to that man but injury? What has he ever shown me but kindness? My God, I must be an awful wretch! I wish he'd shoot me."

From that moment there was never a thought of vengeance in his mind; he was too completely crushed.

V.

The winter had passed slowly away, and the time for jack-light and spear was at hand. The ice in the river was broken up, and floated lazily toward the lake in ragged, honey-comb-

ed masses, jostling and scraping one another on their way. The water was higher than usual this spring and every one predicted good fishing. The large fish would come well up into the river, and could be taken more easily than in the lake or bay.

One afternoon, Steve started across the river to cut some "fat pine" for the torches to be in readiness as soon as the ice was completely out. If we look closely at the man as he walks down to the river, we shall see that the winter has told heavily on him. He is even thinner than before, and a haggard, weary look is on his face. He has perceptibly weakened, and something seems to be constantly gnawing away his energy. He is pettish and almost childish in his demeanor now-a-days. Lije humors every one of his many whims, and guards him like a stronger brother. He takes the heavy end of the burden in all their pursuits, hunting, trapping, fishing, cutting fire-wood,—everything. It was only to gratify a sudden whim of Steve's that Lije allowed him to cross the river alone to-day in quest of material for the jack-lights.

"Lije, I guess I'll go over and cut some 'fat pine.' Guess I'll go alone."

"I'd ruther go alone," he added, looking up at Lije in a childish, appealing way.

"All right, Steve, only look out and steer clear o' the ice. If one of them big cakes 'd git under the side o' the boat it would send her over sure."

Steeve looked at him a moment with a peculiar light in his eye, and then turned toward the boat.

When about half-way across the river, he glanced stealthily from the corner of his eye to see if Lije was watching him, and not seeing him about, a sudden, strange resolve showed itself in his countenance. He stood up in the boat. The small craft was now well surrounded by masses of ice, which grated along its side, and began to carry it down stream.

Steve's face wore a peculiar mixture of weakness and resolution. It seemed that he had little energy left, but what little he did have was summoned with dreadful determination for that one terrible moment; and he glanced alternately at the spot where he had left Lije in fear lest he should be seen, and then at the river in front of him, looking for an open space.

Presently a break in the ice showed him the clear water, and without a moment's hesitation he plunged headlong out of sight, and came up immediately beneath the mass of ice.

It seemed he must surely drown, for the ice held him securely under the water; but, just at the moment he plunged, a figure sprang from behind a clump of bushes on the shore, and Lije, dashing recklessly into the water, swam toward the boat. It was a desperate deed to attempt a rescue. The water was bitterly cold, and the river filled with ragged patches of ice which made it almost impossible for him to swim. But he appeared oblivious to everything around him, save the one object of reaching Steve, who, he knew, must be nearly exhausted under the float. He struggled in the ice like a monster sea-horse, grappling with the large pieces and pressing them aside, or clambering madly over them in his haste. A seething, churning mass heaved and sank in his wake, and he was soon near the boat, where he immediately dived beneath the ice and began groping around to find the victim.

Steve had been carried some distance from the boat, and it was almost in despair that Lije floundered around in search of him. But presently he reached him, and brought him, limp and helpless, to the surface. Then commenced another vigorous fight back through the ice with his burden, and by the time he reached the shore he was nearly exhausted and was bleeding fearfully from his contact with the ice. He did not stop a moment to consider his own condition, but hur-

riedly carried Steve to the shanty, and worked over him until he saw signs of life. When at last he had him out of danger the only remark that passed between them was Lije's off-hand—"Well, old boy, purty close call. You'll have to stay in bed for awhile."

And Steve did have to stay in bed. The exposnre told terribly on his weakened constitution, and he somehow did not seem to gain strength. Lije did everything that lay in his power for the sick man, but he sank lower every day.

"Lije, I wish you would bring little Mandy over," he said one day.

Lije's little girl had been the only ray of sunshine in his life for the last few months. She was often a visitor at the shanty now, and both men loved her—each in his own different way. Lije loved her as only a lonely father can love his motherless child. He would often, when alone with her, strain her passionately to his broad breast, with a far-away, tender light in his eye; and there was a certain something in his nature when she was around that never displayed itself at other times. It was something indefinable, but something which Steve always recognized, and felt better for.

His love for the little girl was of a vastly different kind. He loved her because she hated him. Instinctively, she repelled him from the first, and her hatred was of such an open, frank nature that it gave him infinite relief. How he gloried in the fact that all of Lije's kind remonstrances could not affect her treatment of him. She would act spitefully toward him in the face of all the world.

Now, when he was sick, weak, and in despair, he wanted to see her. It would be a balm for the wound made by Lije's rescue and kind treatment.

"All right, Steve, I'll have her come over to-day. She can stay with us for awhile, if you'd like it."

Although Lije's kind offer robbed the occasion of half its pleasures, Steve said he should like it.

But when Lije led little Mandy up to his bedside he noticed a change in her demeanor toward him. Even the mind of a little child could not help comprehending something of the mysterious undermining going on in the man. How he had paled and shrunk since she saw him! How large his eyes looked! How helpless he seemed!

She looked up in wonder a moment into her father's face, and then, in somewhat of an awe-stricken manner, walked to the bed, and said:

"Steve, I'se sorry for what I done. I ain't goin' to throw no more mud at you, nor hit you no more." And then, seemingly in search of some kind of restitution, she looked around the room, and said, in her sweet, piping little voice: "Kin I bring you a drink of water, Steve?"

Steve turned his face to the wall and groaned. Here was his last solace gone.

He sank rapidly after that, and Lije soon determined on calling a doctor. There was none nearer than Port Rowen, and he seldom came so far as the Nonquon, the people of that region usually depending on their own ingenuity in sickness. Lije said nothing to Steve about medical aid, but hired old Andy, the Indian, to go to Port Rowen with a message to the doctor, which ended, "Be shure and cum, Munny no objic."

When the doctor arrived, Lije met him outside the shanty, and said:

"I've got a mighty sick man in there, and I want you to do your level best for him. Don't stop at nothin' to cure him. I've plenty to pay you with; and, 's I said when I sent for you, 'money 's no objic'."

But the medical man shook his head after he had examined the patient.

"No use," said he, "he's too far gone; no vitality left in him; complication of diseases. The exposure in the river was too much for him, and, what 's worse, he does not seem to care about getting better—refused point blank to take my medicine. You can't cure a

man unless he'll take your medicine. No, sir; you've done all you can, but your friend will never leave that bed alive."

A day or two later, Steve called Lije to his bedside, and said, in a weak, husky voice:

"Lije, I'm goin' fast, and I'm glad. I want ye to listen to me this time. Don't gi' me the slip—you won't gi' me the slip, will ye, Lije?" he added, looking up appealingly.

"No, Steve," said Lije, kindly. "Anything you like. I'll do whatever you want me to."

Steve instinctively winced at the kind words, but went on:

"Lije, you've more'n got even with me. Ye couldn't 'a' done it so well in any other way. If you'd fought me, and abused me, it'd been no more'n I expected, and it wouldn't 'a hurt me like this. This has been a *hell* to me, Lije, and every good turn you've done me has cut me like a knife. And, my God! how kind ye *have* been!" he exclaimed, looking up wonderingly at Lije. "What a friend ye could 'a' been to a man who deserved it! And, oh! Lije—I can't but say it—*what a husband you'd 'a' been to Mandy!*"

All this while Lije was looking out of the window, striving to keep command of himself, and the only evidence of feeling was a strange twitching of his lips at this reference to Mandy.

"I've noticed it more'n more when I see the way ye love little Mandy," Steve went on. "Ye jest worship that little girl, and you'd 'a' worshipped her mother, You'd 'a' done better for her than I ever would, Lije, and I wanted to tell ye that, and to tell ye I've deserved all my punishment. But, Lije, how kind you've been"—his mind seemingly growing weak, and wandering. "What a lot o' things you've done for me. Why, Lije, look! You're all scars now from the ice when ye pulled me out'n the river! Lije, don't let a preacher say anything at my fun'ral. Don't have no fun'ral; I ain't fit for it. Jest let me lay outside the shanty here, all by myself. Don't take me up to the buryin' ground—I'd rather lay here on the old Landin'. You'll let me lay here, won't ye, Lije? You'll bury me yerself, won't ye? I hain't used ye right, Lije; but you'll do it, I know ye will. Ye fought that ice for me—you've done everything for me—and you'll—you'll—let me lay here—won't ye?"

His voice was growing weaker at every word, and his breathing changed to a gurgling, uncertain sound in his throat. At one time he seemed almost gone for a moment; the lines on his face drew into a peculiar expression, which might have been taken for a smile, and his lips moved with the words:

"Ye—ye—got even with me, Li—."

But the name was never finished.

. . . . . .

One very early morning in June, old one-eyed Andy, the Indian, came paddling his canoe across Lake Scugog, and up the Nonquon River toward the village. He had trolled across the lake, and as far up the river as the current would permit, and had in his canoe several bass and one maskinonge.

As he approached Bascoe's Landing, he began to look curiously in the direction of the shanty. He had heard of Steve's death, and of Lije's departure from the Nonquon, a few days later, accompanied by little Mandy. The place was now of interest to him in the possibility it contained of cast-off articles which he might use. He landed and began to explore.

He picked up an old shoe, examined it critically, looked down at his own moccasined feet, as if making a comparison, and then threw away the shoe. The next thing that caught his eye was a fresh mound, lying under leeway of a clump of bushes. He walked up to it, and stuck the toe of his moccasin in the soft earth. Then a rough head-board, with some rude letters carved upon it, claimed his at-

tention. He stooped down and looked quizzically at the writing for a moment, and then turned away with a puzzled grunt—muttering to himself in his own native gibberish.

Possibly, when he saw the letters, the poor Indian vaguely regretted his inability to read, but even had the power been given him this morning, his understanding would have received little light. The legend on the board simply read:—

"KILD BI KINDNESS."

And in smaller characters at the extreme foot of the board:—

"IT WUS THE EZIEST WAY."

WINTER.

Congealed and dead, of heat devoid and life,
Doth swing this earthly ball midst frigid space;
The frost king cracks his lash, yet our big race
With heartier pulse-beats throbs amidst such strife,
And, throbbing, gains a sturdier being, rife
With meaning new of nobleness and grace.
Though snowy fields impede the axeman's pace,
With home is heat, and dearer—child and wife.
Then shake thy summer-sloth of flaccid ease;
Boreas rageth!—through thy limbs may glow
The rubric of a livelier, lustier flow,—
Triumph of life o'er frost! Yet me doth please
The trancing thought, soon shall these wind-swept trees
Hear robins' chorus, calling flowers to blow.

REUBEN BUTCHART.

Toronto, Feb. 6th, 1895.

THE NEWSPAPERS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY J. F. MORRIS FAWCETT.

ONE of the most striking features of the latter half of the nineteenth century is undoubtedly the rapid advance of Socialism. The term Socialism is used with very various significance; there are those who understand by it a desire for the general welfare of mankind; while many recognize but a slight distinction between a socialist and an anarchist. Probably the latter significance is the one most generally accepted, and this is, of course, owing to the fact that the name of Socialist has been adopted by the most unscrupulous ruffians in every civilized country.

Let me, then, say, that in making use of the term, I intend the higher kind of Socialism—the reverse of the system of *laissez faire*—in fact, paternal government under a new name.

Most governments now recognize it as their duty to undertake the education of the people, and this is Socialism in a mild form. Now, the object of education is not merely to enable people to earn a livelihood—they might do that, as they have done for ages past, without any knowledge of letters—the true object of education is to enlarge and elevate the mind. And if it is the duty of a State to teach its people to read, it is, surely, also its duty to see that they have access to literature of an elevating character, and to prohibit the publication of all that is degrading. The English Government discharges this duty, to some extent, by the Public Libraries' Act; and the Government of France has lately passed a law for the regulation of the Press.

But the colonies are considerably behind the countries of Europe in this matter, and England's oldest colony, of which I wish to say a few words, is, perhaps, the furthest behind of all. It is the boast of the "Fourth Estate" all the world over, that it is a power in the land; that some newspapers can make or mar a Ministry, and that the public journals are welcomed in those dilapidated habitations where the Sovereign may not enter. All this is very true; the influence of the Press for good or evil is enormous. Is it not, then, the duty of Government to see that this influence is exercised for good? The newspapers, to a large proportion of the population, form the only literature, and, therefore, it is an aspiration of Socialism of the highest order to maintain a healthy tone in the daily literature which is in everyone's hands.

For Government exercises its authority to prevent the adulteration of food, and there can, therefore, be no good reason why it should not endeavour to preserve purity in the newspapers, which are the only intellectual food which a large number of people are able to obtain. It will be seen that it is against the license, not the liberty, of the press, that these remarks are directed, for the freedom of the press would be no more impaired by the intervention of the State than is that of trade by the adulteration laws.

In Newfoundland the press does, and has done for many years past, incalculable harm; and the injury is two-fold, for not only has it a debasing influence on the people, but it blights the reputation of the colony abroad.

The Government makes an education grant, and there are very few, if any, of the last two generations who are unable to read. But in St. John's there is no free library, and, with the

exception of American paper-covered editions of modern novels, books are very dear, and often difficult to get. In the outports—that is to say all the settlements round the coast—books are not obtainable. English papers very seldom find their way to these remote places, and when they do, are of no great interest to people who have never been out of Newfoundland. The only literature, then, that the great majority of Newfoundlanders ever see is the production of the local press, and since these papers are sold for one cent., and are transmitted free through the post office, they are read by all. It is a well known fact that people of limited education have a great respect for, and often implicitly believe, what they see in print. Thus, incitement to riot and insurrection, and to class-hatred, together with disloyal sentiments, the foulest libels and the grossest slanders, are scattered broadcast over the land, and greedily devoured by people who have absolutely nothing else to read, and whose intelligence is not, perhaps, of the highest order.

We are apt to assume that the newspapers reflect more or less the character of the community, and in the case of Newfoundland such an assumption would not be entirely without justification, for the people are very much to blame in the matter. In the case of libel, it is next to impossible to obtain a verdict, unless the complainant can show that he has thereby suffered pecuniary loss. It is therefore to be concluded that Newfoundland juries consider loss of money a far more serious matter than loss of character.

Of course, in all places large allowance must be made to the press during elections. When political feeling runs high, even the most respectable papers often become violent, and, not infrequently, personal. But the stock-in-trade of the St. John's papers is personal abuse of the most unscrupulous nature, and both public and private persons are alike assailed. A member of the Government is appointed a governor of the Savings' Bank, and the Opposition paper immediately warns the public that deposits are not safe in his hands. The terms liar, thief, traitor, scoundrel, to say nothing of such expressions as "boodler" and "hoodlum," with the exact significance of which, I confess, I am not acquainted, may be seen in any paper you may happen to pick up.

In Newfoundland there is, properly speaking, no politics; neither party has any political principles worthy the name; it is merely a matter of "ins" and "outs." The mercantile party is called "Tory" by its opponents, who take to themselves the name of "Liberal." The so-called Liberal party in the House of Assembly consists principally of lawyers.

In all places, the interests of capital and labour are, to some extent, identical; there are cases, of course, where legislation, for instance, in the interest of capitalists, would not be proportionally beneficial to labour, and *vice versa*. But it is undoubtedly true that capital and labour cannot be in conflict with advantage to either, and this fact is especially remarkable in Newfoundland, which, in economic matters, is far behind the rest of the empire, it being one of the few places where the truck system still exists.

The merchant gives the fisherman supplies in advance. The fisherman then goes a-fishing. At the end of the season, a certain portion of the catch belongs to the owner of the schooner, and the remainder to the crew. But the crew have already had supplies from the merchant, which are now paid for in fish, and the balance, the amount of which, of course, depends on the catch, is generally sold to the merchant in exchange for supplies for the winter, cash playing, usually, a very small part in the transactions.

Now, what is the course taken by the "Liberal" press in this connection? It is this. It instils into the minds

of the fishermen, in season and out of season, that they are at the mercy of a hard-hearted set of merchants whose sole object in life is to amass wealth by grinding the faces of the poor—that they are robbed continually and systematically by these bad men. It will easily be believed that the fishermen are not averse to crediting such statements, and the result is too often lamentable. The fisherman comes, hat in hand, to the merchant, and humbly solicits supplies for his wife and little ones. Obtaining these, he sails away to the fisheries. Is he not the victim of a brutal, blood-sucking merchant? Certainly; the papers said so. Is he to toil and slave for such a monster? Certainly not. He will catch what he can, without over-exertion. He is fond of cash, and not averse to rum, and so some of the fish is transferred to the first foreign vessel he falls in with, in exchange for one or other of these commodities.

Now, I do not wish to be understood to imply that the merchant is a model of philanthropy, or that he grants supplies at "the lowest cash prices," but, it must be remembered, that he grants them in advance, and takes the risk of bad seasons.

The truck system is undoubtedly rotten, and is injurious to both merchant and fisherman. But what I do assert, and that without fear of contradiction, is, that no good end can be gained by the press teaching the fishermen to regard the merchants as their natural enemies, and this is what the "Liberal" press of Newfoundland endeavours to do, day by day, and year by year. Under the mask of sympathy for the fishermen, it strives by all means, fair occasionally, foul usually, to stir up, for political purposes, bitter feelings of hatred between the two great classes in the colony.

From the literary point of view, the merits of the Newfoundland papers are of the smallest. Huge type, capitals and italics (to borrow from Macaulay) do duty for eloquence. Their "leaders" are rather violent than clever. It is the general practice to fill up vacant spaces with anonymous letters on various topics, most frequently criticisms (*i. e.* virulent abuse) of Government officials, from the Governor down to the humblest constable or tide-waiter.

In addition to these, there is always a serial novel, generally of the "penny dreadful" order.

Good taste is perhaps a minor matter, but it may be well to illustrate the delicacy shown by one of the journals: A leading merchant of St. John's sending out invitations for a fancy dress ball, of course an entirely private affair, the *Telegram* suggested that he was giving this party in hopes of the dress materials being bought at his shop. Such impertinent remarks on private persons, respecting private affairs, are only too common.

It is a relief to be able to say that there is one good paper in the colony. The *Royal Gazette* is a production which would do credit to any community, but, unfortunately, it is only a weekly publication with a small circulation.

To those who are not familiar with these newspapers, the remarks that have been made may seem too severe, and some of the statements almost incredible, and I feel that anyone putting such forward should be able to give chapter and verse.

The *Evening Telegram*, on 30th May, 1894, contained a libel on the late Premier, which probably exceeded in vileness anything previously published in the colony. I refrain from giving the extract, which is not fit for anyone to read; suffice it to say that it referred to an alleged assault.

The following verses are from the same paper, which is the mouth-piece of the Liberal, or "Workingman's" party, and were published prior to the last general election. The names are those of some of the leading men in the colony:—

"Baine, Grieve, and Munroe sat down one night;
They were not quite fou'—just middlin' tight;
They were going to frame, as best they might,
The party manifesto."

The poem then goes on to show that they were unable of themselves to frame their manifesto, and concludes:

"Mun! fill up your glass and pass the wine;
'Twill brighten us up. Oh! look at the time!
We must telephone down for that cad Morine,
To write the manifesto.

"I hate the beggar. 'Tis against the grain
I send for him now; but he's got the brain,
And he'll do the job, which we've tried in vain,
Of writing the manifesto.

"All right, said Munroe, I hate him, too;
He's the bossest liar that ever I knew;
But 'tis lies we want, and 'tis lies will do:
He shall write the manifesto.

"What that document is we all know well;
'Tis a tissue of lies, as false as H—ll;
'Twill deceive no one except themsell
That signed the manifesto."

Incitement to riot has been mentioned. In June, 1894, when, owing to the unseating of the Liberal party for bribery and corruption, the Government was in an abnormal condition, the *Evening Telegram* openly urged all importers to go to the wharf, and seize goods without payment of duty; and, following this advice, a mob attempted to do so on June 14th, but were unsuccessful, and the riot was put down.

During the present financial crisis, the Liberal Government obtained a loan from the Bank of Montreal. The following paragraph, in large print, appeared in the *Evening Herald*, the paper which supports the Tory party (January 7th, 1895):—

"Workingmen! Think of this. The *Silvia* yesterday brought two hundred thousand dollars ($200,000) to pay the Government officials their salaries. Bread-winners, why should this be? Why must you, with hungry wives and perishing children, starve, while wealthy, purse-proud "hangers-on" are paid in gold? How long more will you stand such treatment; why should they not do without their salaries as you have to do without bread? Workingmen, awake and demand your rights!!!"

A riot on the following day was the result. Very few people at that date were hungry, and certainly none were perishing.

Such was the action of the "Tory" press in a time of calamity, when, if ever, all parties might be expected to unite for the common good.

Nor was the "Liberal" press behind hand. The Imperial Government refused to burden the already heavily-taxed citizens of the United Kingdom with a loan to Newfoundland, without having an enquiry by Royal Commission, which, fearing the disclosures that would follow, the Newfoundland Government refused. The *Evening Telegram*, while filling its columns with letters and articles showing forth the advantages to Newfoundland of annexation to the United States, expressed itself as follows (January 10th, 1895):—

"The colony asked the Imperial Government for assistance in a crisis brought upon us by the dishonesty and extravagance of a few British merchants. And what is the Mother Country's reply? We refuse to help you in your difficulties; but we will send Marines and Bluejackets to shoot you down, should you, in your need and desperation, raise a hand against the bank thieves who have ruined you!!

"Talk about loyalty! How can you expect us to be loyal when we are treated with the utmost cruelty? Do you want us to kiss the hand that wields the rod? Ask us why Poland is not loyal to Russia, and we will tell you why the people of Newfoundland prefer Annexation to the condition of a Crown Colony!"

Such words would, under any circumstances, be unworthy of Britons, but, considering that Newfoundland, the oldest English colony, is the first self-governing community that has ever made such an appeal, and that it has been necessitated by the incapacity of its people to manage their own affairs, a little humility would certainly be more becoming.

The people of Newfoundland denounce these papers; they say that they are infamous, and a disgrace to the colony, and that they are ashamed to send them to friends abroad. And in so saying, there is no doubt that very many of them, at least, are sincere.

Nevertheless, the remedy, to a very great extent, lies in their hands. They have "enjoyed" the fullest form of responsible government for forty years, and they are at liberty to pass such laws, with regard to the press, as they please. The fact is, that no one has been willing to incur the responsibility, or to face the newspaper abuse which any attempt to reform the press would bring upon him.

It is a matter of congratulation that since the beginning of the present year the clergy of all denominations have united in an endeavor to check this great abuse. The following resolutions were lately read in most of the churches and chapels in St. John's:—

"Whereas, it has been for a length of time a matter of notoriety that the daily press in St. John's has been pursuing a course far transgressing the bounds of legitimate journalism, highly injurious to public morals, calculated to bring disgrace upon a Christian community, and to undo the best efforts of religious and secular teachers.

"Whereas, such corrupt and disgraceful practices (even in the presence of the calamity which now presses on us), have become more intensified in virulence, and so revolting in language and character, as to far exceed the usual freedom accorded to the press in civilized communities, in discussing public matters, while also assailing private character in vile and slanderous terms.

"Whereas, we cannot but ascribe, in a great measure, to this reprehensible tone the present divisions and strifes in political and social life, destroying that mutual confidence and respect which are ever the safeguards of communities.

"And whereas, such writings as those which we deprecate have, and must, if persisted in, continue to have a damaging effect upon our public credit, and character abroad;

"We, the clergymen of St. John's, adopt the following resolutions:—

"Resolved, that we hereby record our solemn protest against the continuance of this degraded style of journalism, which we regard as calculated to awaken and foster the worst passions of the human heart; to kindle animosities, hatreds, and a desire for revenge; to disturb the peace of families; and to inflict cruel and unmerited injuries on the reputation of individuals. In particular, we consider that its tendency is to pollute the minds of the young, and to counteract the teachings of church, school, and Christian home; to poison the minds of the whole community, and vitiate and degrade the public taste. While journalism of a proper kind has a wholesome and elevating influence, that to which we refer merits the abhorrence and condemnation of all Christian men and women.

"Resolved that we hereby earnestly call upon the people of our congregations to unite in discountenancing ths practices referred to by their most strenuous efforts, and by using the means which to them appear the most effective for putting an end to an evil which has long prevailed, and threatens to become more extended and ruinous.

"Resolved, that we agree to have these resolutions read to our congregations on a Sunday that may be found most convenient, and afterwards published.

"(Signed), Llewellyn, Newfonndland; J. Scott, Admr.; G. S. Milligan, D.D., President of Methodist Conference; Arthur C. F. Wood (C. of E), Chairman; W. Graham (Presbyterian), Secretary. Committee:—P. O'Brien, Roman Catholic Church; G. Ward

Siddall, Congregational; A. D. Morton, Methodist.

"Dated at St. John's, Newfoundland, this 15th day of January, 1895."

These resolutions, together with the extracts given above, will serve to give some idea of the character of the newspapers of Newfoundland, and it will be admitted that no community maintaining such a press can be in a healthy condition, or can expect to prosper.

It is no part of my purpose to assume the rôle of apologist for Newfoundland—brave man must he be, and able, who shall undertake to explain the events of the last few years in Newfoundland, without involving the characters of many of its leading men. But this is evident, that the press is the only means which outsiders have of judging of the affairs of the colony, and consequently, the colony suffers a great injustice; it is *not* so vile as the perusal of its newspapers would lead us to suppose.

The press of Newfoundland probably takes the palm for scurrility. But many of the newspapers in the United States are very objectionable, and in Canada, are not above reproach, while in England and France, there is certainly much room for improvement. It is not the purpose of the present article to discuss the merits or demerits of Socialism; there are and have been many distinguished men, such as Herbert Spencer and the late Professor Fawcett, who are strongly opposed to it. But the drift of modern legislation in the British Empire and in other countries, has undoubtedly been in its favor. This being so, the question I would urge is this: Is not the condition of the press a matter of supreme importance? Its influence is far more powerful and widespread than that of the pulpit; its influence for good or for evil is indeed enormous. Is it good for the State that, "the perverse disputings of men of corrupt minds, and destitute of the truth," should enter every home throughout the land?

For the State, without impairing the liberty of the press, to see that its influence over the newspapers be exercised in the interest of Truth and Morality would surely be an act of ideal Socialism, worthy the praise of all good men; for, the desire of all those who have the welfare of their fellow-creatures at heart is to see in their midst a press "*sans peur et sans reproche.*"

FORT TOWNSHEND, ST. JOHN'S, NFLD

THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE OF CANADA.

(Continued.)

For the hospitality which the cadets receive, they are allowed and encouraged to give a return. Entertainments, to which friends are invited, and at which each cadet appears in the character of host, are from time to time given by the staff and cadets at the college. By accepting and receiving hospitality, they are trained in those duties, regarding social intercourse, which form an important part of education.

Most persons will, I think, agree wth me that the course of training and discipline prescribed at the college is calculated to make the cadets truthful, manly, temperate and punctual. That this has been their actual tendency is proved by the experience of nearly twenty years. Living, as I do, in the City of Kingston, in close proximity to the college, I have had constant opportunity of observing the cadets, and of noting the effect of the college training in their characters; and I can venture to say that the system of education established by the college authorities has, on the whole, worked well, and has been faithfully carried out by the staff. The cadets, generally, are distinguished for their good behaviour and their courteous and respectful bearing. The discipline and drill to which they are subjected give them an erect and military bearing, and entirely banish that slouchiness which is the characteristic of some of our young men. The habits of order and discipline which they acquire in the college, independently of the scientific education which they receive, enable them, frequently, to secure a preference, in applications for employment, over men educated in other institutions. Those who have entered the Imperial service, have secured for the college a very high reputation in England, and some have achieved marked distinction. The names of Stairs and McKay stand high on the roll of honor. The former won the esteem and regard of Stanley, and was one of his most able and trusted lieutenants in his great African expedition. In his published narrative, Stanley speaks in the highest terms of Stair's capacity, readiness, cheerfulness, and devotion to duty. McKay was a man of similar stamp, who, though young, had been rapidly promoted and had had conferred upon him, the badge for distinguished service. They died in the discharge of duty. A monument in the cathedral at Kingston preserves their memory and that of another gallant cadet, in the following words:—

Sacred to the memory of the undermentioned officers, graduates of the Royal Military College of Canada,—

JOHN BRODIE MCKAY,

Captain Royal Engineers.

Born at Kingston, Ontario, 14th March, 1858. Served with distinction in Bechuanaland (1884-5), and as commanding Royal Engineer on the West Coast of Africa (1887-9). In recognition of his services in expeditions against the tribes near Sierra Leone he received the distinguished service order. Died of fever at Mombasa, on the 16th of April, 1891, while acting administrator of the Imperial British East Africa Company.

WILLIAM HENRY ROBINSON,

Captain Royal Engineers.

Born at St. John, New Brunswick, 18th July, 1863. Rendered valuable services as commanding Royal Engi-

neers, West Coast of Africa (1889-92). Killed in action, on the 14th March, 1892, whilst, with conspicuous bravery, blowing in the gate of the stockaded village of Tambi, near Sierra Leone.

WILLIAM GRANT STAIRS,

Captain, the Welsh Regiment.

Born at Halifax, Nova Scotia, July 1863. Lieutenant Royal Engineers, 1885-91. Served on the staff of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition 1887-90, under the leadership of H. M. Stanley, and exhibited great courage and devotion to duty. Died of fever, on the 9th June, 1892, at Chinde, Zambesi, whilst in command of the Katango Expedition sent out by the King of the Belgians.

This tablet is erected by their old comrades and friends of the Royal Military College of Canada, and by the friends of the deceased officers in the corps of Royal Engineers.

RICHARD WALKEM.

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE LIFE AND TRAINING.

BY DUNCAN MACPHERSON, ESQ., C.E.

A Graduate of 1880.

AFTER the lapse of nearly fifteen years since graduation, it might be assumed that the writer would have somewhat hazy ideas about the life and training at the Royal Military College. That assumption would, however, in no sense be true; for, looking back over fifteen years of active contact with the world, the four years of busy and truly happy life at that institution becomes pleasanter and the recollection more vivid as time rolls remorselessly on.

An outsider might pertinently ask: "What are the salient points of life and training at the Royal Military College? and why is it that such a marked 'esprit de corps' exists, not only at the college among the cadets, but the wide world over among the graduates?" That such a spirit does exist at the college is well-known, and that it exists among graduates is proved by the existence and popularity of the Royal Military College Club, which has a large membership, made up of graduates in every quarter of the globe. In the time of the writer the salient points of life at the college were early and regular hours (breakfast at 7 a.m.; lights out at 10 p.m.), numerous and long hours of study and drill; with a not too liberal allowance for recreation, for all kinds of which the college is naturally admirably situated. In the proper season every cadet not under the doctor's care had to turn out before breakfast for regular swimming parade; old Lake Ontario, just at the door, making a magnificent natural bath. As a consequence of this parade, all cadets became good swimmers—and many really expert ones—long before the end of their four years' course. The natural result of these regular hours and exercise, with plenty of wholesome but by no means luxurious food, was, that cadets who joined as striplings, rapidly developed, in most cases, into magnificent specimens of young Canadian manhood, and in all cases into healthy, well-formed fellows; with the first and best of all things needful in the matter of life—the "mens sana in corpore sano."

So much for the physical side of life at the college; as for the mental side, one need only read over the extensive and comprehensive syllabus of training to know that graduates who only pass creditably in all the obligatory subjects, will have pretty well-filled storehouses of useful knowledge, and that those who take honors in the voluntary branches as well, must be second to none of the graduates from any institution in the world, in broad and useful mental equipment for any walk of life.

Even if it is afterwards decided to follow the special and intricate ranges of law or medicine, the R.M.C. training is by no means wasted, as the Ontario Law Society has decreed that a graduate is entitled to to be admitted as a student at law on the same conditions as a university graduate in Arts. The Ontario Medical Society has also made a concession, in that graduates are accepted as matriculants of the College of Physicians and Surgeons. Should any graduate, and some have already done so, follow the study and practice of either law or medicine, the writer hesitates not to affirm his belief that such men will never regret their military college training, and will find the habits of methodical work and self-reliance there inculcated of inestimable value, even in these special branches of work apparently far removed from the military. In all other walks of life, in private practice, in public service, or in the service of large corporations—*par excellence* in railway work—prompt and cheerful obedience to orders, self reliance and readiness of resource in emergencies, such as one would expect, and can generally count upon from graduates of the Royal Military College, will always command respect and advancement.

COMPANY SERGEANT-MAJOR CHARLES FELIX JOSEPH BOUCHER DE BOUCHERVILLE, GOLD MEDALIST OF 1892.

In reference to the system of discipline in vogue, viz: that of giving senior cadets, of proved ability and character, charge of the daily routine of barrack life, the writer knows it has been urged that this system of placing one cadet over another is wrong; but it appears to him that a little candid consideration will prove to the most unmilitary mind that it not only is the only possible system for thoroughly grounding the cadets in all branches of military discipline, but also that it has a beneficial and inspiriting effect upon all the cadets, by the opening up in turn of positions of trust for deserving ones and teaching all the habits of obedience without which none are fit to command

The writer knows from personal experience, having gone through all the grades, from full private in the rear rank, to sergeant-major of a company, that at first it was extremely difficult, from a civilian point of view, to see the reason and justice in obeying orders, howsoever politely given, by a cadet in every sense only one's equal. It soon became a matter of course, and those who most cheerfully

conformed became in a very short time those who were most readily obeyed. There were naturally occasional lapses, when a cadet refused to obey what he thought an unreasonable order; but there was always more danger in giving such an order than in obeying it, as the cadet had the right of appeal to his superior officer, and it would in the end go ill with the senior who endeavored to exceed or harshly use his authority.

Much has been written for and against the college, and at times, its very "raison d'être" has been attacked; but to any student of history, it needs not to be told that as Canadians in the past have had to fight for their homes and firesides, so they may have to do in the future. In such an emergency, will it not be of incalculable value to have as many as possible of scientifically trained officers, who, no matter how long they may have been in civil life, will at once respond to their country's call?

That they will respond, and promptly, was proved during our North-west Rebellion, when nearly every graduate up to that time was either at the front, or had volunteered to go at the first opportunity. Several graduates were wounded in action, and that they rendered efficient and valuable services the official dispatches amply testify.

If, then, this scientific training can be given, as is being done, while at the same time fitting men for success in civil and military life, surely the Royal Military College deserves and will get the loyal and hearty support of every patriotic Canadian.

One word about employment of graduates: the writer does not think that every graduate has a claim on the Government for work, nor does he believe that the higher class of graduates will often be long out of work; but he does feel strongly of the opinion that worthy graduates desirous of Government employment should be given preference for all vacant positions which they are undoubtedly well qualified to fill.

Let the Government, then, be alive to the justice of giving reasonable encouragement in the way of remunerative employment to deserving graduates. Let the college be maintained in the most efficient manner, and in accordance with the spirit of the times. Let "forward to still greater excellence" be ever the watchword; for to stand still would be to retrograde, which every member of the staff, and every graduate and cadet, would sincerely deplore. Granted the above-mentioned broad and liberal maintenance, results will then rest with the staff, graduates and cadets; every deserving one of whom will guard the honor and reputation of the college as his own; and every right-thinking man in the country will loyally support that deserving institution, our dear old Royal Military College. Long may it continue to flourish.

ANOTHER GRADUATE'S VIEWS.

BY R. W. LEONARD, ESQ., A GRADUATE OF 1883.

It seems but a very short time since the writer presented himself for examination for entrance to the Royal Military College, in a dilapidated office in the interesting "Old Fort" at Toronto. Yet, when we now meet at the annual gatherings of the Royal Military College Graduates' Club, to cherish the friendships born in the happy college days of our dwelling together in the old "Stone Frigate," we see, in many of our old comrades, staid fathers of families—men worthily filling positions of responsibility, and becomingly adorned by the silvering frosts of time.

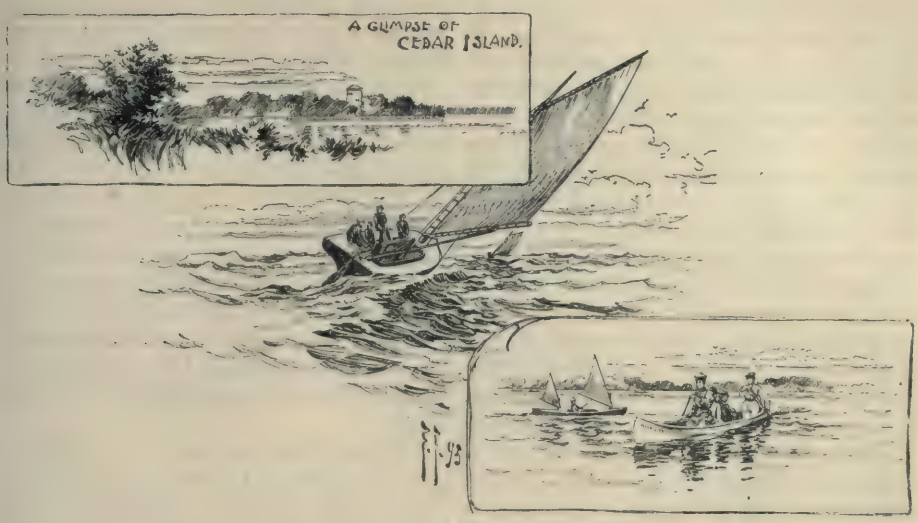
A few weeks after our examination, we were ordered to report at the college for duty, on a certain date, by some person indicated by an undecipherable signature. We afterwards had

many opportunities of learning the personality of "The Major," who, as staff-adjutant, was responsible for the discipline and drill of the cadets, and was a terror to evil doers generally. Before "The Major," we took the oath of allegiance, and were duly enrolled as "Gentlemen Cadets of the Royal Military College of Canada," and entered on a four years' course in such military and civil studies and physical training as was considered sufficient to fit four of the class to take commissions in any branch of H.M. regular forces. Since only four commissions were offered, those of us who were not desirous of military employment were allowed to take up civil engineering, and such other voluntary studies as we considered would assist us in private life. But to return to our "recruit year." We were fitted with our uniforms in the course of a few days, and our civilian clothing was locked away with our trunks until we shou'd go home on our next furlough. We were initiated into the mysteries of the "goose step," and squad drill, under that most terrible of drill inspectors, who ever inspired awe into the heart of a recruit—"Old Johnnie." He has gone the way of all flesh now; but may the college never want as zealous an instructor. We all remember the day he told an awkward (or mischievous) cadet: "If you would do as you should do, you should not do as you do do," and his wrathful indignation on another occasion, when teaching us the drill of mounting heavy guns with the aid of a gyn, a mischievous cadet said: "Yes, sergeant-major, I understand all about the gun and the gun sling, and the gyn, but where is the *gin sling?*"

There is another initiation, however, which we experienced a few days after joining. In the evening we were paraded in the corridors of the barracks by no less a personage than the awe-inspiring drill sergeant-major above alluded to—or, at least, by one of the cadets, who had imitated his dress, speech and gesture so cleverly as to defy detection. We were marched into the coal cellar, and kept in darkness; then one at a time we were taken before the court, which consisted of most of the titled dignitaries of the European and African armies and navies combined—got up in very imposing uniforms, and assembled in the eastern end of that old smoking-room so dear to the memories of those who remember it as it existed years ago. Here we were lectured on the propriety of recruits conducting themselves in a respectful manner towards all placed in authority, especially towards cadets in the senior classes; and, in case a recruit had exhibited a spirit of rebellion, or of unseemly familiarity, he was warned of the dreadful consequences of such conduct. Each candidate was requested to sing, dance, or tell a yarn for the edification of the assembled court—after which, without further ceremony, he was considered initiated. In very exceptional cases, when a cadet had incurred the especial displeasure of the court (which consisted of selected members of the senior classes) he received some slight punishment meant to impress upon him the necessity of conducting himself as a gentleman amongst gentlemen. *Fagging* or *hazing*, and such childish practices, were unknown.

In recalling the life at the Royal Military College, very many memories come back which are pleasant to think of, and a few which are not so pleasant.

How cold even a summer morning can be over on Point Frederick, only those of us can know who used to parade regularly at 6.30 a.m. to be taught swimming by an instructor; but how we enjoyed a plunge off the same bathing-wharf after a hot game of football or cricket! What an enjoyable hour we spent in the winter evenings in the gymnasium, learning fencing, boxing, single stick and gymnastics, under probably the best in-



AQUATIC SPORTS, R.M.C.

structor in Canada! The hard-fought football and cricket matches we played, and the merry dinners in the mess-room in the evening! We shall always remember some of those dinners. The splendid ice-boating and skating in the winter; the sailing and rowing in the summer; the glorious summer days we spent surveying, geologizing, or sketching; the negro minstrels and athletic tournaments; and the annual ball, by which we acknowledged the hospitality and kindness of our many friends in Kingston; the rifle and artillery matches; the riding-lessons; the glee club in the winter, and the songs on summer evenings out in the boats, or on the benches in front of the old barracks, are, for most of us, the pleasantest memories of four very happy years.

There are other memories, too—many of them of solid hard work in studies, and of subsequent stiff examinations; of the military engineering drill, when we built shelter trenches and field redoubts, military bridges and pontoons; of the various punishments, from an extra drill to close arrest, when the culprit was fain, it might be, to solace himself by twanging a banjo during the hours of duty.

There are also sad memories of old comrades who have gone before us, especially of three (whose names are linked on a tablet in Rochester Cathedral in England, and on another in St. George's Cathedral in Kingston), who lost their lives in Africa in the service of the empire and to the honor of all Canada. There are others also who have reflected credit on the college, but whose work has not brought them so prominently into public notice.

But our last year comes and brings with it the honors and responsibilities of non-commissioned officers, who must necessarily be entrusted largely with the discipline of the institution. Here we—who have been taught so well to obey—first learn to command. The final examinations come on in time, and those of us who come near the head of the list are called upon to decide upon one of the most important issues of our lives.

"Shall I accept a commission in the English army, or shall I remain in Canada and take my chances in civil engineering, or in law, or medicine, or in business?" is a very grave question for a young man to decide.

It strikes most people as inexplicable that, though the institution is maintained by the Canadian Government, it is only the home government which officially and effectively recognizes the value of the education imparted at the Royal Military College. It is true that a very limited number of graduates have found their way into the service of the Dominion Government, but in a hap-hazard sort of way, and *very* seldom, for the reason that they have been educated in an institution specially maintained for the training of men for such positions.

This want of system has not tended to keep the best men in the service of Canada; but those interested in the welfare of the college now feel reassured by the statement of the present Minister of Militia and Defence to the effect that—with a view to increasing the efficiency and utility of the institution—henceforth a liberal apportionment of appointments to the Canadian public service will be offered to Royal Military College graduates.

In the meantime we graduates can only continue to show, as we have shown in the past, that we can compete successfully with all comers in the battle of life. This is the best recommendation that can be given for the Royal Military College of Canada.

VIEWS OF CADETS.

BY COMPANY SERGEANT-MAJOR G. R. FRITH, R. M. C.

THE Royal Military College, probably from the unique position which it occupies among the educational institutions of Canada, is, to most people, an unknown quantity. The very fact of its being a military college, with a duly organised military staff, seems to act as a veil around it, which few, excepting those having relatives there, care to pierce. This is most unfortunate in every way. It limits the deserved popularity of the college with the country at large; and not unnaturally so, for people can hardly be expected to take very much interest in an institution of which they know almost nothing, and they are prepared to believe anything which may be published about the college and its interior economy, just as the ordinary newspaper reader is apt to believe anything published by the press which may for the time being excite comment, because he is not in a position to be better informed.

To this ignorance, perhaps, may be ascribed the comparative smallness of the number of candidates for cadetships.

Again, from the fact of so little beyond its mere existence being known, the college is often confounded with schools of military instruction such as are established at Toronto, Kingston, and elsewhere chiefly to insure uniformity in the drills and exercises and regimental details of the different branches of the service.

To clear away, to some extent, the mist which screens our college, and to give our readers a clearer view of how cadets regard it and its methods is what is now attempted.

In the situation of the college we are certainly most fortunate. We are neither lost in the country nor exposed to the grime and impurities of a city. We occupy a peninsula jutting into Lake Ontario just where its waters narrow to form the great St. Lawrence river. We enjoy rural air and surroundings, with the social advantages of town life. For a Dominion College, Kingston is particularly suitable on account of its central location.

As the discipline maintained in any college, and above all in a military college, is the very foundation upon which all else must rest, it may be well to deal with this now.

The organization of the college as regards discipline may be compared to that of a regiment; for a regular chain of responsibility prevails from the commandant down to the youngest recruit. Naturally, in the case of

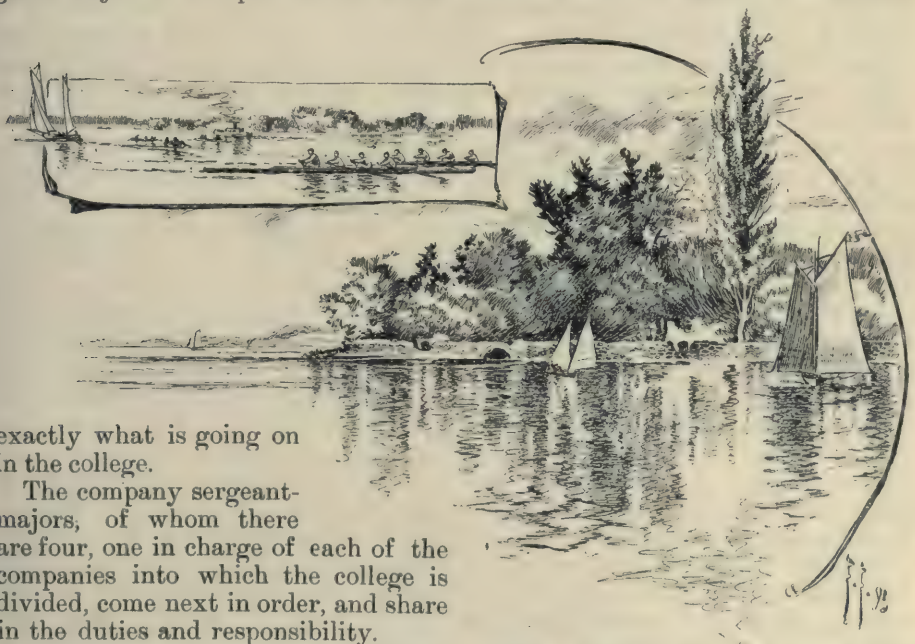
the two junior classes, the responsibility is small, just as that of a private in a regiment is small; but with the senior classes the responsibility increases from the junior corporal up to the battalion sergeant-major. The battalion sergeant-major is the senior cadet of the college, and to the coveted honor of his position attaches the important responsibility that upon his office mainly rests the maintenance of the college discipline. This provision seems a wise one, for being one of the cadets, the battalion sergeant-major is in a position to know exactly what is going on in the college.

The company sergeant-majors, of whom there are four, one in charge of each of the companies into which the college is divided, come next in order, and share in the duties and responsibility.

This responsibility, which the organization of the college places upon the cadets themselves, engenders in each individual the feeling that good order and the welfare of the college are very largely dependent on individual action and conduct; and thus creates a lively general interest in the maintenance of discipline, and keen sensitiveness as to its being brought into disrepute.

Few, it may be assumed, will deny that such a system can be otherwise than beneficial to those brought under its influence, whatever may be their future path in life. If, by some, the propriety be questioned of placing too much responsibility upon the cadets themselves in a case in which the welfare of an important public institution is concerned, it may be answered that here, as in the United States, England and elsewhere, the principle followed has proved a sound one.

With regard to the college studies, a mistaken idea seems prevalent—that they are of a purely military character. This is far from being the case, although from the very nature of the college, and to fulfil the objects for which it was established, technical



military studies must occupy a very large share of its curriculum. But in point of time, technical military studies do not occupy so important a place as some less technical subjects do; and even to one who intends adopting a purely civilian life, much of the time expended on military subjects will be found by no means wasted. Particularly is this the case with military engineering and military topography, which widely overlap civil engineering and surveying. The principles of construction and procedure, and details of drawing as

practised by the military engineer and topographer, are practically identical with those followed by the civil engineer and surveyor.

The non-military subjects comprise mathematics and mechanics, science, practical geometry, French, English, drawing and civil engineering. These are, every one, required in the military departments, and thus answer a double purpose. They qualify a man thoroughly for learning the military profession, while they enable him to leave college with a liberal education and fitted to fill the highest positions in the country. With reference to our actual habits of study, there is a rule in the "Standing Orders," which compels a cadet to have his light out by 10.30 every night. As a consequence, a system of study exists which appeals to the hearts of cadets, and surely should to those of all young men. It is this:—Three two-hour lectures, as a rule, are ordered to be attended every day, except Sunday, Wednesday and Saturday. On the two latter days two two-hour lectures are given, and the rest of the day, from half-past two till tattoo, is free. Now, these lectures absolutely must be attended, unless one is on the sick list. But it is understood that part of each lecture shall be devoted to completing notes and investigating what has just been expounded. So, when the command "Dismiss" is given, at 8 o'clock in the evening, the cadet knows that his work for the day is done. After tea he may employ himself as he wills, without "taking thought for the morrow." For those who are anxious to do specially well, and for the backward ones, there is an hour or so before tattoo (10 p.m.), to review the day's work. But woe betide him whose light is found burning after 10.30, unless he be a non-commissioned officer, who is allowed a half-hour longer. Thus, there is no excuse for ruined constitutions caused by over study, and when examination draws near, it takes but little "swotting," or cramming, to freshen up the work of the term.

Probably the part of our duties which seems most attractive is the bodily training. The recruit begins with club-swinging, dumb-bell exercise, an occasional swimming drill, and gymnastics. At this stage of his career he is also put through squad drill to smarten him up and make him learn to carry his uniform like a soldier. Swimming is part of the schedule of drills, and cadets are encouraged to learn, both by the proximity and safeness of the bathing wharf and by an allowance of marks for excellence in the natatory art. As soon as the recruits know their drill, the class is joined with one or more of the senior classes for the purpose of combined drill on certain days of the week. Before his first year is over, the cadet is advanced as far as single-stick drill, and will feel at home with any of the appliances in the gymnasium. In his next year, the work becomes rather more attractive, and foils and bayonets supplant single-sticks and clubs. Finally, in his last year, cavalry sword drill and riding form a delightful kind of exercise. On the closing day of the year, generally about the 28th of June, there are various competitions with foil, single-stick, sword and bayonet. Equally interesting exhibitions are given in the other departments. Such engineering exploits as the felling of trees by gun-cotton, and the blowing up of boats by a submarine mine, are watched by hundreds of onlookers. Next comes a march past with the field guns, then the infantry drill is gone through, and one feels proud to be a cadet, as the march past and various evolutions are almost faultless. Prize-giving ends the day. No! the end is not yet. We have still to bid farewell to the graduating class. Those of them who are especially popular are "shifted" off the parade grounds to their rooms, that is, are carried bodily away by their friends and admirers. And then the dinner! No

graduate will ever forget his last dinner at the R. M. C., nor the closing with song the happy four years he has spent behind Fort Frederick's guns.

As to sports, much may be said, for in them the interest is general. The college is splendidly situated for all kinds of sport in summer or winter, and is fairly equipped for all.

After the summer vacation, every one gets to work at football; a captain and committee are elected, and practice begins. The recruits are turned out and expected to play, great interest being taken in them, while likely players are looked for. Our team is generally entered in the Ontario Rugby Football Union, so that we always have some matches ahead of us, and others are often arranged with teams from Montreal or Toronto. Keen interest is taken in the game by the friends of the college, as well as by the cadets themselves, and a good-sized crowd, including Kingston's "400," is generally on the ground to enliven the scene.

In the fall, the Rifle Club also organizes for the year. Rifle practices are held as often as possible on our own ranges, which consist of two targets, with the parapet of Fort Frederick as butts. The matches are generally held in the late autumn, and small cash prizes, taken from the club exchequer, are competed for. These practices greatly improve our shooting, and are of use to those who intend trying for one of the five college badges given yearly for the best scores at annual practice.

At the same time the Boat Club begins operations. This club was organized in the early days of the college, when some racing shells were purchased, and from time to time more were added, until now there repose in the club boat-house one six-oar, two four-oars, two double sculls, and one single scull. For some years the club flourished; then it fell to pieces, and for one or two years no care whatever was taken of the boats. Lately, however, it has been revived, the shells have been repaired, and several canoes purchased, so that now the club is as good as it was in its palmiest days. But it is not necessary to belong to the Boat Club to enjoy the pleasures of boating. The club has a boat-house of its own, but the college also has a boat-house, which is open to any private skiffs or canoes, of which latter there are quite a number at the college.

The college also owns two sailing yachts, which are at the disposal of the cadets. The larger is a "Mackinaw," and the smaller a sloop. The use of these is thoroughly appreciated, and in any weather that is not absolutely dangerous they may be seen on the waters of the bay.

We have two tennis courts, and any one may use them, the system followed being "first come, first served." It is generally in the spring months that tennis is played, and then the courts are seldom vacant. In winter there is plenty of skating and hockey, and the college rink is well patronized. Our hockey teams are usually entered in the Ontario Hockey Association, and several matches are thereby secured.

As soon as the harbor freezes, the ice boats are brought into use. There is no sport more enjoyable than this, and there are very few places better for it than Kingston harbor.

When the snow comes, it turns the long and steep glacis of Fort Henry, just opposite the college, into a superb toboggan slide, which is soon utilized. And toboggan parties, with a dance at the end, are of frequent occurrence.

Then there is snow shoeing, which is not only a sport, but also a part of our drill.

With spring comes cricket, and at cricket we shine, nearly always having a good team, and, consequently, a good record at the end of the season.

We have a bathing shed, and a portion of the college wharf is set aside

for bathing purposes, so that we can always have a swim when we like.

There is a well-equipped reading room at our disposal; on its cushioned benches we can sit and read the Toronto, Montreal, and Kingston dailies, as well as all the illustrated papers, English and American magazines, and also comic and military papers. The reading-room also contains a piano and tables, and is a favorite resort of an evening, when there may be seen, some reading and chatting, and others indulging their musical tastes, while smoking is general—all presenting an animated scene, and saying as plainly as can be that the life of a cadet at the R.M.C. is a happy one.

A description of our college life would be incomplete without some reference to the lighter forms of recreation, such as music, dancing and theatricals. We are allowed every possible license in regard to giving entertainments, going to concerts, balls, etc., provided no infringement is made on the hours of study. On Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday evenings passes, are granted freely to cadets of all ranks, who are not on duty or under punishment. In case of a large ball, or an exceptionally good concert, permission is obtainable to remain till the close of the performance.

1 2 3 4

WINTER DRESS.

1. Cadet. Drill Order. 2. Cadet. Walking Out. 3. Sergeant. 4. Company Sergeant-Major

If we wish to give a dance, the sanction of the commandant must first be obtained. The affair is then left entirely in our own hands. It is to be feared that the energy shown in preparing for one of these events rather exceeds that which, as a rule, we expend on the more sober part of our education. But this is excusable, when we consider how seldom these *shines* take place. The June ball is *the* dance, par excellence, of the year, as all will testify, who have taken part. It comes off four or five days before the

end of the collegiate year, when exams. have become a thing of the past. Preparations begin several days before, in order that every pains may be taken to beautify the main building, its approaches, halls and reception rooms.

No trouble is thought too great for cadets to take in order to make the whole affair, from start to finish, as complete as possible. It is always a huge success, and is regarded, by Kingston people at least, as one of the most brilliant events of the year.

Several smaller dances are given during the year, by the commandant and staff, as well as by the cadets. In return for these efforts to entertain our friends in Kingston and elsewhere, we are asked out frequently to teas and dances, and meet with exceptional kindness on all sides. Every year a piano is hired and paid for by subscription. It is used by those who are musically inclined, and also at small dances, which often occur at the wind-up of an At-home or skating party. A minstrel show is generally given at Easter, and affords great pleasure to the towns-people, who come in throngs to laugh at and with us. For this, whatever talent exists in the college is unsparingly pressed into service, and often men who have never hitherto imagined themselves good for anything of the kind find themselves appearing before the public. A string orchestra was begun in 1892, and gradually grew to a membership of seven.

We employ our spare time in the evenings with whist, singing, and music contributed by piano, violins, banjos, mandolins and other instruments of the kind. The latter have become so popular as to almost form part of the equipment of any cadet who has the faintest idea of music, and, occasionally, of one who has not.

With that most delightful subject, music, let us close this account of our college doings, hoping they may sound

1 2 3 4 5

SUMMER DRESS.

1. Cadet. Walking out. 2. Cadet. Undress. 3. Cadet. Marching order 4. Company Sergeant-Major. 5. Sergeant.

as attractive to the reader as they are to those whose life, for a time, they form.

BY SERGEANT A. S. EVANS R.M.C. AND CORPORAL G. H. KIRKPATRICK R.M.C.

THE Royal Military College is intended as a school for young Canadians, whose ultimate aim may be either a commission in the Imperial or Canadian regular forces, or a place in one of the scientific professions.

As it is an essentially military institution, the first thing to be noticed is its system of discipline.

Our duties are laid down plainly in the college standing orders, which contain everything needful for the guidance of both staff and cadets. In accordance with these orders, the cadets are divided into four companies, two of which are in the right wing, and two in the left.

An officer of the superior military staff, with the rank of captain, is placed in charge of each wing. His duties are to look after the administration of everything connected with it, recommending or refusing passes, requisitions, etc., punishing, if need be, or in extreme cases referring to the commandant those who have done the "things they ought not to have done."

Each company is immediately looked after by a company sergeant-major, assisted by four other cadet non-commissioned officers. The duties of these are to see that their companies are kept in an efficient state, that each cadet makes his bed, and makes tidy his room before the first "attendance," and that he appears on parade neat and clean. They have also to call all rolls of their company, and to take between them such duties as that of battalion orderly, whose work it is to look after parades and make out reports.

The battalion sergeant-major is the senior cadet in the college. It is his special duty to see that nothing goes wrong among the cadets. He is responsible for all irregularities which may occur. He is, moreover, supposed to act as a mentor to junior cadets who, when newly joined, often need the advice and friendly help of a veteran.

These N.C.O. ranks are greatly coveted by the cadets, for besides the distinction of stripes and braid, each rank carries increased privileges with it.

By standing orders we are allowed to have mess extras, such as game, potted meats, eggs, etc., at meal times and at other stated hours. Beer is also an extra. But this is allowed at dinner time alone, and then only with the written sanction of parents or guardian.

There is a limit, varying with the rank of the cadet, beyond which his bill may not pass. When he reaches that, he is said to be restricted, that is, unable to obtain any more extras for that month.

The orderly room is the cadet's *bête noir*, and rarely can a graduate boast that he has not, at some time during his course, stood before the officer of his wing, charged with certain offences against the regulations. C.B., or confinement to barracks for a certain number of days, is the usual punishment. It involves two extra drills in full marching order every day, and a loss of five conduct marks *per diem*, as well as the restriction of leave, which its name indicates.

The conduct marks are of great importance. Five hundred a year are given to each cadet. For every punishment a certain number are taken off, and at the end of the year the cadet with the largest number left, stands, *ceteris paribus*, the best chance for promotion.

In the matter of study no man need over-exert himself, but, for all that, most cadets get through a large amount of useful and scientific work during the four years' course, a great deal of which possesses extreme practical interest. This applies notably

to the subjects of engineering (military and civil), artillery and science. It is child's play for a graduate to superintend the building of a bridge, and, as for using pick and shovel, even navvies would be close run to maintain their record for hard and rapid working. These accomplishments owe their existence to the teaching of military engineering. A model shed and government ground furnish materials for putting into practice the theories of the lecture room. It is astonishing to see a man, with no previous habits of study, finding by experience how greatly the hands and brain can assist each other. Signalling drill constitutes a branch of military engineering in which cadets are thoroughly trained. Artillery is dealt with in the second and third years. The theory is thoroughly taught, and every measure is employed to perfect the cadets in drill. For theory, valuable prizes are given, and for practical artillery badges are awarded, some of them given by the Canadian Artillery Association. In addition, a silver cup, given by the Ontario Artillery Association, is competed for, yearly, at a firing practice with field guns. Science forms a most important study, beginning in the third year and becoming more and more comprehensive as the course nears its close. Military topography and surveying are attractive subjects, as they give the cadet many a pleasant outing in the spring and autumn, when he is engaged in sketching or surveying the neighboring country. The remaining military subjects in which we receive lectures are military administration, military law, tactics and strategy. Among these is included the history of warfare from early days, the latest discoveries concerning all kinds of fighting, and the discussion of actual happenings of the present day, such as the Japan-China war.

Even in such a purely military subject as artillery, the course has been so planned that it may be useful to those who do not intend to pursue a military life as well as to those who do. And to gain this desirable result there is abundant opportunity without interference with the divergent aims of cadets, for the principles of mechanics, of metal and wood working, of the composition and management of explosives, etc., are alike, whether applied by a military man or by a civilian.

In the case of civil subjects—all auxiliary to military efficiency—the cadet has the choice of several courses. He may take up civil engineering or architecture; or, if he should so desire, he may devote more time to chemistry and physics, or geology and mineralogy, or he may take as many of these as he wishes. The most advanced technical parts of some of the military subjects are also, in the same sense, voluntary. In mathematics the course may be made as difficult, or, with a minimum limit, as easy as a cadet pleases, according to the number of voluntary sections he enters on. Thus, one comparatively weaker in mathematics and stronger in other subjects, has a fair chance of successfully getting through the examinations. The only drawback to this system of *voluntaries* seems to be that, owing to the large number of marks allotted to them, many are almost obliged to take up subjects which they would not otherwise take, being influenced by dread of falling behind in the class competition.

On the other hand, it seems only fair to those who are able and willing to do the extra work which voluntary subjects entail, that they should have all the advantages, as regards marks, which they may be able to get.

While no punishments are inflicted on cadets for not working during the year—in this respect their treatment resembling the custom of universities—the necessity for passing the examinations, and the competition for commissions in H.M. service, are generally incentive enough to make the

cadets keep up, at least the minimum amount of work required for passing the examinations.

The physical training received at the college is certainly equal, and probably superior, to that given at any other college or school in Canada. This is, of course, largely due to its military organization. The regular hours observed must have a good effect upon one; and the regular drills supply a definite amount of daily exercise. In the case of the two junior classes, drill occupies two hours each day. Except on half holidays, when afternoon drill is missed, the exercise consists in either infantry or artillery drill, gymnastics, fencing, etc. It is one of the unwritten laws of the college that recruits must spend half an hour each day in the gymnasium; and a very wise custom it is.

The senior classes do not get nearly so much drill as the two junior classes. The second class is drilled only in the afternoons; while, in the first class, riding is substituted for infantry drill.

Few cadets escape without a fair number of extra drills which have to be gone through before breakfast. These drills are given as punishments for breaches of discipline, and are one of the means which the non-commissioned officers have at their command to enforce observance of the college regulations.

With regard to sports—the cadets have many advantages. The college is splendidly situated for aquatic sports, and there are good foot ball and cricket grounds, and a rifle range. In winter there is a hockey rink, and a toboggan slide.

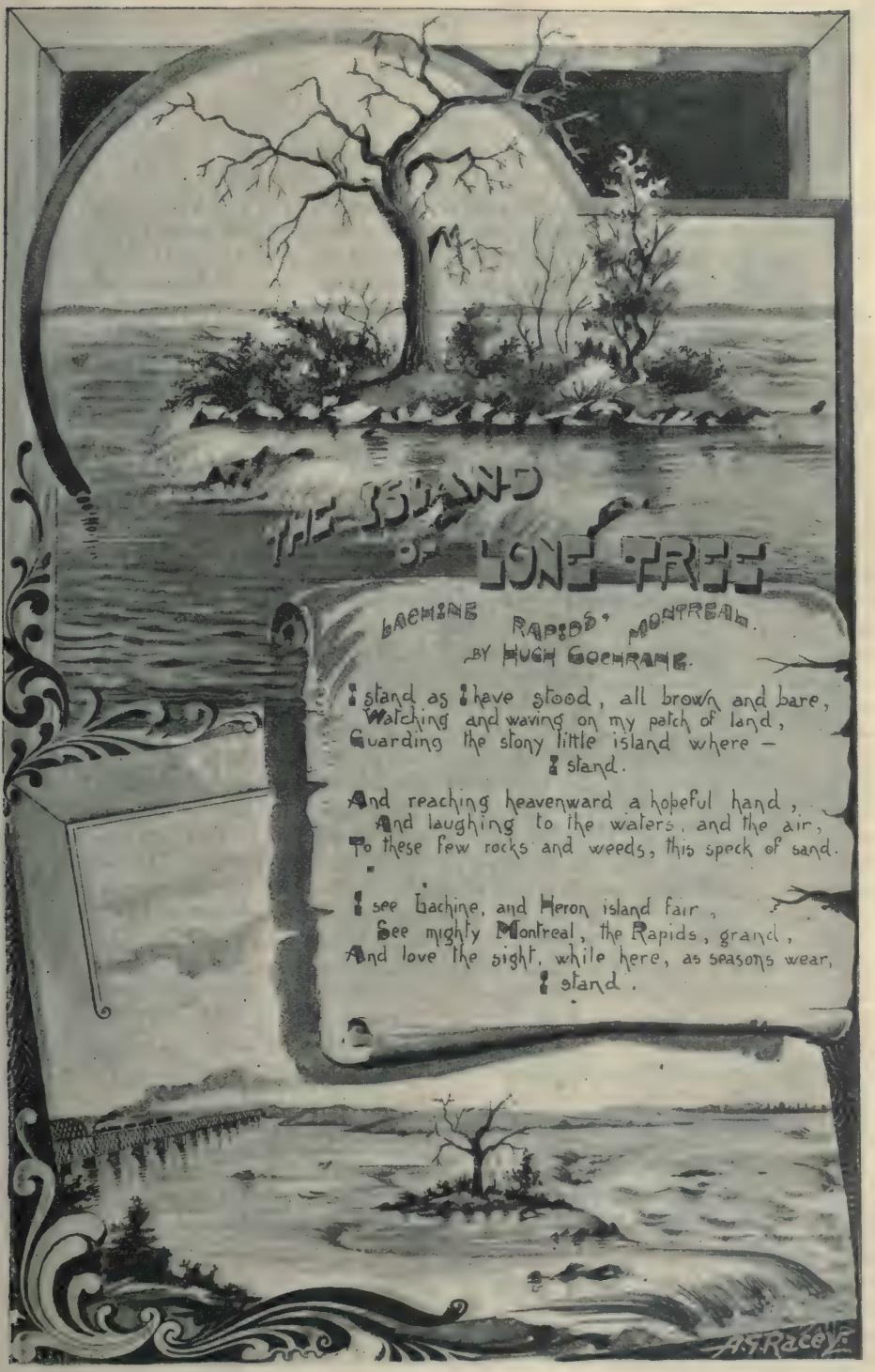
The college enters a team in the Ontario Rugby Union—last year one in the senior and another in the junior series. A hockey team is also entered in the Ontario Hockey Association series. If the college hockey and football teams have sorrowfully to admit that during the past few years they can only claim to have assisted their opponents to win well-earned laurels, they have some consolation in the reflection that the college standard-bearers have of necessity been selected, not from amongst some hundreds, as are those of the Queen's and Toronto Universities and Osgoode Hall, but from amongst rather less than the very modest number of sixty. Yet, even with this great disadvantage in the choice of capable knights, the Royal Military College representatives in 1892 lost to such Titans as Queen's sent forth to do battle for her, only a single point in two matches.

In *track* athletics, the college holds its own with other Canadian colleges and universities, and its annual sports, usually held in autumn, compare most favorably with those held at other colleges, notwithstanding their preponderance of numbers.

To one just entering on manhood, with its impatience of restraint, a four years' submission to education under military control may suggest an extremely trying ordeal. But the Royal Military College cadet has not found it to be so. As a rule, he is a well-contented being. He may grumble at times, not because he labors under hardships, but because he neither is, nor pretends to be, superior to humanity.

His regret is keen when the time at last arrives for leave-taking; and, in passing out as a graduate, he takes with him a goodly store of happy reminiscences, which preserve, ever fresh, his affectionate interest in all that concerns his *Alma Mater*.

The delight he takes in revisiting, at all possible opportunities, his old college, and the warm and boisterously cheery reception always awaiting the coming of an *old boy*, plainly tell how enjoyable is Royal Military College life.


THE ISLAND OF LONE TREE
LACHINE RAPIDS, MONTREAL.
BY HUGH COCHRANE.
I stand as I have stood, all brown and bare,
Watching and waving on my patch of land,
Guarding the stony little island where —
I stand.
And reaching heavenward a hopeful hand,
And laughing to the waters, and the air,
To these few rocks and weeds, this speck of sand.
I see Lachine, and Heron island fair,
See mighty Montreal, the Rapids, grand,
And love the sight, while here, as seasons wear,
I stand.
A.F. Racey

AN ARAB DINNER.

BY REV. W. S. BLACKSTOCK.

EGYPT is a land of steady habits, in a sense perhaps somewhat different from that in which this has so often been affirmed of New England. Its people are not given to change. They are content to live as their fathers lived, to use the implements which they used, and to work as they worked. They plough with the ploughs which were in use two thousand years ago, and probably their mattocks and their spades differ not from those that were in use in the days of Rameses the Great. They have had a history, or at least their country has, and they are proud of it; and their reverence for those who have gone before them—the men who reared those monuments in the shape of pyramids, temples, and tombs which are among the wonders of the world—is too great for them to be easily induced to depart from those of their manners and customs which have survived the wreck of ages and have come down to the present. They marry their wives without ever having seen them before the ceremony is completed, as their fathers did in the remote ages of antiquity; and, following the same example, they keep them carefully secluded and veiled from the eye of man ever after, so that if they have beauty no one shall share with them the pleasure of seeing it, and if they have deformities, they shall be forever concealed from all other eyes but their own. Their ancestors, following the example of the animal creation generally, reserved the gay and bright clothing for the male sex, and clothed the females in less conspicuous colors, and the men of to-day make a far more picturesque appearance than their wives. A group of Arab women, but for the peculiarity of their veils, might easily be mistaken for a company of nuns, while their husbands in their many-colored and flowing robes, would be more likely to be taken for bishops and archbishops, if not for persons of higher worldly distinction.

This love of the antique, of the venerable, is seen in the manners and customs of the Arab home. When the Westerner enters it, everything is new to him. If he is young and supple enough to wind his legs gracefully around each other and to sit tailor-fashion it will add to his comfort. Without this accomplishment he will probably find himself but ill at ease. A luxurious Turkish rug or a magnificent divan is a most comfortable thing to one who knows how to use it; but most people from Europe or America would find it more convenient to hang themselves on chairs, as the Japanese phrase is, than to squat upon either of these. But, to tell the truth, most of the Arabs of the wealthy class have so far deferred to the habits and customs of the outside world as to have furnished themselves with the means of setting their guests at ease in this respect. The chair is among the innovations which are finding their way into the Egyptian house. The table, too, is becoming more elevated than it was formerly. Until recently it was only a few inches above the floor; now, in the best houses, it is as high as in Europe or America. This, however, may be only for the accommodation of strangers. It is doubtful whether the head of the house, when he takes his solitary meal, or even dines with his Arab friends, uses a table which makes the chair a necessity, and there is good reason to believe that neither of these innovations—the chair or the elevated table

—has found its way into the harem, or women's apartment, where change never comes, or, if it comes at all, comes very slowly.

The description of an Arab dinner party, if the picture of it were accurate and life-like, would illustrate the foregoing observations. Such an entertainment carries one back into the distant past. It is the kind of entertainment which Abraham gave to the strangers who called upon him prior to the destruction of the Cities of the Plain, and in entertaining whom he afterward found that he had entertained angels unawares. Or, to come many centuries nearer to our own times, it is the kind of meal that the Author of Christianity took with his disciples on the night in which he was betrayed, when, from the common dish, he took a sop and handed it to Judas the betrayer. In the reception which the host usually gives to his guests, and the gravity of his deportment, the memory of those antique times, when hospitality partook of the nature of religion, is strikingly recalled. You, and your company—the guests—have been introduced by a common friend. The host gravely thanks his friend for having given him the pleasure of meeting so many good people. You do not understand his language, and he does not understand yours; and you apologise for having to address him through an interpreter. He answers gravely: "Where hearts are united they need no interpreter." You say something that indicates that you scarcely dare to claim the privilege of friends; but he reminds you that "a man's friends are the friends of his friend," thus applying to the social relationships of life the geometrical axiom that things that are equal to the same thing are equal to one another.

These scraps of conversation are not, however, to be regarded as part of a stereotyped formulary. They form part of a conversation which actually took place in the city of Alexandria only the other day between an Arab in high position and a company of friends who had been introduced to him by a common friend. The host at the feast which I am about to describe, unlike the person of whom I have been writing, understood the language of his guests. He is, in fact, an officer of the British Government, and an indispensable qualification for the duties of his office is that he be able to understand and speak both the English and the Arabic. He is not only a diplomat himself, but his father before him was the medium of communication between the British and the Egyptian governments. He is, in the proper sense of the term, an Arab gentleman, and the whole of his deportment on the occasion of which I write, and on several others on which I had the privilege of meeting him, showed that he was worthy of that appellation.

When the guests arrived they were received in a neatly furnished room, in which that indispensable article of Eastern luxury, the divan, formed a principal part. The simplicity of the reception was its principal charm. It was as free from formality or affectation as it could be. It was just such a reception and introduction to a few chosen friends of the host who had been invited to meet us as had the effect of setting the strangers instantly at ease. All the Arabs present were of the official class, and most, if not all of them, understood English. There was no difficulty, therefore, in expressing the thought and sentiment suitable to the occasion. But we had been invited to dinner—an Arab dinner, as was expressly stipulated in the terms of the invitation—there was therefore little time for conversation before the time for the principal event arrived. The announcement that the dinner was about to be served, and that it was time for us to repair to the "eating room," as the French have it, came to us in a somewhat novel form. An Arab servant in long flow-

ing robes entered with napkins and handed one to each of us. The host then led the way to the dining-room, outside of the door of which stood a servant with a large basin, soap, and ewer from which he was ready to pour the water to wash our hands before we went to the table—a part of the proceeding, which, as the sequel will show, was not all unnecessary.

The ancient Pharisees may have laid too much stress upon washing before meat. Their error, probably, was in exalting a merely decent and sanitary proceeding into a religious ceremony. Besides, it was not so much the filth of the flesh as of the spirit that they vainly hoped to get rid of by this baptism of the hands. Their notion, evidently, was that, in the market place and in the bazaar, they came in contact with their fellowmen, who were not as holy as they were, and it was necessary to undergo a process of ceremonial purification to rid themselves of the defilement contracted in this way. But surely anyone who has gone through an Egyptian town, and who has touched and handled the multitudinous wares that he has been pressed to buy, does not need—or at least ought not to need—any superstitious considerations to impress him with the importance of the washing of the hands as a preparation for the dinner table. The revelations of modern science in respect to the manner in which diseases are propagated exalts this into something like a sacred duty.

The hand-washing being accomplished with commendable thoroughness, the guests, carrying the napkins with them, surrounded the table, which was circular in form, the upper part of it brazen, surrounded by a slightly elevated rim. Each person was furnished with a spoon, but with neither knife, fork, nor plate. Each one was furnished with a good substantial piece of excellent bread. Then the courses commenced. The first, of course, consisted of soup. This was served in a large bowl placed in the centre of the table, and each helped himself with his spoon. But this was the only dish that was disposed of in this way; and it was, I presume, only in deference to a sort of imperious necessity, that the intervention of the spoon between the hand and the article of diet has come to be allowed. Indeed, it is doubtful whether soup, especially soup to be taken alone, is not a modern innovation in the East. Anything that cannot be eaten with the fingers seems to be out of place on an oriental table.

The soup, it must be said, on this occasion was excellent, as were, indeed, all the dishes which followed. The next course was mutton, excellent in quality and well cooked, and in rather too big pieces to be easily managed by the unassisted finger by one who had not been initiated into this mode of eating. However, our excellent host, with great courtesy, led the way, and showed us how the necessary separations were to be effected by tearing the larger pieces asunder. With genuine kindliness and hospitality, he searched out the most savory morsels, and with his own fingers passed them to his guests. The writer felt himself particularly flattered in being one of the first at the table to be honored with this kind of attention. At the same time that the first course of meat was brought on, several dishes containing an excellent salad, pungent, but savory, were put upon the table—one for every three or four guests; but as this salad was minced very fine, and rendered liquid, with what, for anything that I know to the contrary, was oil and vinegar, we were under the necessity of using pieces of bread to assist our fingers in its manipulation.

An excellent vegetable course consisted of a preparation of rice and cabbage cooked together. The cabbage was stuffed with the rice in some unique way, designed, no doubt, to assist the fingers in passing it to the

mouth. Another vegetable course interjected between the different preparations of mutton which came to the table, consisted of beans, in a common dish, of course, which was placed in the middle of the table, the only thing of which there was more than one dish being the salad. Here, one earnestly coveted a fork; but with the assistance of a bit of bread, and a rather dexterous use of the digits, we managed even the beans. Another dish, which I can hardly trust myself to describe, consisted of some sort of sausages, and while they were savory and toothsome, they seemed to be specially fitted for the fingers. Unfortunately my memory for dishes is not good. I can seldom remember from one meal-time to another what I have eaten. I am afraid, therefore, that I shall pass by some of the chief delicacies of this unique occasion without giving them the attention which they deserve, and which I would be certainly disposed to give them if my memory would but serve me,

There is one thing which deserves honorable mention, and that could not, without a grave dereliction of duty, be passed over in silence. After sundry other courses of less importance, we had served up a roast turkey. It was a specially fine bird, and was well cooked, as it deserved to be. But it was brought upon the table without the mark of a knife upon it. The reader will readily imagine our consternation when we were invited each to help himself. But our courteous and attentive host, perceiving our embarrassment, came again promptly to our rescue. Taking hold of one side of the breast with thumb and finger, he stripped the skin off from it, and then repeated the operation on the other side. Then, ground being broken to this extent, he proceeded to pull down and loosen, with the same natural implements, a portion of the flesh. And at this point, partially relieved from our embarrassment, having seen how the egg could be made to stand upon its end, we all began to try the experiment ourselves. The result was, that though it could not be said truthfully that the turkey was torn limb from limb, the flesh was literally picked from its bones.

The dessert was in keeping with the courses which preceded it. It comprised two or three different preparations of rice, each preparation made with skill, aud some excellent fruit. Enough, however, has been written to show that among the Arabs, at least, hospitality has not become one of the lost arts. Of course, our prejudices led us to suppose that if this excellent dinner had been served in Western fashion, it would have been a great improvement.

However, we are moderns; these people are ancients. We are of mushroom growth, the product of a night; they are deeply rooted in the past. We have aspirations, but little or no memories; perhaps they lack in the matter of aspiration, but they dwell reverently and lovingly on the memories of the past. Our obliging host told us, with a touch of melancholy, that some of his people were adopting the table manners and customs of the English; but, he added: "I continue to tread in the footsteps of my fathers." This was, perbaps, carrying conservatism too far, but there is something in it that one cannot but respect.

At the conclusion of the meal, the servant, with his ewer and basin, reappeared, and knelt down before each guest, while he washed his hands and mouth. And the thoroughness with which this was done by our Arab friends was admirable. They not only washed our mouths outwardly, but inwardly, bestowing time and care upon the operation. This may account in part for the excellence of the teeth of the Arabians. Now and again you find an Arab whose teeth have been broken, or knocked out by accident; but the most of them have

admirable teeth. Besides, with the poorer sort of Arabs, their teeth are not worn out with eating. They live on little. Many a one of them, I am told, lives a whole day on half a piastre, or two and a half cents a day. A poor fellow, who earns twelve cents a day, has often to support himself and family on it. A piece of bread, a piece of sugar-cane a little grass or clover, that he shares with the donkey, constitute his frugal meal. But I am writing of the well-to-do Arab. He takes care of his mouth and his teeth. As regularly as he eats, the mouth is thoroughly washed, the teeth rubbed and cleansed, and the result is good teeth, and, I fancy, good digestion down to old age. According to our ideas, this would be better attended to in the privacy of our own chamber. This, however, is a question of taste. There are people who think that eating itself is not so interesting a process to look at that it should be done in the presence of others. On a question of this kind, surely one may be excused for not expressing too decided an opinion.

There will, no doubt, be difference of opinion about this Arab dinner. To me, I must confess, it was a matter of very considerable interest. I shall not, and I am sure the party of which I had the honor to be a humble member will not, soon forget the debt of gratitude we owe to our kind Arab host for his genuine Oriental hospitality. It will be cherished among the most pleasing recollections of a visit to the land of the Pharaohs, full of nothing but pleasant recollections.

CAIRO, EGYPT, Feb. 6th, 1895.

SACRAMENT WEEK IN THE LAKE MEGANTIC REGION.

BY MARGARET ROSS.

AMONG the Lewismen who have colonized the Lake Megantic region of the Eastern Townships, the old Highland custom of administering communion but once a year still prevails. The services in connection with this rite extend over a period of five days, commencing on Thursday and ending the Monday following, and are conducted chiefly in the Gaelic language. Sacrament week is generally appointed for some time in July or August, and is made the occasion for a great deal of visiting. As each township holds its annual sacrament—it is never called communion—the inhabitants are prepared for an influx of visitors from the neighboring townships, and it is not at all an uncommon occurrence for the old people to walk from twenty to thirty miles on these occasions, which are considered times of great refreshing.

These people are nearly all connected with each other. They are very clannish, and possess little variety in the way of names. John MacLeod (Red John) may not be a blood relation of John MacLeod (Crooked Finger), but his wife's cousin, Donald McDonald (Devil), is married to Peggy "*Nighean Domhnull*" (Donald's daughter), daughter of Donald McDonald (Murdoch's son), whose cousin, Kate Christy, is married to John MacLeod (Crooked Finger). This connection renders it imperative that you speak most respectfully of John MacLeod (Red John) to John MacLeod (Crooked Finger).

During the week preceding Sacrament Sunday a great deal of shopping is done, and the village store is rendered as tempting as possible. Scotch people, however, are not easily persuaded to part with their coppers. Clay pipes are given away when asked for, but the old Scotchman is too proud to be an object of charity, without making some kind of protest. He walks into the store, rubs his chin reflectively, and says: "*Am bheil canach buidhe agad?*" (Have you got cotton?") The storekeeper jerks the cotton off the shelf and spreads it out. The old man pulls a corner of it in every direction, ravels a thread, and looks at it dubiously, and then puts his hands in his pockets and walks to the other side of the store, where groceries are kept. Here he asks, in dignified English, for some "Jampan tea;" tastes it, smells it, shakes his head, and turns towards the door. He does not go out, however, but comes back and says, as an afterthought, "She'll dake a bibe." He gets his pipe, and retains his self-respect.

Two or more ministers from other Gaelic congregations are invited to assist the minister of the township in which sacrament is held. Occasionally a leading light from some other church is invited to officiate, but, as a rule, the sermon of the city divine is much too short, and he starts his services punctually—two faults a Lewisman cannot pass over.

The week-day services are well attended, but chiefly by the older people and by intending communicants. Thursday is known as Fast Day (*Latha trasg*), though the services, as well as those of Saturday and Monday, are of the ordinary character. Next to Sunday, Friday or Question Day (*Latha na ceist*), is the most important of the series. There is no preaching, but after the usual preliminary services some communicant gives out a verse of Scripture bearing

on Christian experience, and on which he wants light. He asks for marks of the truth of that verse in the experience of Christians present. The presiding minister "opens the question," after which he calls on those believed to be eminent Christians—usually elders from that and other congregations—to give their opinions. A good deal of delay is here occasioned by the difficulty of persuading these good souls to get on their feet. They have usually plenty to say, and take a long time to say it; indeed, have confidently expected to be called on, and would feel much chagrin if not asked to "speak to the question." Two motives influence the man in his reluctance to rise. It is a mark of humility to asseverate that he is unworthy, that he is incompetent, that others can speak more to edification than he. Then, again, he knows that he will be listened to by the ministers and many laymen supposed to be deep theologians, and that for any slip he may make he will surely be called to account. However, after many shakes of the head, and much apparent unwillingness, he finally expounds his views, and not infrequently speaks with a loftiness of language and vigor of thought, characteristic of those who have made the Bible a life study. From five to eight are usually asked to "speak to the question," which is closed by a second minister, who criticizes the opinions given, speaking in approval of the points he considers good; but woe to the unfortunate elder whose theology, as the minister understands it, is not sound.

On Sunday every person who is able to walk, or to sit up to be driven, goes to church. At ten o'clock the worshippers commence to congregate in the churchyard. They come from settlements four, five, and six miles away from their church, which is built in the village of their township. All along the sides of the roads leading into the village old women are sitting, putting on the shoes and stockings they have carried that far under their shawls. Each wears a white cap, tied under the chin, and whose only ornament is a broad, black band just back of the frill that frames her ruddy old face. It is a rare occurrence to see one of the old men walking with his *cailleach* (old woman) to prayers; he prefers to walk about six feet in front of her and talk back. It is a still rarer occurrence to see any of the old people in a conveyance. They have been accustomed to walk all their lives; habit is too strong for them, and they cannot be persuaded to enter a buggy.

As they reach their destination, a prolonged hand-shaking takes place. The hand-shake of a Lewisman is a sort of manual gymnastic, and takes about three minutes to accomplish. He grasps your hand and shakes it vigorously, while he says: "*Cia mar tha thu fein*" ("How do you do?") If you have been initiated into the delights of the language of Heaven you answer: "*Tha gu slan*," ("Very well;") and at each successive inquiry your hand is grasped lower down, well shaken, the clasp relaxed to be tightened still lower down, and so on, till your finger tips are reached, when you are left to wonder how many joints have been dislocated by the process.

After the preliminary greetings they gather in little groups round the churchyard and village, some seating themselves on the logs of the church wood-pile, others on the platform of the village hay scales, and soon the air is filled with an ever increasing cackle of Gælic. By half-past ten, buggies containing the middle-aged married people and a large contingent of young men and maidens are driven to the church, the occupants assisted out, and the horses fastened to fences in the vicinity of the church.

At eleven o'clock the visiting ministers emerge from the manse and go to their respective pulpits. The English sermon is to be preached in the church, which is already crowded to

suffocation. The Gælic sermon is to be delivered from a platform erected for the occasion in an adjoining grove, where seats for the worshippers have been improvised from rough boards. There is no church in that part of the province which will accommodate a Gælic congregation on Sacrament Sunday. The seats have long been filled by old women, and this part of the grove is a sea of white caps. Crowds pour in, content to sit on the ground if only within hearing distance from the minister's platform.

At the church many are seated under the open windows to listen to the sermon they cannot get inside to hear; and many of those inside the church cannot understand a word of English. They have chosen the English service to-day, because the one selected to preach is their old minister, who, twenty years ago preached to them, scolded them, bullied them, loved them dearly, and finally left them, to take a charge in Ontario, where he could better educate his growing family. He comes to them every year at sacrament time, carrying back with him a trunk full of woollen socks. He walks briskly up the aisle with the erect bearing of a young man, notwithstanding his seventy-two summers; mounts the pulpit steps, opens the Bible, and with a nod of approval at the large congregation, says: "We will sing to the praise and the glory of God a portion of the 90th Psalm." He reads the first four stanzas—that number being the limit, no matter how abrupt the ending—and looks down into the precentor's box, where sits a diminutive Scotchman. He does not seem satisfied with trusting the key-note to the little singer, for he mutters something in Gælic, intelligible only to the precentor, and nods significantly at a young man sitting in the front pew. The young man looks cross; but old memories are strong—he knows that if he does not start the singing he will be ordered from the pulpit to do so. He jerks himself up, hums a note or two, and starts, in a clear tenor voice, the old air "Martyrdom." He sings the first line alone, for the young people of the congregation are rising and finding the place, while the old people are settling themselves more stubbornly in their seats—not even for their old pastor will they countenance the new-fangled notion of standing to sing.

"And as a tale that has been told,
So we our years do spend."

As they sing these grand lines, the walls of the old church seem fairly bursting with the volume of sound. And how they enjoy that singing! The choirmaster of a city church would stand appalled, but they sing literally "to the praise and glory of God." The old minister rises, nods approval of the singing, and reads the 53rd chapter of Isaiah. Then follows the long first prayer, during which all stand; no one has as yet dared any innovation on that custom. Then follows a New Testament chapter, another psalm, and the text is given out.

This is the old minister's opportunity. In his own pulpit he dare not preach longer than forty or fifty minutes; here he enjoys his old-time privilege, and preaches for one hour and thirty-five minutes. The sermon over, two elders go around with collection boxes fastened to the ends of long sticks. They poke these boxes into each seat, and every one puts in a copper. If any worshipper shows a disposition to ignore the box, it is shaken vigorously under his nose. Another long prayer follows the collection, after which the 2nd paraphrase is sung, and the congregation adjourns to the grove where the Gælic service is being conducted and where the sacrament is to be administered.

Here the preacher has reached that part of his sermon known as the exhortation. His eyes are closed, and he is chanting his sentences in peculiar minor cadences. The large body of his hearers—old men and women—are rocking themselves to and fro,

wiping their eyes, and shaking their heads. A person listening for the first time would think they were in the depths of woe, but this is always the ending of a Gælic sermon; any other would be most unsatisfactory. Although the preacher's eyes are closed, he is fully alive to the fine effect of his exhortation, and would, no doubt, prolong it, but for the arrival of the English congregation. He resumes his natural speaking voice as he gives out another paraphrase and requests the communicants to take their places at the communion tables. The precentor rises, chants in Gælic each line, and the congregation, except those moving to the tables, remain seated as they sing. One can hardly believe that it is the old air, "Hebron," they are singing, so many quaint turns are introduced. Few, except the old people, sing—this is their service, and they have it all their own way. They start each line half a note below the first note and slide up, and each succeeding note is reached by a turn or chromatic. They all seem to know just where the variations come in, and there is no discord.

The communicants are, by the time the singing is over, seated at the tables, of which there are two, each about fifty feet long, and covered with spotless linen. The elders take up the tokens, and the minister proceeds to "fence the tables;" after which the elements are served. This part of the service has to be repeated three or four times, as the number of communicants is very large. The communion service is all in Gælic, for the communicants, with five or six exceptions, are old people the greater number of whom do not understand English. All the worshippers remain till the end, and all are very reverent. One of the ministers addresses the communicants, then the benediction is pronounced, and what a torrent of Gælic breaks forth! The old favorite who preached the English sermon stands, hatless, among the congregation, shaking hands, and talking Gælic vehemently. Hundreds of eager eyes are watching for an opportunity to get in a word and a handshake, when, with an emphatic "You *must* come to dinner, sir," from the impatient young man who started the singing, the reluctant old minister is dragged into a small white cottage near the church.

It is a quarter to three o'clock; the people disperse to their homes in the surrounding settlements, and sacrament is an event of the past.

BURIED UNDER AN AVALANCHE.

(An Experience in British Columbia.)

BY JOHN C. WERNER.

In the spring of the year 1881 a great excitement prevailed in British Columbia and Washington Territory over the alleged discovery of rich deposits of gold in the mountains at the head of the Skeena and Stikeen rivers. A party of old prospectors had made the find during the previous year, and, although they tried to keep it quiet during the winter they spent in Victoria, the secret leaked out, and in the spring a rush was made to the new El Dorado. All sorts and conditions of men, Jews and Gentiles, miners and gamblers, shopkeepers and sailors, flocked thither, bent on making their fortune. A few miles up the Skeena river was soon founded a town, to which was given the imposing name of Shakespeare, and from thence a constant stream of fortune-hunters flowed towards the "diggins," which were situated fifty miles up the mountains. I was, at the time, second mate of a bark, which I left to join the heterogeneous crowd on board the steamer bound for Shakespeare. I had about three hundred dollars in cash with me, and soon procured a "fit out," and in a short time was on my way to the mountains.

How we toiled and struggled for a bare existence that summer, how disappointment followed upon disappointment, with seldom a gleam of encouragement, has nothing to do with this story. In the fall of the year, the crowd had greatly diminished; most of them returning broken and dispirited; while a few, very few though, were richer than when they arrived. I had, like others, staked out a claim, which I had worked with varying success for some time, when I became acquainted with a young fellow who had, for several years, followed up every rush, and who, if he had not made much money, had gained a great deal of experience, and together we were doing fairly well, when the exodus set in. The owners of some of the adjoining claims then proposed that we should club together and lay in a good stock of provisions and stay over the winter. As our new partners were men who had spent the best part of their lives in the mountains, and were seemingly "passing honest," I accepted their proposal, and, instead of returning to Victoria, as I had intended, I remained in the fastnesses of the Baldheaded mountains.

Lumber was plentiful, and before the snow had covered the ground we built a roomy and comfortable log house, and laid in a goodly supply of firewood. We could not do much gold-digging during the winter, and our time was spent in interchanging visits, playing poker for small stakes, and spinning yarns. Occasionally some one would sally out with his rifle and bring in a deer or a bear, and in this way our larder was kept well stocked. As all my partners and neighbors were old hunters and miners, and I was the only "tenderfoot" among them, I had at first to figure as a butt for their rather coarse witticisms, until one day, over some trouble about a poker game, I made a demonstration that rather surprised them, and from that time forward I had a considerable amount of respect shown to me.

We were now getting well on into February, 1882, and had had for nearly two months no communication with the outside world; the weather had

been terrible, even for this region; snow fell almost every day, and all the passes and trails were impassible. But, for the last two days the weather had changed, and it was now freezing hard, so that the crust of the snow was as solid as ice. Our life, after our isolation was complete, had been to me rather dull, and I was willing to engage in any adventure that promised to break the monotony. Hearing one of the old stagers declare his intention to start down to the town the next day, and if possible return with letters and papers for the boys, I volunteered to accompany him. The expostulations of my partners only strengthened my purpose, and I prepared for my journey in hot haste. But, during the night, a thaw set in, and in the morning the other man refused to proceed, as it was no longer safe, he said. After vainly attempting to make the old fellow alter his mind, I concluded to start alone, principally because I thought everybody would laugh at me if I hung back after all my eager preparations. As the road was nearly all down hill, I calculated that I would be able to accomplish the journey in a day, if no accident happened, for I had made a pair of snowshoes, on which I was a good performer. I received a great deal of advice about the course I should take, and was especially admonished not to make any noise going down the mountains, for the slightest concussion in the air might start the snow, and I would be buried by an avalanche before I had time to escape. No objections were made or any difficulties put in my way when they saw that I was in earnest; and when I left at seven o'clock in the morning they gave me three hearty cheers.

I carried a swag containing two blankets, a change of clothing, and two days' provisions, so that I was not burdened with a heavy load. I had also a short Winchester rifle, with the chamber full of cartridges. For the first two hours I glided along at a good pace, for the snow was still hard and it was all down hill. At 3.30 p.m., I had got as far as the river, but had still fifteen miles before me. The mountains on the bank of the river ended here abruptly in a high peak called the Devil's Toe. This peak was at least 150 feet in height, and very steep; and, in the narrow space intervening between it and the river, a log house had been built under the lee of a low precipice which nearly overhung the cabin, and which was separated from it by a space of 15 feet or a little more. It contained only one room, and had a fire-place at one end. The door was in the middle of the side fronting the river, with a small enclosed stoop or shed outside; the window, consisting of an aperture a foot square, and closed with a shutter, was opposite the door and towards the mountain. The house was substantially built of heavy logs, and boarded over on the outside. It had a ceiling, and a fixed ladder leading to the loft over it. I determined to stay here over night, for I had the worst part of the road before me, and I did not care about risking life and limbs in the darkness. I found nobody living in the cabin, but, as the door only closed with a wooden hasp, I made free to enter. The outside shed was full of fire-wood. I found a quantity of straw in one corner inside, several barrels and an iron bucket in another; and half a dozen pieces of bacon were hanging near the fire-place. I opened the shutter to let in some fresh air, for the room had a damp and unwholesome smell, and then made a fire. Taking the bucket and filling it with snow, I put it over the fire to melt, for it would be too difficult to procure any water from the river.

A fox now approached the door, and was watching my proceedings, and, without thinking on what I was doing, I raised my rifle and knocked him over. As I stepped forward to pick him up, I heard a dull, rumbling sound overhead, and, looking up, it

seemed to me that the whole mountain was toppling over and tumbling down on me, sweeping everything before it, snow, rocks and trees, in one immense mass. I had just time to throw myself inside the cabin and shut the door when the hut was overwhelmed and all was darkness. I expected to see the cabin collapse under the terrible weight that must have been on it, but it withstood the pressure. After the first shock all was still as death. I had thrown myself on the ground inside the door, and the stillness was so intense that I could hear my heart thumping.

It took some time before I could collect my scattered senses and examine my position. I had escaped with my life for the present—that was one thing to be thankful for,—but, if I had to endure a lingering death, the present respite was no boon. I had seen a rude lamp standing on a cask when I first entered the house, and this I lighted, but it gave only a faint light. A lot of snow had come down the chimney and extinguished the fire, and more of it had come in through the open window, which was now closed with a solid bank of snow. I went to the door, and tried to open it, but I could not move it, although I used my whole strength; but, as it opened outwards, no doubt an immense mass of snow, which defied my puny efforts, was pressing against it. I thrust my rifle up the chimney, but it struck against something hard a short distance up, and I supposed the chimney above the roof was broken off and part of it had fallen inwards.

The air was still pure; but how long would it remain so? Buried alive! The thought maddened me! I could not expect any relief for a month at least, and by that time it would, in all likelihood, be too late. Even if I had provisions enough to sustain me, the air would give out, and I would die a slow and lingering death. I searched round the room, but found no tool or anything with which I could dig myself out. The door I could not open, and the window presented a wall of snow. I overhauled the stores, and found one barrel containing some flour; another had some cornmeal in it; evidently there was enough food to last me a considerable time.

I lighted the fire again. At first it would not burn, though the smoke filled the room; but after a while it began to flicker up. The smoke disappeared gradually, and, to my great relief, I saw that it had an outlet somewhere up the chimney, and consequently I would not be deprived of fresh air. This put new life and hope into me.

I looked at my watch, and found it was 9 o'clock. I had some cold venison and some hard bread in my bag, and made a good supper, and immediately afterwards fell asleep. But I awoke shivering with cold, and the dead silence and the darkness were appalling. I tried to sleep again and imagine that my situation was only a horrid dream; but I could not do it; it was too real, and I had to get up and face it. I struck a match—I had only one block, and I had to be careful of them—and saw it was 7.40—in the morning, I supposed. I kindled a fire, and saw that it would burn if I did not put too much wood on at a time. Then I scraped some snow from the window and melted it, and took some flour and made a few dampers. I had a pouch full of tobacco; so I lighted my pipe and calmed my overwrought feelings. I was not in such a bad predicament after all. If the house held together—and I could not see why it should not, for it had stood the first shock—I had only to husband my resources until I was relieved, which I was sure to be, sooner or later. I was in a disagreeable position, true enough; but I was safe and sound; I was young and healthy, and could stand a lot of hardship.

I began to whistle, but somehow the whistling died out ignominiously, and I fell into the other extreme, and

was in a fair way to having a good cry. The worst of it was the continued darkness. I could not afford to keep the fire going all the time, but had it banked up with ashes during the day, and it went out almost every night. The oil had given out in a few days, and after that it was constant night. To mark the flight of time, I made a notch in a log for every twenty-four hours, and I was careful to keep my watch going. After the first ten days, I slept fourteen hours out of the twenty-four, and the rest of the time employed myself with my culinary affairs and in walking up and down the cabin singing and reciting to myself. Day after day passed, but whether it snowed or rained, whether or not the sun was shining, or whether or not it was blowing a gale, was entirely unknown to me. I knew the air was getting milder, and the snowbank outside the window was melting, and that was all.

Twenty-nine days had passed, and I had food for only about two days more; the firewood was finished also. I had made up all the flour and meal into damper before the firewood gave out, and this was now my only fare. The food and the confinement were beginning to tell upon me, and I was becoming feverish and listless. Many times I would start up suddenly in my sleep, imagining that somebody was calling me, and my disappointment was fearful when I awoke in the tomb-like silence. Another day passed, and I remained prostrate on my blankets, too sick to sit up; the snow melted of itself in the bucket now, and this was the only nourishment I took. Two more days of suffering elapsed, and I had given up all hope. I could not sleep now, and the most horrible fantasies hovered constantly before me; I could see figures dancing in the dark, grotesque, but dreadful to behold, beings all eyes and no legs, and others all legs and nothing else, and I shrank beneath the blankets. How I suffered during these days!

All at once, during one of my spells —night or day, I did not know which, for my watch had run down—I heard voices. Thinking they were the goblins, I had buried myself under the blankets, when suddenly the door was flung open, and the blessed sunlight streamed through the aperture. Several persons entered, and, seeing me, started back in astonishment. "Halloa! what have we here?" said one. I could not speak at first. They soon saw what a state I was in, and, holding me up, poured some whiskey into my mouth. This revived me, and I began to thank them in extravagant terms for my delivery. They looked at each other with some surprise.

"What have we delivered you from, pard?" asked the one who had first spoken. "What have you been doing, and how did you get here?"

"Goodness," I cried, "can't you see that I was buried here by an avalanche, and that but for your timely help in digging me out, I would have perished."

They looked at each other again, and finally broke out in a loud laugh.

"Some mistake here, I guess," said the former speaker, after their mirth was exhausted. "You may have had an avalanche here, but you have surely not been buried in it, and we did not dig you out, either. I passed by here a couple of weeks ago, and the place was as free of snow then as now, except at the back of the house; if I had supposed that anybody had been living here, I would have called in."

I looked at him incredulously. I thought he was making fun of me and my distress.

"Look here," said he, and, taking me by the arm, he led me outside the house.

No snow was to be seen, except on the more distant mountains, and the sun was shining brightly on the ground, which was already dressing for summer. The daylight hurt my eyes and made me dizzy, and I had to return to the cabin to get accustomed

to the light. The rough but kindly miners gave me food, and boiled some coffee, while I related to them my vicissitudes, at which they were highly amused.

The avalanche that I had seen in its rapid descent had shot over the cabin into the river, and only the loose snow had tumbled on the roof, and from there slid down into the space between the cabin and the rock, and filled it up. The branch of a tree had lodged outside the door, which it had jammed so hard that I could not open it in my hasty attempt to do so; if I had kept on trying, no doubt I would have loosened the obstacle and opened the door. Instead of thoroughly ascertaining my position, I had taken it for granted that I had been overwhelmed by the avalanche, and been buried under it; and thus had suffered incarceration for 35 days, the actual time I spent inside the hut, for nothing.

After I had recovered myself a little, I continued my way to Shakespeare. The story had got ahead of me, however, and wherever I went, I had to hear about "the tenderfoot and the avalanche" — exaggerated, of course, in the telling—and as I could not silence a multitude, I concluded that mining was not my forte, and so left in disgust for Puget Sound, where I shipped for Callao.

YOKOHAMA.

THE INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

BY P. F. CRONIN.

ALTHOUGH Grand Trunk trains have been running in Canada since 1853—forty years ago—this country was for long not given a place in international comparisons of railway mileage. It is but a short while to glance back over; but, if the general progress which Canada has made be measured according to the way our territory has been quickly provided with railways, it is a wonderful period, indeed. It holds almost the whole story of our industrial development, a development so marvellously rapid and successful that it has arrested the attention of all the world.

Our age is not yet so far advanced, nor is the invention of the steam engine so old, that we can have forgotten the fact that the first railway was the first great wonder of the nineteenth century, and, advanced as we are, it cannot be said that electricity has discounted the steam engine, more than that the increasing railway mileage of the globe has exceeded the most sanguine expectations of George Stephenson's day and generation, This girding of the earth with the iron road is still the undiminishing wonder of the century. The latest statistics published show that there were at the beginning of 1893, 406,416 miles of railway on the surface of our planet, or one mile of railway to every 3,516 inhabitants; and this increase of mileage is steadily gaining upon the increase of population. The United Kingdom, which gave the fourth largest contribution by countries to this mileage, claimed 20,018 miles, whilst Canada, coming into the competition somewhat late in the railway age, had 15,320 miles, or over thirty miles for every 10,000 population. The importance of this conspicuous position which Canada holds to-day, in summing up the railway development of the countries of the globe will be better appreciated when it is remembered that our railway building did not begin in earnest till a little before the Intercolonial Railway was opened for traffic. This, too, discloses various interesting points of view offering illustrations of the management of the line upon which the development of interprovincial trade primarily depended.

The building of the Intercolonial Railway was the foundation of Confederation. To that, in a word, is also due the presence of a system of state railways on the North American continent. In touching upon this subject, it is impossible to overlook the interesting points of comparison which were last year brought in review before the world, in regard to the matter of good and bad management of state railways in British colonies. In a year of great depression, it was not, perhaps, remarkable that the Australian colonies should find their financial difficulties vastly increased by their railway losses. But it was remarkable that a very considerable share of those losses should have been brought home to the bad management of the railways in government hands. Many strange instances of what passed for business ability in Australian railways have since been made public in the press, some instances being so utterly ridiculous as to expose the whole case in support of state railways to the most damaging style of attack. Fortunately this was prevented by the Canadian instance of wise and judicious economy in the management of the Intercolonial Railway, fully and frankly acknowledged, by friends and foes alike, to be to the credit of Mr.

Haggart, Minister of Railways and Canals. The gross earnings of the road for the year amounted to $3,065,-689; the expenditure was $3,045,317, making the excess of earnings over expenditure, $20,182. The expenditure, it is worthy of remark, was less than that of the previous year by $394,059. So much for the masterly object-lesson in good railway management which has been afforded to Australian state railways in this instructive contrast.

In general, the Intercolonial Railway has played a great part in the era of activity which dawned at Confederation The construction of the line had the whole policy of Confederation in view. It united the Maritime Provinces to *Canada*, as our fellow-Canadians down by the sea used to speak of Quebec and Ontario in those days. True, the allusion did not disappear with the opening of the road for traffic; it died upon our ears slowly.

When I attended the funeral of the late Sir John Thompson, at Halifax, the statement was solemnly made to me by a prominent member of the House of Commons, that the Nova Scotian fashion of alluding to the inhabitants of the Western Provinces of the Dominion as *Canadians*, really survived up to the day when the whole country mourned, in his native city, over the new-made grave of Canada's foremost son.

However, the railway, unquestionably, was the first real bond forged to perpetuate the union. In this aspect it is a national monument, and as such must ever have a strong historical claim upon posterity. In our day, when, "does-it-pay?" is the most significant question that language can frame, we are prone to speak of the pre-eminence of the Intercolonial from the business point of view only, and we praise it entirely as a good investment for the country, and as a direct route, unexcelled for comfort, and all that a perfect railway service means on a trip to some of the most desirable pleasure resorts in reach within the bounds of the continent.

In his very readable book "Railways and Other Ways," published recently by Williamson & Co., Toronto, Mr. Myles Pennington, now the oldest railway official in Canada, includes an extremely interesting historical chapter on the Intercolonial. He mentions the fact that the railway was constructed under the commissionership of Mr. C. J. Brydges, then General Manager of the Grand Trunk Railway, and also, that from the time it was first opened for traffic as a through line its connection was necessarily with the Grand Trunk at Riviere du Loup, and its business, therefore, closely identified with the latter road. Mr. Pennington adds that at first the Intercolonial "had its western terminus at Riviere du Loup; but it was found to be in the interest both of the Intercolonial and Grand Trunk that the former should extend to Levis, opposite Quebec, and to attain that end the Grand Trunk disposed of the section of their line from Levis to Riviere du Loup to the Government of Canada."

According to the latest report of the Minister of Railways and Canals, the mileage of both divisions of the Intercolonial Railway, or, in other words, all the Government railway now operated in Canada, is 1,397 miles. The operations of this great system are not merely of an inter-provincial character, as some writers have suggested; but, indicating the trade policy of the Government at Ottawa, the railway touches six Atlantic ocean ports, and is the support of the regularly increasing passenger trade and commerce of Canada with the Mother Country and the West Indies. The Atlantic ocean ports are:—Point du Chéne, Pictou, Halifax, St. John, Sydney and North Sydney. What the accumulated traffic of the Government railways amounts to can better be given in figures—it is the most comprehensive way of dealing with such matters.

During the last year under official review, the number of passengers carried was 1,292,878. There was an increase in the through passenger business, from the previous year, of 4,968, although the total number of passengers had fallen off by 4,854. The operations of the year in freight traffic do not present similar features, for, whilst there was an increase in local freight, the through freight indicated a decrease. The total amounted to 1,338,000 tons, or an increase in the traffic of the year of 123,505 tons, notwithstanding that the decrease in the through traffic was 156,340 tons. That the railway must be an important factor in the future expansion of passenger and freight business, both with Britain and the West Indies, does not need saying here. It is quite impossible to overlook the signs of the times given at the meeting of the Intercolonial Conference at Ottawa last summer, the report thereupon of Lord Jersey to the Imperial Government, the urgent recommendations made regarding the construction of fast steamships for a new mail line on the Atlantic, and the strikingly favorable reception of the report of the Imperial representative by the British press and public. These are lines of national advancement which no one now doubts we are soon to enter upon, and as for the practical part which the Intercolonial Railway must then assume, it is very well worth while now to look at what the management of the road is doing at the present to keep it efficiently abreast of the grand design of the Imperial movement that has already brought the British people, living at the most remote ends of the earth, so much closer to each other, by reason of Canada's advantageous geographical position and her admitted possession of conspicuous railway enterprise.

A kindred building up of trade, although along lines quite distinct, may be looked for between Canada and the West Indies. There is already abundant evidence of this in official reports laid before Parliament, the most interesting of them being the report of the Department of Trade and Commerce for the three months of 1894, ending September 30th. In this return there are included the reports of Mr. G. Eustace Burke, the Canadian Commercial Agent at Kingston, Jamaica; Mr. H. Ogilvie Bennett, Commercial Agent at Antigua; Mr. S. L. Horsford, Commercial Agent at St. Kitts; Mr. Darnley C. DaCosta, Commercial Agent at Bridgetown, Barbadoes; Mr. Edgar Tripp, Commercial Agent at Trinidad, and Mr. Edwin McLeod, Commercial Agent at Demerara. The United States Consul, in his report to his Government, affirms the reports of these Canadian agents, when he, in dealing with the trade between Canada and Jamaica, says: "Canada's efforts to build up a trade with Jamaica are evidently not to be fruitless. The island's imports from Canada increased 12 per cent. in 1891, and 26 per cent. in 1892. Canada controls the fish trade, and is a close competitor with the United States in the supply of wagons and carriages. She sends something of almost everything to the Jamaicans."

The Kingston (Jamaica) *Standard*, speaking of the Canada-Jamaica trade, says:—

"We believe that our trade with Canada is capable of considerable expansion, and we are glad to know that great improvement has taken place since regular communication was established by Pickford & Black's West India Steamship Line between Halifax, Bermuda, Turk's Island and Jamaica. Regular communication with Halifax has led, not only to a considerable increase in the export of the island produce, but has also had the effect of supplying the community with fish and other food stuffs of a better quality, and in better condition, while the regularity of the importation has tended to keep down the prices, to the material benefit of the consumers."

Expressions like these might be multiplied almost without end. But there is another feature of steamship communication with the West Indies which may be more interesting to readers of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

The observation may be made here that Messrs. Pickford and Black's steamships are under mail contracts with the Government of Canada and the West India Islands. They call at Bermuda, Turk's Island, Jamaica, St. Thomas, St. Croix, St. Kitts, Antigua, Dominica, Martinique, St. Lucia, Barbadoes, Trinidad, Demerara, and Cuba. Here, then, are suggestions of the most delightful winter climate in the world. In the semi-tropical Bermudas the winter scenery is charmingly picturesque, and the winter amusements are hardly less attractive, either for robust or invalid visitors. The direct cable to Halifax keeps the Canadian tourist in quick communication with home and friends.

HOTEL FRONTENAC, QUEBEC.

Then there is the tropical luxury of St. Kitts; the natural loveliness, and comfortable civilization of Jamaica, the delightful surroundings of Santa Cruz; the English air of Antigua; the moun-

tain views around Dominica, and incomparably salubrious Barbadoes. There have been writers many who have given us flowery descriptions of life in the West Indies—and "Kit," the clever lady representative of *The Daily Mail and Empire*, has been distinguishing herself among the number of such writers; but, after all, these descriptions are only artificial when compared with that of Moore, in the following lines, written to "Nea," beside this or that "flowery bank :"

'Twas noon, and every orange bud
Hung languid o'er the crystal flood,
Faint as the lids of maiden eyes
Beneath a lover's burning sighs !
Oh ! for a naiad's sparry bower
To shade me in that glowing hour.

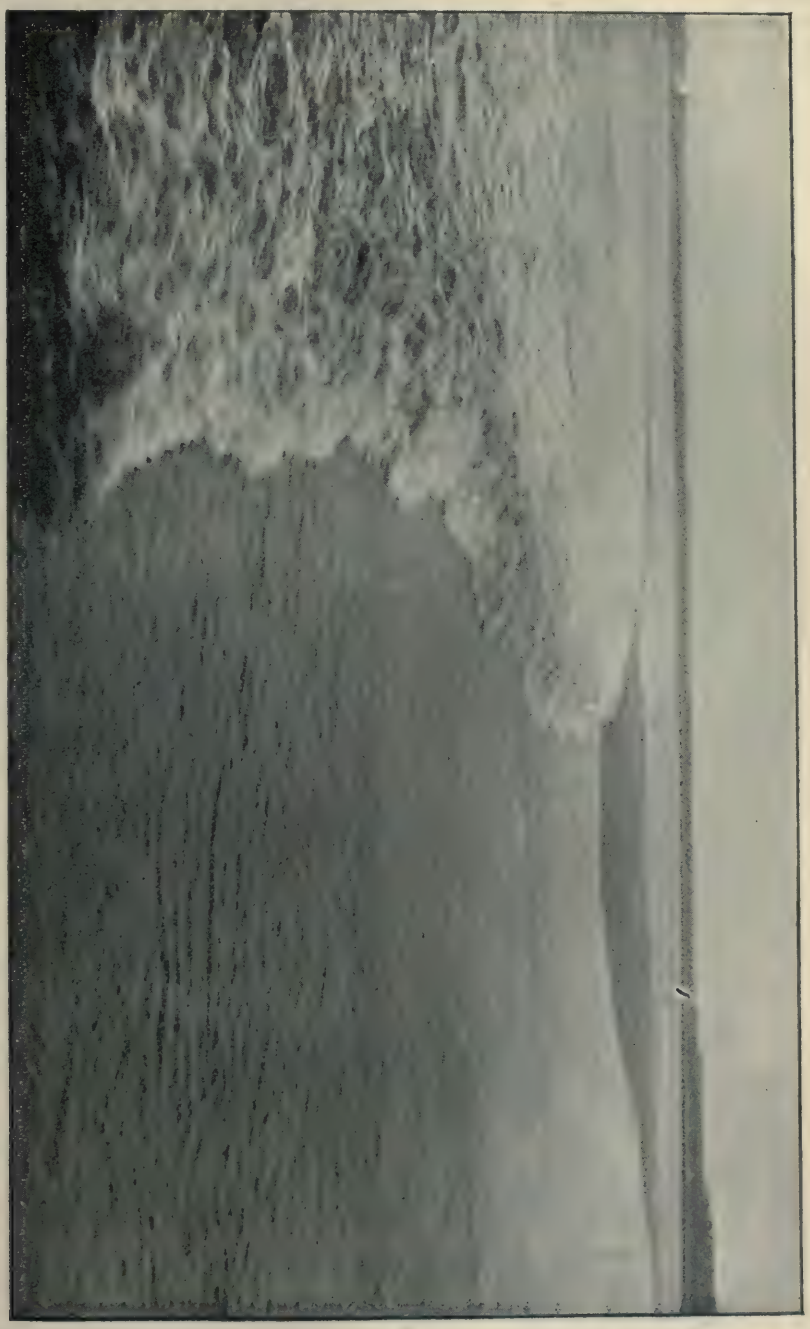
The connections at Halifax of the Intercolonial are made with the mail steamers of the Canadian lines for England. And with Canadian and English people the ocean passage to and from Halifax has always been held in high favor, and certain it is that when the new fast steamers are put upon this route, the advantages of the short passage may well defy all other competition. Connections are also made at Halifax with steamers for Portland. Boston, and other United States ports. Rail connections are, of course, made with the Dominion Atlantic Railway, which runs through picturesque "Evangeline land," the richest district in America in poetic and historic associations. What a flood of old events recur on the sight of the beautiful Gaspereau Valley, Grand Pré, Horton Landing, and Cape Blomidon. Halifax itself is one of the most interesting of places. The Intercolonial gives communication with everywhere, but the visitor will not want to depart before he has taken in the view from the Citadel and bathed in Cow Bay. The environs of Halifax, thanks to the hold which the Imperial authorities have upon the city, are the admiration of all tourists, and they are not surprised it should be so, when they are told how the military authorities are always engaged dressing nature to more advantage. At Halifax the Intercolonial Railway and the Imperial authorities have made a new Cronstadt in America.

It is not too much to add here that the Intercolonial Railway has reached its present splendid efficiency, and its reputation for safety, speed and comfort under Government supervision. Mr. Haggart, the responsible Minister, not only takes the most active interest in the road, but Mr. Collingwood Schreiber, C.M.G., Deputy Minister of Railways and Canals, and Mr. David Pottinger, the General Manager of the Canadian Government Railways, fully deserve their reputation as officials, than whom none better qualified to bring the highest efficiency into the service in every department are to be found in any country. Nor would the mention of capable officials be adequate without including Mr. N. Weatherston, the Western Agent at Toronto.

Although in the arrangement of this article I have given precedence to the scenery and climate of the West Indies, and to the attractions of the seaside resorts accessible from Halifax, it is not through any lack of appreciation on my part of what the region along the line of the Intercolonial between Riviere du Loup and Campbellton offers both to the tourist and the sportsman. I have been fascinated by the magic restfulness, in spring time, of some valley scene which the dreams of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia, could not improve upon. The mountain peak yonder still wore its winter cap of whitest snow, while hillside and valley, gaily decked in the tenderest green of the season, resounded to the jocund harmony of the roving sylphs of nature, and the noise of falling and running waters, not long released from icy fetters, seemed to shout in another language of music the glory of being free. I have seen

the green, shadowy forests of New Brunswick, under the heat of the

des Chaleurs, and one's highest ideal was to let life slumber on from day to



THE BORE, HEIGHT 6 FT. 6 IN., AT MONCTON, N. B.

summer noonday, stretching leagues away by the blue waters of the Baie

day in utter forgetfulness of aught else than the companionship of the

feathered rovers of the glade and the

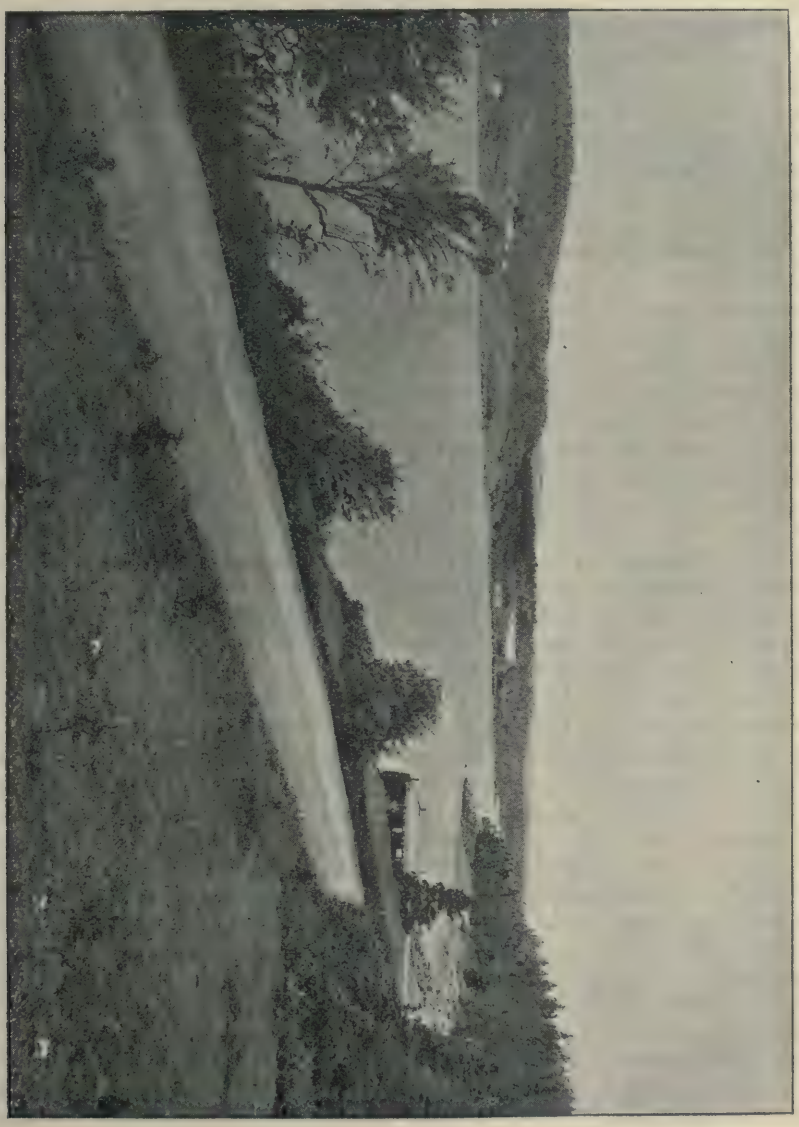
. . . fragrant turf and flowers, as wild and fair
As ever dressed a bank, or scented summer air.

But I have seen those soft valleys in a rarer and more fairylike transformation, when one of the not infrequent silver thaws, which occur in late December, had changed every clump of birches into a grotto hung with innumerable clusters of crystals; and the whole appearance of the forest might be described in the words of Cowper's "Winter's Morning Walk:"

Silently as a dream the fabric rose;
No sound of hammer or of saws was there;
Ice upon ice, the well adjusted parts
Were soon conjoined, nor other cement asked
Than water interfused to make them one.
Lamps gracefully disposed, and of all hues,
Illumined every side; a watery light
Gleamed through the clear transparency that seemed
Another moon new risen, or meteor fallen
From Heaven to Earth, of lambent flame serene.

But it is for the sportsman, with gun or rod, that this region means a veritable paradise. The tourist, whose objects are only sight-seeing and health-seeking, will find to gratify his wandering longings, at any time of the year, but specially in the golden summer, along the line of the Intercolonial Railway, sights and sensations without stint. As he will invariably affect the seaside as the objective point of his migrations, he will doubtless begin the tour at quaint and ancient Quebec. There are, we are told, only four beautiful cities in the whole of the British Empire. Another estimate, which has reduced the number to two, mentions only Edinburgh and Quebec, and this gives patriotic Englishmen and Irishmen the opportunity to divide the rest of the glory among themselves, share and share alike, for the Irishman will be grievously "put upon" should Dublin be omitted from the list of four. And Scotsmen and Canadians may still continue to dispute the rival claims of Edinburgh and Quebec to pre-eminence; but in whatever respects the comparison may be judged to favor "Auld Reekie," it can hardly be denied that its advantages are attached more to its title of the "Modern Athens" than to any historic glories it can boast over the brave old capital of French Canada, with its crowding associations of centuries when France and England struggled for supremacy in the New World. Those associations are more vivid and real in Quebec than any echoes of Scottish story which the visitor to Edinburgh hears in the breeze that sings round the walls of its picturesque castle. Then again, where, in all the world, can such a view be commanded as that afforded by Quebec from the opposite side of the broad St. Lawrence? Citadel, chateau, clustering pointed gables, and glistening roofs, present, reared aloft upon the noble cliffs, a picture such as can nowhere else be beheld. Blue skies overhead, and old Father Lawrence rolling his giant flood, in stretches as wide as the eye can take in towards the ocean; whilst all around is the civilization of the French Empire under Louis XIV. The sights of Quebec are too many and too attractive to be taken up and dismissed in a paragraph of a short article of this kind. Visitors have to see for themselves the historic treasures of the Basilica, the old 17th century church of Notre Dame des Victories, and the famous old Convent of the Ursulines; they must walk over the historic ground where Wolfe fell, determined to do and die for King and duty. The inscription on his monument simply tells:—"Here died Wolfe victorious,"—and his victory was complete, for, although Quebec retains to this day the language, customs and religion of the plantations sent out by Louis, England's war was not upon these nor, so long as Qnebec remains one of the gems of the British Empire, will Englishmen wish that the old-time echoes should die upon this historic atmosphere.

For tourists seeking health-giving air, sea bathing, and the best of fishing, commend me again—as everyone who has remembrances of a charming holiday in that delightful region will wish commended—to the favorite resorts of the Lower St. Lawrence and Baie des Chaleurs.



NORTH-WEST ARM, HALIFAX.

The trip over the Intercolonial begins, at Levis, under the most comfortable circumstances. The newest and most elegant buffet, parlor, and sleeping cars to be found upon any line in America—the home as this continent is of luxurious travelling—are on hand. Attendants as polite as one will find on the railways of Germany and Austria are on the Intercolonial trains. The next passenger beside you may be an American, an Englishman, an Australian, or a Russian. In late years travel on the Intercolonial is praised

by visitors from all parts of the world. The country they are travelling through is not only beautiful in itself, but it possesses a perfect library of legendary lore, which the traveller from abroad will do well to dip into. Under such circumstances, travelling is a joy and luxury to mind and eye and brain and body. Every station on the way is a summer resort. Riviere du Loup—the connecting point with Murray Bay, Tadousac, and the incomparable Saguenay River, Cacouna, the Saratoga of Canada, as it has been named by Montreal society, Bic, Rimouski, where the ocean steamers receive and land their mails and passengers, Little Metis, Lake Metapediac—clear, placid, beautiful, like a mirror framed among the mountains, more lovely than any Alpine water which the poets sung of in days before the new world was known to them—the Restigouche River, forming part of the New Brunswick boundary, fair Dalhousie, at its mouth, on the glorious Baie des Chaleurs, and the coast scenery of Gaspé; these hold more surprises for tourists than any route by rail or steamer that may be taken elsewhere in the old world or in the new. I had the pleasure and good fortune to meet, on the occasion of my first visit to these resorts of the Lower St. Lawrence and Gulf, the chronicler of his Province, Mr. J. M. LeMoine, of Quebec. "What," said he, speaking of the St. Lawrence, "would Canada be without this main artery of commerce; embracing on both banks, from Quebec to Cape Gaspe, more than one thousand miles of seaboard, lined by innumerable settlements, thriving villages, rising towns, dotted in its whole length with numberless fertile and picturesque islands, each having its peculiar history, its wild legend of the forest or the sea; its thrilling incidents of naval warfare; possibly its harassing tale of shipwrecks and death!"

What "incense-breathing morns," what hazy noons, what lazy evenings, have been spent here? Nothing could improve them, if I might omit the racy conversation of a born story-teller.

As Le Moine puts it in his "Chronicles," one of the chief amusements at Gaspe Basin during the summer months is bobbing for mackerel just outside the Basin in the Bay. That, by the way, is exciting enough; so many of us wish to divide our thoughts with the mazy legendery and romance of the Cape that frowns upon our obtrusive listlessness; and if, by any possibility, monotony may find entrance upon such an idle existence, the mackerel fishing may at any hour be changed for sport on the streams which descend to the coast, and which abound with trout and salmon in the season.

Among all the summer resorts of the Lower St. Lawrence, to my mind incomparable beauty has been bestowed upon Bic. The heroine of Mr. Brooke's "Emily Montague," on viewing it in 1867, exclaimed: "I wish I were queen of Bic;" and many a gentle visitor, since, has given fervent expression to the more modest aspiration: "I wish I were queen of a summer cottage at Bic." The village sleeps on the low-lying shore, and is cut off from the country inland by a lofty, leafy mountain, which is at once a barricade and an environment of enchantingly diversified vegetation. The Bay of Bic is a sheltered haven whose waters are never disturbed by the storms that occasionally bring wrath upon the face of old St. Lawrence; the streams in the neighborhood are stocked with fish; birds of various kinds swarm in the mountain glades. Nature, here, is prodigal of every gift that may attract the sportsman, the idler, or the naturalist. It is, too, precisely the place for children, and for family security away from home.

Bic, by the way, is one of the old seignories, having been granted by Count de Frontenac to Charles Denis de Vitré, in 1675. In the early twen-

ties of this century, it belonged to Azariah Pritchard, and in the fifties it became the property of the present owner, W. D. Campbell, of Quebec. It was from the old seignory of Bic that the French watched for the arrival of Wolfe's fleet in the St. Lawrence, and it was near Bic that the fleet cast anchor upon the bed of the broad river. The perfect shelter which the harbor enjoys is afforded by a number of islands at the entrance. Some of them are historic spots. L'Islet au Massacre, witnessed, a couple of centuries back, one of the most horrible scenes mentioned in the annals of the Indian tribal wars.

All the country from Riviere du Loup, onward, is full of noble game; the moose still finds there, one of the very few homes the North-American continent to-day affords to this kingly race of the primeval forest. The game laws of the Province of Quebec now prohibit moose and caribou shooting from the 1st of February to the 1st of September, and deer shooting from the 1st of January to the 1st of October. The season is long enough to satisfy sportsmen, but not too long, for the game is plentiful in all the region between St. Alexandre and Campbellton, and is especially so in the Lake Temiscouata District, thirty-eight miles from Riviere du Loup, and accessible by rail. It is not pretended that legitimate hunting can ever interfere with the perpetuation of these grandly prolific game forests. Land and water game tribes are included in this statement, for the lakes and rivers teem with fish, and the more sportsmen who come in season, the better for the future of shooting and fishing. The wealth of these yields of nature has been proved by many distinguished persons. H.R.H. Prince Arthur, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Dunraven, Count Turenne, are names that occur to my recollection on the moment. No Governor-General of Canada has ever been known to seek for sport elsewhere in the Dominion. Mr. E. T. D. Chambers, of Quebec, in the excellent chapter on sport in Canada which he has written for M. Karl Baedeker, says the fishing on these tributary waters of the St. Lawrence is open to all, and it is at its best from the latter part of June to the end of July, though the trout continue till the end of September to run up the rivers for the purpose of spawning. All these lakes and streams are easily reached by means of the Intercolonial Railway, which forms the direct route to the fishing, hunting, and summer resorts of the Lower St. Lawrence and Baie des Chaleurs, as well as to those of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Both of these provinces abound in lakes and rivers, all of them stocked with large-sized trout. These lakes and rivers are free to all legitimate fishermen, and no eastern fisherman can lay claim to the rank of veteran, who has not cast a fly on the pools of the Restigouche, Nepisquit, Mirimichi, and Tobique.

Among the many fine descriptions by writers who have sought out the beautiful places of the Maritime Provinces, I cannot refrain from acknowledging the delight of reading the sketches of Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, and Mr. Frank Bolles, the latter's books, reprinted from his frequent contributions to the *Atlantic Monthly*. These writers are both Americans; but may their love for Canada never grow less.

Charles Dudley Warner's little book "Baddeck and That Sort of Thing," reminds me that, in speaking of tourist travel on the Intercolonial, the growing popularity of the Cape Breton division of the road, and the loveliness it whirls us on to, must not be forgotten. Connection is made with the Cape Breton division at Truro, where the line begins at once to follow the valley of the Salmon river, one of the most picturesque rivers in the three provinces. Pictou, New Glasgow and Antigonish, are stations *en route*, before the Gut of Canso, which divides

Cape Breton from the mainland, is reached. The most delightful summer climate is enjoyed in Cape Breton, and since many of the prosperous players and literary people of the United States have found out the fact, it is no longer likely to remain a secret from the fashionable crowds. Last year I was delighted, not having, like Mr. Kennan, or Mr. Dudley Warner, the fee simple of a cottage at Baddeck, to find that a fine new hotel had been erected at Sidney since my previous visit a few years ago. As for the sights, every one knows they are to be found in the beautiful Bras d'Or Lakes, and in the site of historic Louisburg. And these, be it said, are almost matchless sights. I hear preparations are being made for a grand naval review, in the coming summer, opposite Louisburg, to commemorate the final siege of the stout fortress. The American, British and French fleets are expected to participate in the demonstrations arranged to mark the unveiling of an historical monument, and I would imagine, that since the great fight was fought, no more inspiring spectacle than this which is proposed has been witnessed in American waters.

I HEARD HER SING.

I heard her sing! Ah yes, I heard her sing!
And through my glasses saw her tremble so
Her voice was shaken like the flutt'ring wing
Of some poor wounded bird. They did not know—
They who sat idly listening to her song—
Why she should disappoint their fashionable throng.

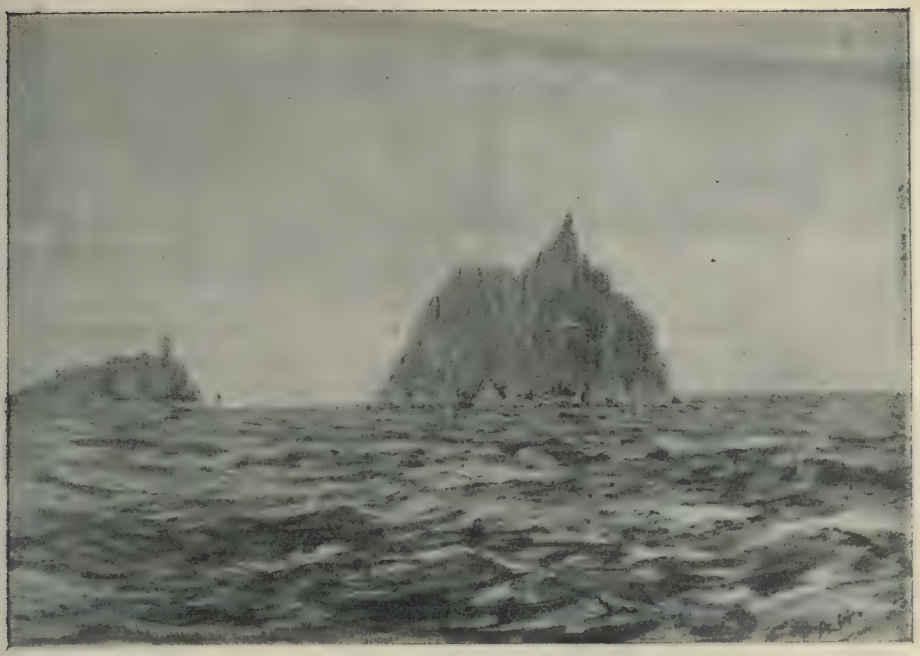
But I who watched her struggle like a soul
Borne down to darkness from a life of light:
Who saw her vainly strive to play the rôle
Of careless gaiety with laughter bright:
Who knew the weakness wasting her the while;
I cursed the fate that thus compelled her lips to smile.

What irony of life that she must sing,
And smile between the ripples of her song;
As if she found this world a pleasant thing,
And all her path with sunlight strewn along;
While only by the mastery of art,
She hid the tears that burned within her drooping heart.

I saw them in the boxes turn away,
As if her falt'ring notes had wearied them;
I saw them laugh and talk together—they
Who were not fit to touch her garments' hem—
The while she struggled bravely on until
The curtain fell, and all the darkened house was still.

How strangely ordered is this narrow round
Of life wherein we walk our little day,
That she, whose voice such melody of sound,
Could make for others, must her sweet gift lay
At feet of them, who, listening, care for nought
Save the amusement which their gold has idly bought.

STUART LIVINGSTON.



THE SKELLIGS—OFF VALENTIA, IRELAND.

LAYING A SUBMARINE CABLE.

BY FREDERIC ADAM HAMILTON.

"MOUNTAINS, however great to human eyes," it has been remarked, "are but wrinkles on the face of the earth." It may be added that the ocean is but a film.

Taking the earth's diameter as our standard, the relative proportions of the heights and depths are indeed such as to dwarf the Himalayas in our imagination and diminish the profundity of the great waters. Coming back, however, as we must do, to a practical consideration of the immensities by which we are surrounded, and measuring these by our liliputian stride, we see what a small creature man is on the face of the earth, and how microscopic are the dimensions of his grandest structures.

Among his greatest triumphs are, therefore, to be counted those which have set at naught the magnitudes of nature. Difficulties that were regarded as insurmountable are overcome, one by one lengthening the list of his conquests. The world grows smaller as man increases in mental stature.

The annexed diagram will convey an idea of the proportion which a large steamer bears to the depth of the ocean. A vessel 300 feet in length is but a midget on the surface of the water, and yet this midget drops her little hook, pays out a tiny thread, and raises a gossamer from the extremest depths.

Looking back thirty-eight years or more to the vanishing point of the field of his vision, the writer sees, in clear perspective, a picture of events unparalleled in the history of man's achievements.

In 1858 was solved the problem of connecting Europe and America. Like the caravels of four hundred years ago, the *Niagara* and the *Agamemnon* had

shown the way, and in 1866 the *Great Eastern's* first and second cables bound the two hemispheres together with ties which will never be severed.

Nothing short of telegraphic communication with the antipodes would now satisfy, and soon Tasmania gladly seized the line held out to her by her sister colony Victoria.

RELATIVE SIZE OF A VESSEL 300 FEET IN LENGTH TO THE DEPTH OF THE OCEAN.

In 1869, the *Great Eastern's* third triumph in the Atlantic, the longest cable of any yet laid, united France and the Great Republic.

In 1870, the novel sight of a telegraph station sixty miles from land was presented by a ship moored in the "chops of the Channel." The laying of the cable from the Cornish coast to the *Brisk*, formerly of Her Majesty's navy, was a memorable event in the writer's experience.

A new significance has recently been given to this by a Royal Commission having been appointed to inquire into and report on the best means of establishing communication with lightships. It is now a matter for congratulation that lighthouses on isolated rocks and lightships will soon be armed with the means of procuring assistance for the mariner.

During the seventies no less than 1640 tons of copper wire were laid in the North Atlantic alone, and a fleet of steamers received their cargoes from the busy factories on the Thames, and distributed them from shore to shore in nearly every quarter of the globe. Space will not admit of more than a glance at the events witnessed during that decade.

The waters of the Red Sea were divided by a cable stretching from Suez to Aden, and the gentle gradients of the Indian Ocean became the resting-place for the great ship's fourth cable.

The cable expeditions of 1873-4 are especially memorable in the annals of submarine telegraphy. In both these years the *Great Eastern* continued to

play her rôle in the various scenes enacted in the North Atlantic, and it was in 1874 that the steamer Faraday began the career of usefulness which she has continued ever since, and is following to this day.

Those who are familiar with the romantic scenery on the south-west coast of Ireland, between Dursey Head and the Blaskets, will recognize in the accompanying sketch the features of those remarkable rocks the "Skelligs": the Great Skellig with its needle's eye, through which the

PICKING UP A BUOY.

monks of old wended their way to the place of prayer near the summit of the rock, 700 feet above the water, and the Little Skellig with its flying buttresses, beneath which the whirling eddies of an ever breaking sea hiss like the surface of a boiling cauldron. The vicinity of these rocks has been the scene of many an interesting event in connection with cable laying.

In great cable expeditions, such as those of the North Atlantic, several ships are employed, vessels whose light draft will enable them to approach the land, carry the shore ends, while the main cable is consigned to the largest steamer of the fleet. Landing the shore end is an operation of easy accomplishment in some cases, and in others, one of no small difficulty. The ship being placed in the desired position, the cable is coiled on a raft and paid out, or it is floated on buoys and hauled to the land by means of a line rove through a block on shore and thence led to the picking-up gear on board the ship.

Having landed the end of the cable and secured it in the cable house, where the electricians have fitted up the various instruments required for testing and signaling, we leave them to their mysteries. One anchor is already "catted" and the chain on the other "hove short." By the time we are alongside, the paying-out drum, around which the cable is wound several times to prevent slipping, is beginning to revolve, the propellor is churning the water into eddying

froth, and, as the ship gathers way, the ensign is dipped in salutation to our well-wishers on shore.

The boatswain's chirpy pipe calls "high enough" as the boat swings in the davits, and the leadsman's plaintive song is echoed from the cliffs. Soon the headland is brought abeam, and the rolling swell of the western ocean is opened out. The cable comes snaking out of the tank, like a huge boa-constrictor, and wends it way over the various wheels provided for its guidance. From its coil of horizontal flakes in the tank, to the stern sheave, whence it dives into the sea, it is the object of the most respectful solicitude; careful hands hold it down on the coil until the proper time comes for releasing each portion of the flake, for should a foul occur, the angry python would play havoc in the tank and on those that work therein. As the cable is led from the coil up through the guides over the centre of the tank, any entanglement of one portion of the coil with another part is apt to result in a gigantic "snag" of inextricable confusion. Kinks, hitches and enormous "sheep shanks" are hove together as if by the hands of a furious Titan, and, before the ship's way can be stopped, the cable's egress from the tank is barred by the accumulated tangle

Immediately on the fouling of a flake, "full speed astern" is yelled from below, and re-echoed along the deck; but the minutes seem like hours as the tension on the cable grows greater and greater. The thud, thud, of the screw joins in the chorus of creaking and straining machinery and fittings. The monster below has writhed itself into a mass of twisted and distorted bends, which nothing short of a surgical operation can remove. Amid all this excitement the electricians watch the spot of light,* and when calm, if not quiet, is restored, they complacently report "insulation perfect," or "cable faulty." In either case, the saw has to do its work, for the damaged portion of the cable must be removed. The huge serpent is laid upon a block of wood while four stout arms ply the instrument, and a son of Neptune lubricates the saw. A sudden howl from one of the "sawyers" gives rise to an alarm on his account, which is changed to derisive mirth when it is discovered that the electricians, not being duly notified of the order to cut the cable, have left the current on, so that the holder of the bow end of the saw experiences an unexpected and startling sensation. Malisons not loud, but deep, are invoked on the innocent inmates of the "lightning shop" who have now taken off the current, but confidence is not restored until the absence of the sanguinary "thing" is solemnly assured.

Having removed the injured cable, the next operation consists in making the joint and splice between the "tank" end and "sea" end of the cable.

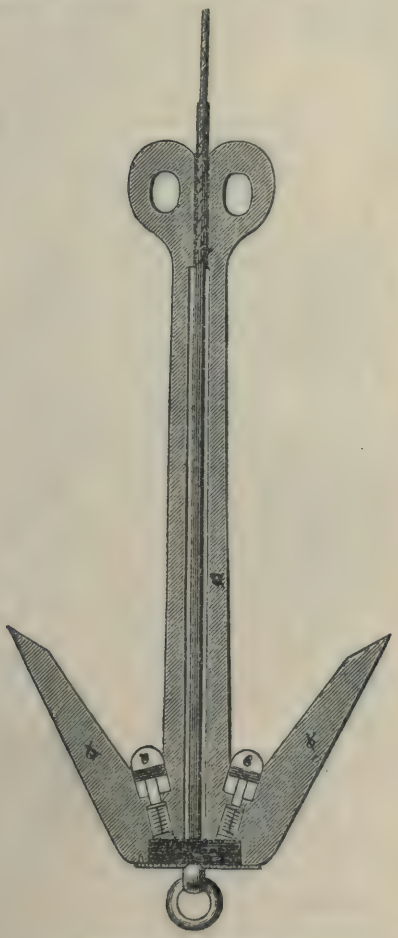
The conductor is scarfed, lapped, bound together and soldered, and, after being carefully smoothed and cleaned, is covered with the gutta percha insulator. The completed joint is then immersed in cold water to harden it, after which the electrical tests are recontinued, while the splice is being made. As the shore end cable has an inner and an outer armor, the work of splicing occupies a considerable time, and fully three hours elapse from the moment when the mishap in the tank occurs until paying out is renewed.

At length the counter, by means of which the revolutions of the paying-out drums are numbered, indicates that the shore end is nearly expended. Soon the intermediate cable goes trailing after its stout predecessor, and the speed of the vessel is increased. The line of cable, with the position of the

* A magnet with a mirror attached is suspended within a coil of insulated wire, through which the current passes. The deflecton of the magnet is observed by means of a ray of light thrown upon the mirror from a lamp placed behind a screen with a narrow slit in it. The raflection of the beam of light from the mirror on a divided scale enables the observer to read the amount of deflection. This instrument is called a galvanometer.

splice, is carefully plotted on the chart, and memoranda of the angles and bearings, with the depth of water at intervals along the track, are entered in the log book.

The prescribed length of the intermediate cable being laid, the end is buoyed. The ship with the main cable then picks up the buoy, takes the end on board, splices it to her cable, and steams away on her course, paying out at the rate of six to seven miles an hour.



SECTION OF GRAPNEL.

On June 15th, 1873, in latitude 52° 12′ 50″ N., longitude 12° 18′ 16″ W. the writer left the steamer *Robert Lowe*, from whose tanks 93 miles of cable had been laid, and after visiting the *Hibernia*, then "lying to" about a mile from her consorts, boarded the *Great Eastern*. The noble proportions of the great ship, as she rose and dipped on the long Atlantic swell, were emphasized by the contrast between her and the other vessels of the fleet.

The large steamers *Hibernia* and *Edinburgh* and the *Robert Lowe*, were like two gannets and a Mother Carey's chick near a huge albatross.

The bones of the *Great Eastern* are now distributed among the dealers in old iron, the *Hibernia* lies broken-backed on a reef off Maranhan, and the skeleton of the *Robert Lowe* is corroding in St. Mary's Bay, Newfoundland, where, alas! half her crew perished.

The end buoyed by the *Robert Lowe* was taken on board and the splice made. The cable ran merrily out from the leviathan's tank as she followed the great circle across the Atlantic. On the 26th the steamer *Gulnare* was sighted in Latitude 49° 26′ N., and Longitude 51° 30′ W., where she had taken up position to look out for the ship for which she had performed a like service four years before on the southern edge of the Grand Bank. The *Great Eastern's* task was finished early the next morning, when the cable was buoyed in Latitude 48° 56′ 30″ N., and Longitude 52° 8′ 10″, 1,693 miles of cable having been laid in twelve days.

The course thence, throughout the day, lay through a great white squadron of magnificent icebergs. That night, the loud report of guns, the splash of anchors, and the rattling of chain cables, announced to the expectant inhabitants of Hearts Content the arrival of an expedition that eclipsed all its predecessors, in their snug little harbor. On July 1st, the Newfoundland shore end was landed from the *Hibernia*, whose task it was to complete the new line. With the *Gulnare* in company, she stood down the bay towards the *Eastern's*

buoys, and, but for fog, would have finished her work the next day. At midnight on the 3rd, however, the final splice was made. During the momentary silence that preceded the order to slip the bight, the wash of the sea against an iceberg was the only sound that broke the stillness. An instant later three hearty cheers rang forth, as the cable settled down to its resting-place in the soft mud, 900 feet beneath us.

The account of the operations immediately following the laying of the 1873 cable, must here be passed over. Two cables were laid between Placentia, Newfoundland, and Sidney, Cape Breton, from the *Hibernia*, *Edinburgh* and *Kangaroo*. We then returned to the *Great Eastern* at Hearts Content. On July 31st the great wakes of her paddles and propellor streaked the bay, as we set forth on a quest which concluded the year's events we have been sketching.

The reminiscences of several weeks spent on one position in mid-ocean, on board the *Great Eastern*, during an attempt to repair the cable of 1865, would alone furnish material for an instructive and interesting story.

The year 1874 found the *Great Eastern* and the *Faraday* laying cables across the ocean, the former ship paying out from Newfoundland to Ireland, and the latter vessel stretching her line between the Green Isle and the rocky shores of Nova Scotia, continuing thence to the New Hampshire coast.

In 1879, the *Faraday* added 3,500 miles to the Transatlantic Cable systems, connecting France, the United States and Canada by cables touching at the Island of St. Pierre. Since then, seven more main cables have been added to the list, besides many miles of local cables on both sides of the Atlantic. The Bermudas, the Bahamas and the Azores are no longer isolated, nor have the Magdalen Islands and Anticosti, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, been left out in the cold. So much for the sub-marine cables of the North Atlantic, thus far. What shall be said of the great loops around the African coasts, and the stretch of line across the deep valley between that continent and Brazil, of the life lines along both sides of South America, and of the islands strung together between Florida and Venezuela?

Three hundred meridians of the globe are traversed by the electric wave. Who shall call a halt before the remaining sixty are covered? The completion of telegraphic communication around the globe has long been regarded as both necessary and practicable from a commercial point of view and from a political standpoint. The experience acquired in relation to the cables of the North and South Atlantic has been such as to justify the conclusion that the conditions in the Pacific are favorable, and that there need be no apprehension regarding the safety of cables in that ocean. The testimony of the highest authorities establishes the fact that the bottom of the sea is remarkably free from rock, and the general contour is soft and rounded, the gradients being by no means steep. These are the characteristics of the North and South Atlantic, the Mediterranean Sea and the Indian Ocean.

GRAPNEL ABOUT TO HOOK CABLE.

The floor in the deep Atlantic consists of *globegerina* ooze, on which the cables do not appear to deteriorate to any great extent; but even on the summits of the ranges dividing this ocean into two great valleys, where the outcrop of rock has proved antiferruginous, the iron wires have held out for many years in spite of the imperfections characterizing some of the early cables, and not altogether absent

from the more modern ones. It has been shown that a cable can be laid across the "roaring forties" without halt or hitch, and it now remains to prove that the operation of repairing in deep water is no longer the difficult and almost hopeless undertaking of years gone by. The electrician has come to the aid of the cable companies and provided them with the means of restoring their damaged property with comparative ease and certainty.

MARK BUOY READY FOR BEING SHIPPED.

The Automatic Grapnel, which, by means of electricity, indicates immediately the moment a cable is hooked, should here be mentioned. The principle of this grapnel will be readily understood on referring to the illustration given. An insulated disc or contact plate of soft metal placed in the crown of the grapnel is connected with the core of the rope. A push, caused to project by means of a spiral spring, is fitted between each prong and the shank of the grapnel. A needle point, at the inner extremity of the push, is driven in through the india-rubber insulator, in which the contact plate is embedded, whenever pressure is applied to the head of the push. When the pressure is removed, the minute hole, made by the needle point, closes and insulation is restored. It will thus be seen that the presence of the cable on the grapnel will be immediately indicated on board the ship when the circuit is completed by the metal disc and the point of the push being brought in contact. Whether the cable is strong enough to bear lifting or not, it is desirable to know the moment it is hooked. A great advantage is also gained by being sure that the ship has not dragged through the cable and is towing her grapnel away from it. Such mistakes have occurred time and again, when the dynamometer has failed to indicate the slight strain produced by an old and rotten cable.

The following account of a repair is selected as an instance of what has been effected in deep water. Other and similar cases could be cited, but one will suffice.

The Brest-St. Pierre cable of 1869 having failed, the repairing steamer called at St. Pierre to enable the writer to determine the length of cable to the break, which was found to be 1,442 miles from St. Pierre. At 8.30 a.m., August 3rd, we started for the position of the fracture, and at 2.55 p.m., on the 8th, placed a mark buoy near the line of cable, in latitude 47° 51′ 45″ N., and longitude 30° 40′ W., in 1,847 fathoms.

Another sounding, to the eastward, gave a depth of 1,623 fathoms, with rocky bottom; and a series of soundings to the eastward and westward of the mark buoy, disclosed a range sloping somewhat abruptly towards the east; but of easy gradient on the

A MARK BUOY, MOORED IN 1847 FATHOMS.

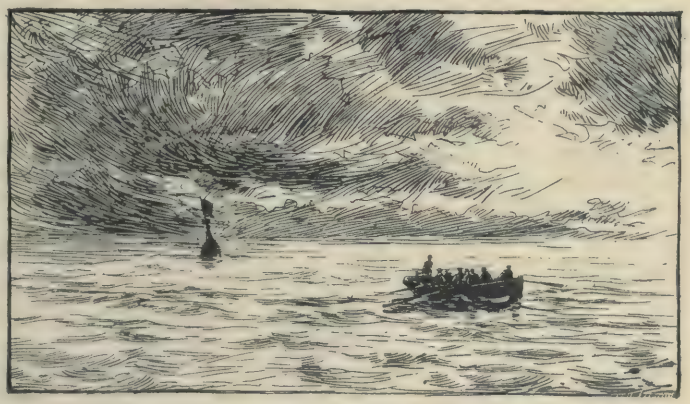
western side. On the 9th, a buoy was moored two miles to the westward of the first mark, in 1,967 fathoms, and another line of soundings was taken to the eastward. At 4.30 a.m., on the 12th, we began lowering the grapnel, and at 5.45 a.m., commenced the first tow with 2,250 fathoms of rope out. A slow drag was made to the westward of the fracture, and in a southerly direction At 12.52 p.m. the bell in circuit with the grapnel rang, and continued to ring for one minute. The indication then ceased until 1 h. 3′ 15″ p.m., when the pushes in the grapnel were once more depressed. The bell now rang steadily and continuously, and we began heaving in the grapnel rope. Thirty minutes later the dynamometer began to show a rising strain. The bight of the cable was buoyed 500 fathoms from the bottom. On the 13th, a cutting grapnel was towed across the line to the eastward of the buoyed bight, and that portion of the cable eastward to the fracture cut-off. The buoy was next taken on board, and the grapnel rope hove in until the cable was raised to the surface.

At 4.30 p.m. we spoke to St. Pierre, and then spliced the sea end to the cable on board. A new track to the northward of the old line was selected. While paying out, an unfortunate accident occurred; the cable was broken and lost, four and a-half miles having been paid out. A mark buoy was now placed on the position of the end.

On the 15th, another mark buoy was dropped in 1,563 fathoms, four miles to the north-eastward of our first buoy, and a series of soundings taken. On the 16th, an unsuccessful tow was made over rocky ground. Early on the 17th, we began trailing the grapnel in search of the cable on the eastern side of the fracture, and at 7.45 a.m., we were cheered by the ringing of the bell. The bight of the cable was raised 1,146 fathoms from the bottom, and 915 from the surface. Furious squalls of wind and rain, with vivid lightning and crashing thunder, followed by a dead calm, and succeeded by a stiffening breeze and rising sea, indicated that the centre of a storm had passed over us. The gale proved of short duration, for on the 19th we took up the work again, and

hove in on the grapnel rope buoyed on the 17th.

While the bight was being raised the strain suddenly fell, and by taking bearing of the mark buoy, it was seen that the cable had parted to the eastward. A length of nearly a mile was hove in on the western side of the place were the cable was hooked, and a mile and a-third on the other side. The greater portion of the one mile length was deteriorated, the iron wires being corroded and the hemp impregnated with rust. It is worthy of remark, that although the ground in this vicinity is rough, and the gradient steep — the soundings showing a mountainous formation — not the slightest sign of abrasion was visible on the cable. The depth at the position of the break is 1,600 fathoms, and a mile to the eastward the soundings show 2,000 fathoms. Fractures are often attributed to abrasion, but the real cause is more often due to quite a different action. The fact is that the iron wires corrode, usually on an outcrop of rock, as in this instance, and the natural result is the untwisting of the cable on either side of the weakened spot, and the consequent severing of the core.



CUTTER RETURNING AFTER PUTTING LIGHTS ON BUOY.

The recovery of the eastern side of the original fracture established its exact position, which was found to be 1,442 miles of cable from St. Pierre, and precisely coincided with the result of the tests. Another buoy now had to be placed to mark the position of the broken end on the eastern side of the scene of operations. The anchor of this buoy found bottom at 2,078 fathoms. A fresh south-east gale, and other disturbing influences, delayed the work until the 24th, when the grapnel once more followed the trail two and a-quarter statute miles beneath us. After a tow of three hours, a decisive ringing of the bell announced the caller we were expecting, and soon the picking-up machinery rang merrily as it gathered in the slack of the rope. The cable, however, parted when the bight had been raised 450 fathoms. Another careful tow of two hours' duration further along the line, in a depth of 1,976 fathoms, brought the grapnel against the cable, and once more our hopes ran high, as the bell responded to the signal from the depths below. On this occasion the cable was raised to within 70 fathoms of the surface when again it parted, a length of 390 fathoms being on one side of the grapnel and 950 on the other.

Sunday, August 25th, brought a similar experience. During this tow the strain on the grapnel rope having increased, we began picking up; but the indications ceased, and, as the grapnel bell remained silent, it was evident that the pull on the rope was due to stiff ground. Half an hour later the presence of the cable on the grapnel was again communicated through the rope, but no extra strain was shown on the dynamometer. Once more the cable was

raised nearly to the surface, but only a few broken wires remained on the grapnel. The day following we began the seventh tow, and, after a two hours' drag, our reliable searcher signalled "cable hooked." The bight was raised 175 fathoms from the bottom, and buoyed. A mark buoy was also placed near this position. A fresh south-westerly breeze and a lumpy sea held us in check the next day. At daylight on the 28th, the bight buoy was taken on board. Again the cable gave way, and again the grapnel had to be towed across the line, the ship, of course, being "fleeted" farther to the eastward. Three hours and a-half later the long drag was brought to an end by the cheerful sound of the bell. The electrician having satisfied himself that the indication on the instrument in circuit with the grapnel is due to the cable, announces the fact by ringing an electric bell placed near the bows. This simple act of pressing a key in the testing room imparts a thrill fore and aft. The silence that prevails during the wearisome monotony of waiting, hour after hour, for the wished for nibble at the hook—while the vessel creeps slowly astern towards the line of cable—is, as if by magic, suddenly broken. The engine-room gong sounds in rapid succession the signals "Stop," "Slow ahead," "Half speed," "Full speed," and the scene changes from quietude and listlessness to one of bustle and excitement. The thump of the propeller is heard and felt, and the snorting engine of the picking-up gear now begins its work, the rythmic clank and ring of the machine telling that the slack of the grapnel rope is being gathered in, as the ship is slowly brought into position over the cable.

The ant-like swarming of the crew peoples the deck with life; the watch below comes blinking into the sunshine, and cooks, stewards, and idlers —if there be any such—emerge from their respective nooks and corners. The dog evinces his delight, and the dozing cats, on the coils of rope, awake and yawn. And now, as the grapnel rope "grows" up and down, the alert navigator on the bridge takes bearings of the buoys, while the reel of pianoforte wire is being unwound by the sounding weight, as it speeds on its way to the land of the *foramenifera*.

RAISING THE CABLE.

Bustle and good humor once more prevail, as the watch begin coiling the rope abaft the drum. On this occasion, another disappointment threatened us. The outer layer of the grapnel rope parted on the drum, thus bringing all the strain on the inner strands which, fortunately, proved equal to the task. Four years of constant use had told upon this length of rope. Careful heaving raised the bight of the cable 279 fathoms, the strain indicated on the dynamometer stood at 80 cwt., 69 of which represented the weight of rope and grapnel, so that the strain on the latter amounted to 11 cwt. The bight was then buoyed, and a cutting grapnel towed across the line to the westward of the buoy.

Friday, Aug. 30th, was a lucky day. At 5.45 a.m. we began winding in the grapnel rope, watching with eager eyes the deflection of the indicator in the grapnel circuit, and noting from time to time the strain shown on the dynamometer. At 7.10 a.m., the strain, while the picking-up machine was stopped, stood at 75 cwt, the weight of rope and grapnel being 45.8 cwt. And now the strain on the grapnel rope, and on the nerves, went steadily up, until the tension on the latter, in spite of our long familiarity with this deep sea fishing, was akin to that which those of the "gentle craft," perhaps, alone experience.

The intervals between the puff-puff of the laboring engine of the picking-up gear are now longer, and, as the ship rises on a gentle swell, the undulations of which are watched with anxious glances, heaving-in is momentarily suspended. Slowly and cautiously, foot by foot, the knitted sinews of its strands, now hard as iron, the straining rope comes dripping in, over the bow sheave, over, under, and over the guides of the dynamometer, thence around the drum, each revolution of which means three more fathoms of rope hove in. Now, "100 fathoms" is called. A quarter of an hour later, only 50 fathoms more remain outside the sheave. At length a glimpse is caught of the grapnel, distorted by refraction, and soon the prongs, with their precious burden, emerge from the water.

Fifteen minutes later, the patient watchers at the cable-house on the French coast, more than twelve hundred miles away, promptly answer the ship's call. An hour later, and we begin paying out to the westward. In three hours more, the cable is buoyed in 1,720 fathoms, seven and a half miles having been laid. The western end, lost on the 13th, had now to be recovered.

Sept. 2nd found us with the grapnel once more, ferreting away on the bottom in 1,900 fathoms, and in a few hours we received a call. Three and a half hours heaving brought the cable to the bows, and soon afterwards St. Pierre was called, and a prompt reply received. The splice was made, and paying-out began, but no hope of finishing the repair that day could be entertained, as the wind freshened from the south-east. The cable was, therefore, buoyed after twenty miles had been paid out, and another period of waiting began. Three days later, September 3rd, we took the western cable buoy on board, and having made the splice, began filling in the gap of ten miles between us and the eastern cable buoy. That afternoon we joined together what rust had put asunder, and the traffic between Europe and America, on this cable, was resumed. And now comes the important operation of slipping the final splice.

Slip ropes are attached along the cable and secured to the "bitts," and the "strops" which held the cable while the splice was being made, are cast off.

The slip ropes are then carefully slacked away and "stopped" along the cable as it is guided towards the bow sheaves.

The careful boatswain, with hands high in air, keeps the precious loop from catching against obstructions. With eyes fixed on the two parts of the cable in front of him, he raises his feet over obstacles real and imaginary, and, as he strides, with legs wide apart to steady himself, his gait suggests an effort to walk through long grass in the early morning. At length the bight of the cable is passed over the sheave, and soon, at the word "cut," the slip ropes are severed and the final splice begins its ninety minutes journey to the bottom, ten thousand feet below. The mark buoys are next taken on board, their moorings hove in, with strange creatures in the mushroom shaped anchors, and, at last, we leave Mount Minia and the scene of our four weeks of deep-sea fishing.

LIKE A MOUNTAIN PATH.

A Virginia Dialect Story.

BY MAUD L. RADFORD.

"GAWGY all'ys makes me think of a young pine tree used to be in our front ya'd at home," Mr. Grey said, watching Georgia come swinging up the path towards the house. "She has the same wide reach-like."

"She 'minds me of a cat," said her mother. "All'ys turning round in some onexpected way, 'nough to make a body's head swim. Seems-like I never can count fur whar she'll be nex'."

Georgia came up, and stood beside her parents. She was half a head taller than they, and her mother thought that was why they secretly looked up to her and admired her. She was a handsome girl, with a complexion of a rich thistle-down creaminess, and light-colored, impassive eyes that could grow very dark and threatening.

"Mist' Hay mout be right smart of a walker in his own country, but he caint do these-here mountains," laughed Georgia in her clear, loud voice, which echoed back from the hills.

"Reckon not," snorted Mr. Grey.

"He sta'ted up with me while back, and I lef' him long 'hind," she went on lazily.

"Glad of it," Mrs. Grey said, approvingly. "Wish't you'd keep 'way from him all the time."

Georgia knotted her black brows.

"Seems like you ah onreasonable in this, Maw. Nicest chap here."

"Sich nonsinse!" began her father.

"Wal, I don't keer," said Georgia, obstinately. "Ez I hev said, 'en shall keep on a-sayin', he sort of 'tracts me."

"But you aint seen him but four weeks," Mrs. Grey said, querulously.

"That ain't nothin': don't take me long to git 'quainted," returned Georgia, cheerfully. "He knows such lots of things out'n books, Maw." And Georgia went into a reverie and tried to remember what he had compared her to just now. Luna, she thought he had said.

Her parents vexedly watched her smiling face.

"Good lan'!" cried Mrs. Grey, "I b'lieve my Maw'd hev took a stick to me if I hed acted sich-a-way when I was young."

Georgia smiled at the two little people.

"Glad she aint my Maw," she said, "Paw en Maw, I've tol' Mist' Hay I'll go home from chu'ch with him nex' Sunday evenin'."

"You jist caint do it, Gawgy," said her mother amazedly. "What about Jake? He has took you home ev'y Sunday for two years."

"Aint no reason why he should keep on a-doin it," Georgia retorted. "I ah gittin' tired of Jake." She did not add that Mr. Hay's opinion of Jake had materially influenced her own.

"I hev knowed Jake, boy en man, en I aint tired of him yit," Mr. Grey said, gravely.

"But he aint a cou'tin' you," laughed Georgia, saucily. "If he war, that mout make diff'ence." She moved slowly into the house.

"Mebbe Mist' Hay does know things out'n books," said Mrs. Grey, anxiously, "but the folks that hire him down to the store aint pleased with his ways. They say he aint got a head fur wuk of no kind."

"No good to tell Gawgy that," rejoined her husband. "Caint tell whar she gits her stubbornness from."

"Mist' Hay talks a heap to Maimie Roach when she comes into the store, but Gawgy says he don't keer fur her. He said so."

"I wish't Gawgy 'd come roun' to Jake. He don't know things out'n books. He caint read hardly, which is more'n I kin do anyhow, and Gawgy don't think she's better'n me."

"It mus' be becuz he ah new," Mrs. Grey said, comfortingly. "She'll git over it. I don't reckon she'll come home with Mist' Hay, Sunday. She ah on'y foolin'."

On Sunday afternoon or "evenin'," as these Virginians phrased it, when church was over, Mrs. Grey looked all around for Georgia, but the girl was nowhere in sight.

"Oh, Jake," she called to the sunburned man who stood near her. "Aint seen Gawgy, hev you? I hev ben a-standin' by the door here. Seems like I'd hev seen her if she'd come out."

"I hev seen her," answered Jake, briefly.

"Wal, when ah you a-goin' to take her home? We ah goin' to hev comp'ny fur supper, en I want her to he'p. You mus' stay, Jake, en"—

"Gawgy ah gone, Miz Grey," Jake said slowly, as he walked out of the hearing of the rest of the congregation, followed by the questioning woman.

"But when'd she go, Jake? Seemslike I ought hev seen her."

"Miz Grey," Jake said, in a voice that was hardly steady, "she went out'n the side door, en cut cross the woods with Mist' Hay."

"Sho-nough?"

"Yes 'm, she did. Miz Grey, I hev stood a heap from Gawgy. She has treated me mighty bad heaps of times, but I all'ys let it go. I aint said nothin' this month, while she has been carryin' on with Mr. Hay, ez I calculated she'd get over it like she hes 'fore. If she hed walked out'n the front door I could have stood it, but to sneak away so, 't hout tellin' me—no, 'm I caint stand it."

His square, honest face was firm and fixed.

"Reckon she don't mean nothin' by this, Jake," Mrs. Grey explained, eagerly. "She'll git over it."

"Yes 'm, but I caint. Mighty sorry, fur you-all ben so good. Some time I'll git to visitin' you-all agin when Gawgy ah settled. Reckon Mist' Hay ah good 'nough, so we won't talk 'bout it. Good evenin'."

Mr. Grey was very angry at Georgia, but his wife was cooler and waited for developments.

"We caint do nothin' with the girl, anyhow, Paw," she argued, "so don't le's talk sharp tell we hev to."

A few guarded suggestions, then, were the only scoldings Georgia received. She was singularly elastic in her nature. She would see a suspicious redness about her mother's eyes, and gather that the poor woman was worried over her wayward conduct, which consisted in going for walks and rides with Mr. Hay at all sorts of inconvenient times, more especially when she had been desired to attend to some household tasks. On such occasions a faint touch of remorse would come over her, and she would be tender and affectionate and helpful to her parents for a day or two. Then she would do something more rebellious than ever, till the gentle old couple were in utter despair.

Why she liked Mr. Hay she did not really know. When he asked her that, she had a ready answer. It was his book-learning, his brown eyes, his store clothes, possibly. He was a well-appearing young man.

It was the greatest pleasure of Georgia's life now to go walking with him through the dim woods in the long, quiet summer evenings. She knew every foot of the land near her home. There was one mossy rock under a bending sycamore where she and Jake used to sit, but she never went with the new sweetheart there. She told herself that it was because she was

ashamed of her past courtship with Jake. Once when she and Mr. Hay walked near the rock, she saw Jake sitting alone there. The sight angered her, and her eyes grew dark.

"Gosh, Gawgyah," laughed Mr. Hay, "You look like a tiger now, if your hair war pulled round here." He tore down her large knot of chestnut hair, and looked a long time at the picture he had made. Under different circumstances, Mr. Hay might have made a good artist. As it was, he could only make pictures with people. Georgia was a willing enough lay-figure. Mr. Hay liked to put people in mental attitudes, too. It was too bad he did not know what psychology meant.

"You are prettier than any of the others," he said.

"You all'ys say that. I hate to hev you like me fur my face. I shell grow ol'. Us folks do."

"That's a long time 'way," he answered, carelessly, and rambled off into a story some of the girls had told him.

"I wish't you wouldn't talk of the others sich a heap," she said, jealously. "When you aint with me, you ah all'ys with some of them. Maimie's paw is richer 'n mine, and Jennie's, but they aint so pretty ez me. You hev said so."

He laughed, quite conscious of his power over this girl.

"'Cuz when I aint got you I hev to hev some 'musement. I'd be wild thinkin' of you if I didn't," he explained, lazily.

There was a good deal of reserve affection in Georgia. It took occasions like this to bring it out.

So the weeks went by, happily for Georgia; scarcely so joyously for her parents.

"'Clare to it," Mrs. Grey said to her husband, "I git skeered ev'y time Gawgy hes ben with him that she'll come back en tell me when she ah goin' to mar'y him."

Jake had not been to visit them for a long time, but one night as Mr. and Mrs. Grey sat on the porch they heard his step on the gravelled walk.

"Seems queer not to hear his whistle," Mr. Grey said, with that close attention to details that most country people possess.

"Gawgy here?" Jake asked.

"'Bout time she war. She went up to see her cousins."

Jake had never heard of breaking news gently. He blurted out: "Miz Grey, 'm, I hev, fur sartin, news that Mist' Hay hes run off with Maimie Roach en got mar'd in Whitechapel. Her Paw is awful mad, but her Maw reckons he'll furgive 'em. If he does, Mist' Hay'll heve to live with her folks, fur the folks down to the store say he hes to leave thar."

"Oh, poor Gawgy." Mr. Grey let his head fall in his hands. His wife's sobbing was the only sound heard for a time, till Georgia's voice came to them in a little song.

"Go meet her," said Jake, suddenly, to Mrs. Grey. "Go tell her. You ah her Maw. I will go home."

After a long time the mother and child came into the house. But it was Mrs. Gray whose heart seemed broken, and Georgia whose head was erect and voice firm.

Gawgy," said her father, putting his arm up over her neck, "Would you like to tek a trip 'way, honey, till you git over it?"

"Thanky, Paw, no suh. I'll stay here tell folks hev done talkin', en then, mebbe, I shell go 'way. I shell go up stars now." She walked steadily from the room, and then turned back.

"Don't le' me ever hear his name agin," she said. On'y I know even if he did mar'y her, en never asked me to hev him, thet he loves me bes'.

On Sunday Georgia went to church, and was so gay that the curious people decided for the most part that she did not care. Jake took his old place by her side.

"Gawgy," he whispered, "I ah sho

nough proud of you, en if you let the ol' times come back—."

"Don't talk of it, Jake," she said, with a sob. "I shant mar'y; I don't seem to keer fur things ez I did."

What Georgia felt during the next month no one quite knew. She acted as usual, met Mr. Hay unconcernedly when he came back with his wife, and from her outward appearance no one would have supposed that anything had happened to hurt her. But her mother had heard her sobbing in bed.

One night she spoke to her father.

"Paw, I caint stand it. I shell go off, but it shell not cost you money. I shell wuk. I don't know what I shell do yit."

"No, no, Gawgy."

"Yes, suh, I shell go to Richmond, I reckon. Maw—Paw, le'me go to-morrow, I caint b'ar it."

She dashed out of the house and wandered up and down the woods where she and Mr. Hay had so often walked. After a time she came back and looked in the kitchen window. The old people sat there in silence. Her father's head was bowed, and her mother wept.

"How kin I leave 'em?" she thought. "If they hed any one e'se I wouldn't keer. I mout's well make 'em happy." She started down the mountain path towards Jake's home.

"I'll tell him I'll hev him," she said to herself. 'I all'ys liked him, en missed him when he didn't come. Seems like I feel to him like I do to somethin' I'd all'ys seen round. Reckon how I'd miss our pump if it war took away." She laughed harshly, and stumbled o'er a root.

"My life is like this here path," she went on, "right smooth fur a long ways, en then a li'le 'ceitful grass with dirty mud that I can't see underneath, en then lumps en bumps en tree-roots, some that I see, en some that I don't, en yit I stumble over 'em all."

She unconsciously tied up her fallen hair in the knot Mr. Hay had praised.

"But Jake ah good," she finished, wearily, "I like him, en I caint love agin, en his farm ah nex' our'n, en Paw en Maw like him. En I wish I war dead."

She met Jake half-way down the road.

"Jake," she said, "you kin hev the ol' times back."

"Kin we?" he cried, happily. "Then let's go to the woods en back to our own li'le seat under the sycamore."

Georgia gave a slight shiver, and turned back with him.

GABLE ENDS.

JEAN STUART'S ENCOUNTER WITH DOUGAL McTAVISH.

In one of the rural towns in Scotland there dwells a maiden lady advanced in years, who is so frequently asked the question, why she never got married, that she feels haunted by it. She sits down in her apartments, which consist of but two rooms, and soliloquizes, and in the midst of her soliloquy she is interrupted by some one knocking at the door, who proves on investigation to be Dougal McTavish, a gentleman also advanced in years, and above average weight.

"Am aften askit the quaistion," said Jean, talking to herself, "why I never got mairiet, and I seldom care tae aunser sae personal an interrogation, or tae talk on sic'na tender subject ava There is a great mony raisons why I never got mairiet, bit the maist parteecular ane is because naebody ever askit me, and losh, if ever I wis askit sic a quaiston I dinna ken what I'd dae, I wad be sae faint. I'm thinkin' my verra hairt wad be fit to leave

its apairtments, and gang wanderin' aboot till 't wad laund i' my mooth; the verra thocht o' 't a'maist gauns me tremble wi' fear. I've nae doot bit great lots o' men, if they kenned aboot me, wad be aifter me tooth an' nail, tryin tae wun my affections, for I'm sic a bonnie craiture. Bit if sic a thing should happen, I'm feart that I wad be scairt oot o' my wits. There 's some ane knockin' at the door the noo. Whaever can it be? Maybee its ane o' they naisty men; I'll joost gang and see." She proceeds to the door, full of excitement, and enquires, "Wha's there, I say. Wha's there?"

"It's me, Jean. Will you no let me in?" replies a voice from without.

"Yes; bit wha's *me*? I canna tell by that who ye 're."

"Can ye no tell my voice?"

"Deed I'm sure I canna, and gin ye'll no be awa frae aboot the hoose, I'll pit the dog on ye."

"Oh, Jean, dinna do that; I'm wantin' tae be freends wi' ye. Dye no ken me. I'm Dougal McTavish, and I'm anxious tae see you on verra parteecular business. Gin ye'll only let me in, I'm sure I'll no faush ye ava."

"Ha! ha! ha! Dougal, is 't you. Losh, I think I'm daft no tae hae kenned it afore; bit joost 'hod say,' Dougal, for a meenit, till I fix mysel up, I'm no braw enouch tae present mysel tae sic'na gentleman as ye are."

"Oh Jean, hurry up, and dinna hod me shivverin oot here in the cauld."

Jean, who is anxious to appear very enticing to Dougal, endeavors to make her toilet as brief as possible, which is no easy task to perform. Her face and hands are sadly in need of attention; her hair is to be combed and placed in proper position, and there are other things necessary to assist in adding to the appearance of a woman.

"B-r-r-r-r-gh. Are ye never gaun tae get through? I'm awfu.ies cauld."

"Joost a meenit, Dougal; I'll no be lang noo."

"I canna; am a' tremblin'."

"Mon, dinna be sae impatient and act like a jouk. Now, Dougal, am a' fit; joost stop ye till I unbolt the door."

After the door is opened sufficiently to allow a person to enter whose avoirdupois reaches almost two hundred and fifty pounds, Dougal steps cautiously upon Jean's kitchen floor, as the capacity of the house is not such that will insure the safety of one who carries so much surplus flesh.

"How are ye the day, Jean?"

"Deed, Dougal, I'm no verra weel. How are ye yersel?'

"Oh, I'm gye upset. Ye ken I'm a' alone syne my puir auld mither gaid awa an' left me, bit I only hope she's in a better laund, an' I feel sure she is, poor auld body; the last words she spak' tae me were tae be sure and be a guid mon, an' no greet aboot; bit, Oh, Jean, I canna help it. I've naebody tae keep me company, naebody tae dae my bakin' an' mendin', or shew on my buttons, and tend tae things when I'm awa from the hoose. I've a' they things tae dae mysel'."

"I'm sure it's ower bad, Dougal, that ye should be pit till 't i' sic a way. Bit never mind, my mon; cheer up, and dinna fret aboot it; ye'll be a' richt. Joost dinna let they things trouble ye; I ken its hard tae bide, but we've a' got oor ain bit grievances, and while we may think oor ain the worst, yet we can aye find some ane in a waur perdicament than oursel."

"Aye, bit ye ken, I'm sae lonely that I dinna ken what in the warl' I'm tae dae. I'm joost aboot fit tae pit end tae mysel."

"Mon, dinna be sic a fule as tae dae a thing like that."

"Well, what am I tae dae?"

"I wad gang aboot and seek some bonnie bit lassie tae be ye're wife."

"Weel, Jean," replied Dougal, becoming very much embarrassed, "I've aye been thinkin' o' dain' something lik' that, but I darna venture, ye ken; I'm sae auld, and besides, I dinna ken how I'm tae gang aboot sic a caper."

"Whist mon, whist, dinna let me hear ye speak that way. There's great lots o' lassies wad jump at the chaunce o' ye, ye're sic a bonnie big mon, wi' sic black een—Losh, am a'maist gaun daft aboot ye mysel'," said Jean, laughing.

"D'ye ken, Jean, my errant ower the day was tae talk tae ye onna this verra subject," answered Dougal, in saying which his embarrassment increased. "I've been i' the ghumps for a week syne an' I've been thinkin' it ower how I was tae gang aboot it; sae, a' at once, as if struck by a muckle clap o' thunner, I

thocht aboot yersel ; I thocht—that—that is I thocht, ahem—that as ye were a body —o' a, ahem—great deal o' experience an' common sense, that ah—ye micht gie me a bit haund oot o' the deeficulty."

"Deed, Dougal, I'm sure I wad be ower gled tae help sic'na gentleman as ye are," said Jean, brightening up.

"Weel, I may joost as weel tell ye what I wanted ye tae dae. Ye ken, there is Jaunet McCrae, a bonnie bit lassie wi' lots o' siller, and ah—joost aboot, ah—the richt age tae mak' a guid wife. I was thinkin' ye micht gang, ah—that is, I wis wantin' ye tae gang an' coax her a wee, an' gie me a bit haund tae gaun tak' me."

This proposal did not meet with Jean's approval, as she had expected something of a very different character. However, she bore up wonderfully at this very trying moment, and her true nature was exposed when, in the following terms, she replied to Dougal's request :

"Dougal McTavish ; ye'er naething but a beast. D' ye think that I'm gaun tae dae ought that will gaur a' the folk o' the toon tae clatter aboot me? D'ye think that I'm gaun tae try and get the bit lassies tae think weel o' ye, an' tae gang daft aboot ye. Na, na, Jean Stuart's no ane o' that soort ; sae be aff frae aboot the place, ye naisty, dirty montebank that ye are."

Dougal waited for no further invitation to leave, and amidst a shower of old boots, scrubbing brushes, and other housekeeping utensils, took his departure, and Jean soliloquized :

"Weel, weel, that's joost the way am aye fixed. I've often been i' the verra midst o' expectation, and aye been disappointed, and that's joost ane o' the raisons why I never got mairiet."

NEIL BURTON.

ANECDOTES.

A CELEBRATED DUEL.—The Lord Mayor having stated that Mr. Ruthven was not qualified to serve in Parliament, Mr. Ruthven gave him the lie, on the hustings in Dublin, in 1835. The Lord Mayor endeavored to get an apology, but without effect, and he therefore resigned his civil office and sent a challenge to Mr. Ruthven, which, being accepted, led to the following very extraordinary duel at Dollymount, beyond Clontarf.

The well-known Ebenezer Jacob, ex-M. P., the friend of Mr. Ruthven, was delighted at the prospect of a fight, and conducted the matter so admirably that he had the parties ready, at noon precisely, ready for action. Only three friends on each side were permitted to attend. Captain Cottingham, the Lord Mayor's friend, wished to fix 2 o'clock, but Jacob would not hear of such idle delay. "No, by G—," exclaimed he, "If my friend Ruthven is to be shot, the sooner it is done the better, as we must see about another candidate immediately. G—'s blood, man ! you wouldn't have us lose the election ! "

This logic, Capt. C. could not resist. Jacob won the toss, and issued his ultimatum in the decisive tone of an adept. "Gentlemen," said he, "mind me ; I shall give the word quick, and, if either of you hang fire an instant I shall make it a personal affair. Fire ! "

The shots passed harmlessly ; Capt. C. then demanded an apology, but Jacob peremptorily refused to listen to any such nonsense, and another pair of pistols were discharged with as little effect. Capt. C. again humanely applied for an apology or explanation, but Jacob was immovable. "Gentlemen," said he, "I'm determined that my friend Ruthven stand there to be shot at 'till he sinks in the wet sand, but the divil a word of explanation or apology you'll get out of him or me, 'till the repeal of the union, if you choose firing at him so long. If you don't like that, take your man away ; but there Ruthven shall stay at all hazards, 'till the field is his own." The friends of the Lord Mayor, thinking he had done enough, took him away, finding it useless to argue any longer with Jacob. Ruthven and he returned to Dublin afterwards, and were met by their friends who were heartily rejoiced when they found nothing but an old hole in Ruthven's hat.

ECONOMY AND CIVILITY.—The great chancery lawyer, Trevor, among his other qualities, had a great love of economy. He had dined by himself one day, at the Rolls, and was drinking his wine, when his cousin Roderic was unexpectedly introduced by a side door. "You rascal!" exclaimed Trevor to the servant. "Have you

brought my cousin, Roderic Lloyd, Prothonotary of North Wales, Marshall to Baron Price, and a hundred grand things, up my back stairs? Take him instantly down my back stairs, and bring him up my front stairs." In vain Roderic remonstrated; and while he was being conveyed down the back and up the front, his honor removed the bottle and glasses.

RECEIPT FOR MAKING WHITE CROWS OR RAVENS.—"Rub, with the fat of a white cat, some crows' eggs—those new laid are the best; let the eggs also be done over with the brains of the said cat; afterwards set them to be hatched by a very white pullet that has never hatched before; during the whole time she must be kept impervious to the sun, and the place must be hung with white linen clothes, and the crows or ravens produced from these eggs will be white"!!!

This precious article may be found in a work printed in Edinburgh, in 1777, in two vols, (page 139, vol. I.) entitled:—"The Young Ladies' School of Arts," by Mrs Hannah Robertson, with beautiful engravings that would not disgrace the present day.

HIS MASTER UP.—"Is your master up?" asked an early visitor of the Marquis of Blandford's valet. "Yes sir," rejoined the valet, with great innocence, "the butler and I carried him up about 3 o'clock."

ADMIRAL DUNCAN'S ADDRESS to the officers who came on board his ship for instructions previous to the engagement with Admiral de Winter, was both humorous and laconic. "Gentlemen, you see a severe *Winter* approaching; I have only to advise you to keep up a good fire."

AN ACTOR'S STORY.—Liston asked Matthews to play for his benefit; the latter excused himself, as he had to act elsewhere.

"I would if I could," said the mimic, "but I can't split myself in half."

"Umph! I don't know that," said Liston, "I have often seen you *play in two pieces.*"

REGARD FOR THE CHARACTER AFTER DEATH.—Sergt. Weir of the Scots Greys was pay-sergeant of his troop, and might have excused himself as such from serving in action at the Battle of Waterloo, but requested leave to charge with the regiment. When found dead by Corporal Scott of the same regiment, he had his name written on his forehead, with his own hand, dipped in his own blood, that it might not be imagined he had disappeared with the money of the troop.

THREE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIVE POUNDS A LINE.—James Smith, one of the authors of the celebrated "Rejected Addresses," was better paid for a trifling exertion of his versatile muse than any poet since the world began. One day he met the late Mr. Strachan, the King's Printer, at a dinner party, and him he found suffering from gout and old age, though his intellectual faculties remained unimpaired; and the next morning he transmitted to him the following *jeu d'esprit*:—

"Your lower limbs seemed far from stout
When last I saw you walk;
The cause I presently found out
When you began to talk.
The power that props the body's length
In due proportion spread,
In you mounts upwards, and the strength
All settles in the head."

This compliment proved so highly acceptable to the old gentleman, that he made an immediate codicil to his will, by which he bequeathed to the writer the sum of three thousand pounds, being at the rate of three hundred and seventy-five pounds sterling for each line.

A GOOD IRISH BULL.—Colonel Kemyss, of the 40th Regiment, was remarkable for the studied pomposity of his diction. One day, observing that a careless man in the ranks had a particularly dirty face, which appeared not to have been washed for a twelve month, he was exceedingly indignant at so gross a violation of military propriety. "Take him," said he to the corporal, who was an Irishman, "Take the man and lave him in the waters of the Guadiana." After some time, the corporal returned. "What have you done with the man I sent with you?" inquired the Colonel. Up flew the corporal's right hand across the peak of his cap—"Sure, an't plaise y'r honnur, and didn't y'r honnur tell me to *lave* him in the river? and, sure enough, I left him in the river, and

there he is now, according to y'r honnur's orders." The bystanders, and even the Colonel himself, could hardly repress a smile at the facetious mistake of the honest corporal, who looked innocence itself, and wondered what there could be to laugh at.

PHILIP LAWDESHAYNE.

MR. HAMILTON'S SKETCH OF BROWN.

Editor of the Canadian Magazine.

DEAR SIR—Please publish the enclosed reply to Mr. James Cleland Hamilton's article on John Brown, as a matter of justice to my own part of the United States. I am a native of Virginia; was a slave owner, as were my forefathers from the earliest times, and live upon the inherited lands, bought by a loyal ancestor in the days of George III. In 1860, I married into the family of Thos. Jefferson—married his great granddaughter, a niece of Thos. Jefferson Randolph. Hence, I know the olden status of our slave society well; indeed, I have been practically ruined by the war, and its sad results, and I claim the right to be heard in defence of a lost but good status of governmental order.

Respectfully yours,
JAMES L. HUBARD.

Colleen, Nelson Co., Va.,
Feb., 1895.

Perhaps the reading of one side of the John Brown story led Mr. James Cleland Hamilton into some grave mistakes and aspersions of our Southern people, as they appear in his article in the December No. of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE! He writes, in an almost exulting strain, of "the overthrow of the proud southern oligarchy," as if he were an enemy of our Southern white people, and, in depicting the "Harper's Ferry affair," does not go far enough. He might have stated, in the words of Mr. Alexander Boteler, of Virginia, that "no true history of our civil war can be written that does not assign the commencement of it to the capture of Harper's Ferry by John Brown." Mr. Frederick Douglass, in a speech at that place, years ago, also claimed that it "ended all compromises."

Hence, historically, we have the Harper's Ferry homicides, and the treason of the Republican party against the Government of the United States, preceding and overriding the capture of Fort Sumpter, which latter was unattended with bloodshed. Indeed, the Harper's Ferry attack had been preceded by the killing of a United States soldier on the streets of Boston, in an effort to oppose governmental authority, a short time before, and by one of the same class of "freedom shriekers."

Mr. Hamilton omitted to state that the first man killed by John Brown and his party at Harper's Ferry was *a negro man*, the porter of the Baltimore & Ohio Railway at that point. In exalting the subject of his sketch, he says: "He fought in the spirit of Joshua and Gideon," forgetting that Joshua and Gideon never fought for the liberation of negro slaves, but, *on the contrary, drove the blacks out of Canaan*, and took their lands from them as a punishment for their idolatries and abominations! That it was as clearly the design of God that the descendants of these same idolatrous *blacks* (idolatrous in Africa now), should have been brought to the West Indies and our country, to be trained *through slavery* into the industries and Christianity, none can doubt who wisely interpret the ways of our Creator!

It was in our Southern country that the first opposition to slavery occurred, and it was written against by Jefferson and George Mason, followed by Dr. Franklin, who, however, was opposed to abolishing other people's slaves without paying for them—a just man! Such was Washington's feeling, and John Randolph's—both of whom freed their slaves by their wills, but did not disturb the opinions of others on the subject. Later, Wilberforce—"the nigger agitator and drawing-room Christian"—as Carlyle called him, wrote so much against the abuses of the slave trade that the British Government determined to discontinue it, and to emancipate the slaves in her colonies. This it did by giving some little time, and by paying the owners for their slaves! It also provided against anarchy, by qualifying the suffrage and providing Governor's Councils in the colonies, composed of men of responsibility and intelligence. With a rare generosity, the Virginia Legislature,

in 1832, moved to gradually emancipate the slaves of Virginia by *giving* freedom to all after reaching a certain age, through an Act of the Legislature to be submitted to the people for adoption. This Act was within *two votes* of being adopted by the Legislature, when the continued *interference* and *zeal* of the abolitionists from Boston who were wintering in Richmond, disgusted some of the members so much that they defeated the bill. So much for Puritan intermeddling in Virginian affairs! It is known that Henry Clay was in favor of gradual emancipation in Kentucky. But such noble-minded men in the South were not brusque enough for the venal and hot-headed demagogues of Massachusetts, whose cheap philanthropy looked to abrupt abolition without preparation for it, or compensation to the landowners. In other words, though their part of the Union was as guilty of the wrongs of slavery as ours (for their people had bought and sold slaves), they were eager to put other people's chattels in the public road, and keep theirs untouched—or, rather the money equivalent—the same in substance. Ministers disgraced their pulpits by lying tirades against the conduct of Southern slave-owners.

By the well-informed, the subordination of the blacks in the South was known to be, with few exceptions, a mild form of servitude. The slaves were well fed, well clothed, and well housed, and had their gardens, fowls, etc., by which to make something for themselves. It was to the interest of their masters to take care of them, and they did. The negro slaves were indeed better off than many tramps, laborers, and labor seekers amongst the whites of the present time. Even Charles Sumner admitted, on an estate near Nashville, that were he convinced that slaves generally were as well to do as those around him, he "would have cause to change his opinion as to slavery." Well, they were generally just as well off—admitting some abuses of negro-traders and a few vile persons, to constitute exceptions. Indeed, the negroes were in the main satisfied with their lot! The writer can call to mind estate after estate in Virginia where the master, his family and servants, *were all happy*. It was the general lot of all, and there was but a small margin of profit, such was the expense of providing for so large a number. But the taxes were light, our magistracy dignified and inexpensive, and a wholesome order prevailed throughout the state. Unpretending gentlemen set good examples in every neighborhood. And *such* is the society—the society that furnished Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Munroe and Marshall to our American history, that Mr. Hamilton would feign describe as "the proud southern oligarchy," whose "overthrow" he seems to enjoy. What glory can he find in the stealing of $4,000,000,000 worth of negroes—using them as the flank of a repression party for thirty years, and paying their former owners nothing for them, or any damages for scattering their labor to the winds?

That the war and even subsequent spoiliation proved a money-making job for the abolitionists is plain (too plain for the *entsagen* of history), but how can this add any eclat to "that beautiful nigger agony and civil war of theirs," as Carlyle called it? The least known portion of modern history is that which might be written to disclose the economical laws, sound order and general happiness of black and white during the continuance of negro slavery The most glaring shame known in American history is to be found in the abolition, without compensation, of slavery in the United States, and the pensioning of the troops of the abolishing side, without one cent of expenditure out of the general revenues for the wounded and helpless of the other side. That a great deal more of ill-gotten wealth was accumulated by some abolitionists, through exaggerated statements and the appropriating of our improved negroes to their political purposes, than their forefathers made in the transportation from the coasts of Guinea, is conspicuously evident. Their zeal, too, was in proportion to their profits.

But wrong runs into wrong. They have subjected most of the people to the idolatry of gold and a dependence upon money-changers. In the transition from African slavery to this new slavery of the American people, where is the general good to be found? Even in our prostration from war and other causes, we of the South have done more for the negro, educationally and otherwise, than any socie-

ties elsewhere on the earth, and whilst we were honorably entitled to a gradual emancipation, or some compensation for enforced loss of property, we regret none of the just happiness negroes enjoy in the free state. Yet, why should the friends of John Brown extol him for violating the laws of God and his country? The "love" of "thy neighbor" includes love of master and of slave. As the laws stood, the inhabitants of all the states were entitled to go into the territories with their property in slaves or other kind, and equally. But it seems, from Mr. Hamilton's sketch, that John Brown regarded the slaves as "prisoners of war: their masters' tyrants." Then he must have had *monsters* for his *teachers!* Had he lived amongst the old slave owners of Virginia, the Carolinas or Georgia, for a few years, he would have changed his opinions, and, doubtless (as other Northern men did), have become a generous slave-owner—thus saving his own life and the lives of others. It was proper for Mr. Hamilton to say. "It was not of his own choice that he left his farm and went into the bloody arena." In other words, he was instigated by other men (not of God!) who put him forward whilst they stood at a safe distance, making (or *to* make) more than they allowed him and his followers! This, too, in utter disregard of Carlyle's admonition that "all modern ideas of liberty tend only to anarchy and social dissolution." That the loss of a million of lives upon battle fields and $6,500,000,000 of property, the wretchedness of thousands of homes, and untold woe to millions, came from the initiatory acts of John Brown, Mr. Hamilton might have portrayed with vividness. But that he should have been willing to drag the little town of Chatham into some historical connection with the "John Brown raid" seems strange! Intelligent citizens of the United States, both North and South, have generally credited the Canadians with the possession of an unusually good Government—with dignity throughout!

J. L. HUBARD.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Life and Times of Major-General Sir Isaac Brock, K.B. By D. B. Read, Q. C. Toronto: William Briggs.

If apology were needed for this latest addition to Canadian historical literature it might be found in the words of Col. FitzGibbon, quoted on p. 254 of the book, who, in giving an official account of the removal from Fort George of the remains of Sir Isaac Brock and his aide-de-camp, Col. Macdonell to the monument on Queenston Heights, 13th Oct., 1824, says:—"What I witnessed on this day would have fully confirmed me in the opinion, had confirmation been wanting, that the public feeling in this province has been permanently improved and elevated by Sir Isaac Brock's conduct and actions while governing its inhabitants."

Subsequent history has shown the correctness of Col. FitzGibbon's views, and nothing can be more fitting than that a son of the Province, a descendant of two United Empire Loyalist families, should be the writer of this, the first *Life of Brock* from a Canadian point of view. When Tupper's *Life of Brock* appeared, now nearly half a century ago, it was hailed with enthusiasm, both in England and Canada, and few respectable libraries, public or private, were without a copy. The work is now out of print, and copies are scarce; so that the present book is an absolute need for the use of Canadians, and of the Province wherein Brock's finest characteristics were brought into play and for whose welfare his blood was shed. In his preface the author finely says:—"It was his genius which laid out the plan for opposing the large forces employed in the hopeless task of conquering Canada. Brock bravely fell leading his troops, in the first campaign, but his spiri

hovered over and inspired the men fighting for their hearths and homes to the end of the war."

He further says :—"That the memory of the General commanding, and of those who aided him in his arduous labors in the field, may ever be preserved, is the constant wish of all Canadians," and this latter aim Mr. Read has kept in view throughout the book ; names here are embalmed that belong to the earlier epoch of the Province—the Macdonells, Babys, Ryersons, Robinsons, Nichol, Bostwick, Rolph, Hatt, Heward, McLean, Dickson, Chisholm, Brant, Tecumseh, and a score of others, most of whom have descendants still among us, and all of whom gave a good account of themselves when the defence of the Province called for their aid.

Within half a dozen pages is contained the record of the birth, parentage, and early life of Brock, and Chapter II. brings him to Canada as Senior Lieut.-Colonel of the 49th Reg't. (now the 1st Royal Berkshire Regiment), into which he had exchanged from the 8th King's Royal Regiment (now the King's Liverpool Regiment), in 1791. "In the fall of 1805—Trafalgar year—Brock was made full Colonel of the Regiment, and, on receiving this promotion, proceeded at once to England on leave, where he had an opportunity of laying before His Royal Highness the Duke of York, Commander in-Chief, the outlines of a plan for the formation of a veteran battalion to serve in the Canadas." Of this plan the author wisely gives the full text, shewing, as it does, the far-sighted and practical views of the man on whom, chiefly, at that period, depended the defence of both the Canadas. His Royal Highness conveyed to Colonel Brock "his thanks for the communication of his very sensible observations respecting the distribution of troops in Canada, and which His Royal Highness will not fail to take into consideration at a seasonable opportunity."

A couple of years later, Brock received, as Commander of the Forces in Upper Canada, a proposal from Colonel Macdonell, of Aberchalder, himself a veteran of the Royal Canadian Volunteers, for raising a corps among the Scottish settlers—nearly all old soldiers of the Revolutionary War—in the Glengarry district ; a proposal he supported in a strong letter to the Hon. William Wyndham, Secretary of War, in Downing-street. Mr. Read seizes this occasion to give a highly interesting and graphic account of the Macdonells of Glengarry, and their services to the British Government, both before and after their settlement as U. E. Loyalists in Canada. He then proceeds to sketch, with a firm and vigorous hand, under the head of "England and the Liberty of Europe," the political situation on both continents, Europe and America, and shows conclusively what excellent reason Brock had for his uneasiness in view of the unprepared state of Canada in case of war being declared by the neighboring Republic. While in Lower Canada, Brock perceived a coolness towards British interests among the French-Canadians, which had been greatly augmented by the attitude of the Governor, Sir James Craig, who, while an able and just man, lacked the sympathy necessary for dealing with a people who had not even the consolation of having been conquered, but had been handed over to another power without even a by-your leave. This condition of things in the Lower Province intensified the dangers of the situation, and our author deals with the period well.

On June 4th, 1811, Brock was made a Major-General on the staff of British North America. "At this time the Duke of York was at the head of the English Army, very much to the satisfaction of the English people" The brave doings in Europe naturally led Brock to desire fields wherein he could develop the talents he was conscious of, and he applied for leave. But though he knew it not, the fate of Canada was in his hands, and Mr. Madison's speech of the 5th November, 1811, left no further doubt as to the intention of his government.

The exciting period of the war of 1812-15 is comparatively known, but in the brilliance of his military exploits and the tragic circumstances of his death, the genius of Brock as a Civil Governor and administrator is generally lost Mair, in his fine drama of *Tecumseh*, gave us a taste of it, but Mr. Read has gone into this part of the hero's career very adequately, and has earned the thanks of the true student by doing so. Of our Indian allies, our author has a great deal to say, throwing thereby much light on the conduct and loyalty of a people often too lightly held. Nor is the fact that a large and important section of the American people were strongly opposed to the war overlooked. The text of their remonstrance to the Government is given, and the attitude of the Opposition press shown. The Battle of Queenston and the death of Brock bring to a close the career of the "Hero of Upper Canada," a title conferred by the people he saved. The honors conferred by the Home Government, the monuments raised to his memory by a grateful country, and the sad details of these occasions, form not the least interesting portion of this reliable book. To many the portrait which graces the front page will prove a treasure ; it is taken from an oil painting executed, from authentic sources, by J. W. L Forster, of Toronto. Several illustrations are scattered through the volume, the covers of which are ornamented with fac similes of the Brock token issued in 1816.

S. A. C.

THE JUPITER OF OTRICOLI, AT THE VATICAN.

THE
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THE ART SPIRIT.

BY O. A. HOWLAND, M.P.P.

HUMAN life, we know, is not to be lived on bread alone. As life rises above the barest necessities of existence, it becomes more and more a thing of the higher senses. The oyster may go on supporting its limited and motionless existence through its mouth alone; civilized men and women feed also through the eye and the ear, the mind and the heart.

We are somewhat too much accustomed nowadays to substitute the word "Art" for the proper and better term "the Arts." Art is not simple but manifold. It is not a special technique, but a method and a spirit, applied to all things. The commonest necessaries may be ennobled and caused to give added enjoyment by suffering that magic touch. The object of our voluntary Art Associations ought not to be the mere making of pictures, so much as the cultivation of this Art Spirit amongst their members, and, through their influence, in the community around them. Under the influence of Art, clothing early ceased to be merely a means of warmth and covering. Art arranges its folds and selects its colors. It becomes significant of taste and character. Food and drink have become the subjects of nicety and refinement. The house, once a mere shelter, enlarged in time into "butt and ben," is transformed at length into home, sweet Home. From the days of our rude ancestors, huddling around their forest fires, wrapped in skins, uncouth and unclean, and wrangling over bones and pottage—what a miraculous change to the thousands of happy homes of the cities and towns of our fair Canada: their myriad comforts and graces, their gentle faces and refined manners! What an hourly delight are those pictured interiors; how fondly borne abroad in memory! We think of good and gracious women, whose mere entrance brings an indescribable illumination into a room. To experience this—is it not to know the consummation of civilization—the highest product of the art of Life? The same art that has brought the picture to its perfection has labored on its fitting frame. What beauty in daily surroundings! What wealth in simple common things! We eat from pictured plates, spread on snowy cloths, decked with flowers. We drink from sparkling crystal. We are ungrateful if we return thanks for food alone. We would be forgetful of the brightness insensibly reflected into mind and soul from a multitude of daily foregoing attentions:—quiet, patient ministrations, working mutual respect and mutual pleasure.

The nature of all arts is human skill

applied to some end. While some satisfy needs of the body, the fine arts answer a like upward hunger of the human mind. The study of each one of the fine arts may be divided between two forms or directions of study. Every art requires appreciation of the end, as well as the knowledge to use the means. Technical skill should be preceded by faithfulness in observation: an intelligent intimacy of perception. The perceptive side of art, which appeals to the understanding, is certainly not less important than the imitative side, which depends upon the senses.

Art, thus studied, is a worship of Nature. If it does not begin with it; it must lead to it. Worship reverently believes in its object, and seeks to know it as it is. The attempt to represent and reproduce it, without this previous search for an inner suggestion underlying the forms of nature, is an idolatrous, not a true, worship. It prostrates itself before superficial resemblances. It sets up its own, perhaps misshapen, images in ultimate forgetfulness of the true Divinity. The curves of every mountainous sea tell of the mighty struggle between gravity and force. The stratification of a cliff, the outline of mountain ranges, are subject to the symmetry of law, and possess characters which should be studied and made to retell their story to the intelligence. The forms of trees obey primal instincts of growth that suggest a mysterious correspondence with our human pleasure in grace and balance of proportion. The sturdy branches spring from the common trunk, according to the secret of an appointed order, pursued into the infinite tracery of twig and leaf. Struggling and yielding, they attain to a division of the free air among them. The mind is enticed into a mystic region, where Equality and Fraternity reveal themselves, reigning immemorially in Nature's laws of form, before they gave birth to our legal conceptions and our moral sympathies.

If we apply this test intelligently, we shall not go far wrong in judging between the merits of the schools; whether we use the word school in the technical sense of the character of an historical series of artists, or whether we use it in the commoner special sense of particular contemporary teachers, or systems of instruction. The test is, does the school give more attention to mere technique, to tricks of the hand and material, than to the study of the original? Does it take its satisfaction in the reproduction of accidental and superficial appearances, or does it cultivate in the student that divine dissatisfaction with the best of human efforts, which arises in presence of the ever-opening vision of nature: the depth of thought, the great and pure design that study reveals in her apparent simplicity. Conducted in this spirit, mechanic arts may acquire the dignity of a pursuit of truth; and a fine art, for want of the same spirit, is debased into handicraft. Surely the student, who from the construction of the human eye, and an appreciation of the laws of optics, proceeded to the invention of the telescope, was no mere workman. In the spirit of his method he was to be reckoned among the masters of the fine arts. And the studio or art school which devotes its chief attention, first and last, to the copying of copies, whether it works with pencil or with stump, or even with air-brushes, under however carefully arranged north lights, is, in my humble opinion, a false and misleading, I may also venture to say, a debasing system of instruction. The end of these things, intellectually and artistically, is death.

No subject was more frequently or studiously painted by the great masters, generation after generation, than the great series of the natural elements and phenomena. To Fire, Air, Earth and Water; Springtime, Summer, Autumn and Winter, innumerable compositions were devoted, in an untir-

ing rivalry of loveliness. All the features of nature, ideally appropriate to the Elements or the Seasons, were grouped around the Genius of the scene, presiding over swarms of inhabiting spirits. A wonderworld of ancient imagination comes down to us, materialized into a jewellery of intellectual art, all fashioned by patient but inspired thought from the apparently common surroundings of nature.

Fire, the ancients described as a treasure filched from heaven; and they deified the man who was traditioned to have brought it down to human use. We still pursue the allegory into the forms of modern speech. Fire in our language is the symbol of every delight and every power. We speak of the fire of poetry, the glow of patriotism, the light of truth, the flame of love. Human imagination seems always to kindle in its presence. What a phrase is that of one of the ancient sages, among the thoughts collected for all time in that great record of human introspection which we call the Book: "Man is born to trouble even as the sparks fly upward." What deep musings by desert campfires are embodied in his touching simile. The ancient scribe brings back to us, across the gulf of ages and the difference of races, a sympathetic glimpse of primordial life long ago suffered and past. We are claimed in kinship by this mournful and forgotten man. We distinguish him, one of a cluster of shadows surrounding a spark of ruddy light, bounded by immensities of desert darkness: a pitiful cluster of castaways comforting their loneliness upon the shore of the ocean of night. In the darkness behind that illuminated circle of humanity lie toils and cares of days past and days to come: within it, what hidden enemies! what dangers that may even at that moment be stealthily creeping upon them! Centered around that glow are all that is known to the little group, of friendship, fellowship and defence. No wonder faces grow pensive in the blaze; that social sympathy waxes around it; that a sigh, by one consent, flies upward, following the sparks that melt and die away into the illimitable outer darkness.

Have we not a lingering fellowship with these long past conditions: an inheritance of ancient feelings and experiences? Is it not perhaps this that brings, especially upon Canadians, the recurrent fever of the woods? The camp-fire endears our summer memories. Can the house be perfectly happy, or perfectly artistic, that has no visible hearth, bringing the ancestral camp-fire within its four walls? Can any wealth of luxurious surroundings replace it? Bare walls and carpetless floors are glorified by the ancient magic that lurks in the living fire. We mourn its absence, even though surrouuded with the wealth of costly carving, and the rarest skill of oriental looms.

At the recent Parliament of Religions, the Fire-worshipping Parsee was once more permitted to expound to the West the deeply religious thought which has consisted for so many ages with high civilization of life and a lofty code of morals. The sources of the spirit of religion are in awe and gratitude. It is no return to a meaningless idolatry—no despite to the high spirit of the most perfected religion—if we still do reverence to this strange living genius of Fire.

I venture to entertain a theory of my own as to the origin of those numerous and widespread historic religions which made fire solely, or, joined with sun, moon and stars, the central object of devotion. I am inclined to reverse the ordinary theory. It is usual to treat the fire on the altar as an image of the unquenchable source of fire: the god of day, forever circling in the heavens. It seems to me far more natural and more probable to suppose that the visible, tangible, and invaluably serviceable fire was

first discovered, first to be regarded with gratitude and awe; and that the theory that it derived its source from the flaming messenger of the sky was a result of long subsequent reasoning.

The sentiments out of which the worship of Fire arose are perhaps still experienced, almost in their original form, by the voyageur who paddles in the falling darkness towards his rendezvous in the wilderness. Night's rushing wings pursue and overtake the laboring paddles. The waters grow obscure and cheerless; the sky becomes gloomy and threatening; the shores are transformed into solemn and formless masses. In the group of human beings the voice of mirth is checked; the song dies away: the lonesome spirit which inhabits the night takes possession of every soul. The wind chills; perhaps the rain pelts upon the shelterless backs; perhaps the storm begins to gloom. But suddenly the last point is turned, the gleam of a camp-fire, still distant, but not known to be near, is perceived,—a ruddy, distant star gleaming invitingly and cheeringly across the waste. No one can describe, no one can give a name to the feeling of cheerfulness and hope, the suggestion of human comradeship and security, which the sight of that little spark is capable of awaking in the breasts of men under these circumstances. It is the formless and unexpressed germ of everything to which we give the name of gratitude. The social sense itself, in its charm and its association, attaches to that spot of distant light. Comfort and companionship, the consolation of mutual help, the blind sense of a great mysterious gift, enter through the senses into the mind. If we could remove from our minds all their garniture of modern enlightenment and religious instruction, and place ourselves under the like circumstances, in the position of the rude predecessors of thousands of years ago—would not these feelings, experienced under like circumstances, take a shape not to be distinguished from unconscious worship of the mystic element? Then let us remember that before lucifer matches, before even steel and tinder were familiarly known, fire was a thousand times more of the nature of a rare and mysterious gift, difficult of production and precious for preservation, than it is easy for us now to conceive. The very means of its production at will may long have been a jealously preserved secret in families and tribes. The friction of the sticks, or striking of flint stones, may very naturally have been accompanied with invocations to the mysterious Being, which, it seemed, of its own will, had the power of making itself manifest, not at the command so much as at the appeal of man. So produced, so valuable to its possessors, the function of making fire, and of keeping the invaluable torch alight in the home or on the journey, would naturally invest the sage, whose charge it was, with the veneration and powers of priesthood. It seems an obvious relic of a time, when it was a difficult, rare, precarious, and infinitely precious possession, whose extinction was a tribal disaster, that we find in many of the priestly and national institutions of later ages. The fire that the colonist bore with him to his new plantation, the altars in ancient temples that were never suffered to go out, seem to have been customs that survived from those long-forgotten primitive conditions, when the valuable germ was anxiously preserved in sacred vessels, under the care of the wisest and most trusted old men of the family or tribe. To me, it seems most probable, therefore, that Fire was not worshipped because it resembled the sun, but rather that the sun, in time, became an object of worship, because of the conjecture of its unity of nature with the sacred hearth-fire of the tribe. Fire could transform their flesh into wholesome and agreeable nutriment. Fire, by its mysterious help, rescued the perishing form of the primitive being from the grasping

claws of cold. Fire, at the same time that it was so beneficent and useful, was the unseen home of a dread, unapproachable, and destroying deity. Everything perished at its touch. Whatever it embraced vanished into vapor. Nothing resisted it except air and water, earth and stone. Hence, perhaps, the worship of these other elements: earth, air and water, were the kindred of fire, sharers in its immortality and mystery. The stones upon which it was lighted became an altar, and in time themselves sanctified every gift. Every meal became a sacrifice. Hence, at all events, is the probable origin of the worship which was extended to objects formed of stone. May it not be by another curious tradition from that unremembered past that we still instinctively seem to venerate stone, as a material, far above all other materials? It impresses us in buildings with a feeling of majesty which is not to be easily explained away, or wholly accounted for, merely by its durability or costliness, as compared with wood and other baser materials. It certainly seems to agree with this theory that stone, the material of altars, was reserved by the first builders for the temples which enclosed the altars. The multitudinous dwellings, both of kings and tribesmen, which must have surrounded Stonehenge, have evidently been of perishable materials, and disappeared long before any historic record. The circled stones alone remain, almost as intact as in the days of the Druids.

The possible sacredness that invested the shapen stones, even before their erection into a temple building on the intended site, may be the explanation of one of the greatest mysteries which must appeal to the mind of any beholder of this marvel of primitive workmanship.

It seems almost an inexplicable problem—how these huge monoliths—each of many tons in weight—could have been dragged, slowly as they must necessarily have been, by the rude machines of the period, without roads, by mountain paths, through morasses and forests, from the coast of Devonshire to so distant a site as Salisbury Plain. The mechanical marvel involved in the shaping and transport seems not nearly so difficult of explanation as the moral fact. In a purely tribal age, it is impossible to suppose any one lordship so extensive as to embrace the region from the seacoast to the spot where Stonehenge stands. It is probable that the boundaries of numbers of hostile tribes must have been crossed. By what means was a state of peace maintained, or rights of transit secured for the transport of these huge masses, with the armies of men and enormous trains of oxen which must have been necessary for the tedious process? The explanation becomes less difficult if we conceive that veneration and sanctity attached to the very form and substance of the stones, and so communicated an immunity to their hewers and drawers. The genius of a modern novelist impelled him to select Stonehenge as the scene where retribution was destined to come upon his fugitive hero and heroine. There the enshrouding night failed to hide them. The stern Law, which they had escaped so long amid the habitations of men—It was the gloomy and implacable Divinity, long slumbering amid its ancient stones, that, affronted at their blood-guilty presence, revived and denounced them to their executioners.

In silent, almost awful, majesty, these lonely pillars, stand like a temple of desolation in the midst of the waste. I was, perhaps, more impressed by them because of the singularly sympathetic and appropriate circumstances under which I first came upon them. It was a May Day. I had been reading in a London journal what might be described as an essay upon the decay—in fact, the writer undertook to say the absolute disappearance—of the old May Day cere-

monies in England. Yet, when on my way to Salisbury Plain, in a little fold of the Moor, I came upon a moss-grown farmstead, a little hamlet nestling by itself in that grassy and protected hollow. In a green before the farmstead was planted the May-pole, hung with gay and garlanded ribbons. Around it the children were keeping holiday; dancing in the ancient ceremonial, by which, thousands of years before, their ancestors had been wont worshipfully to welcome in the Spring. By this time, perhaps, even in that little hamlet, the children, now grown up, have been schooled out of their superstitions; and will leave no successors to repeat to future travellers that beautiful survival of the picturesque beliefs of the primitive time. The altars which the schools have levelled, the spirit of art may well occupy itself in re-erecting. Veneration revives as we piously retread the dust of the Sacred Way which led our primeval forefathers from darkness up to God. We retrace the wide-worn channel back to the ancient springs of thought and being. It may be the highest office of art to recultivate the profound piety and veneration of the heathen of the past, so glibly derided, yet, perhaps, so much profounder than our own. The groves, whose majesty we carelessly ravage, are instinct with primitive thought. The very stones cry out to us. Every step that we take should be as upon hallowed ground.

THE HOUSE OF RUINS.

HALF down the lonely vale where sunbeams creep
Along the wild grown grass, one noonday hour,
The old house stands, enwrapt in dreams and sleep,
And through the gloom the ancient gables tower
Above the ivy clinging on its walls;
And on the mould'ring eaves the martens sit
Through all the day, and when the twilight falls
Out from the casements dark the black bats flit.

Upon the strangled path, should strange feet press,
And should a strange hand knock upon the door
That creaks and whines in plaintive-toned distress,
A sound of feet might pass along the floor,
And ghostly voices fill the vacant halls;
Unwonted things might stare from out the gloom,
And murmurs creep along the sunken walls,
Bowed down beneath some dark and ancient doom.

Along the flowerless and the wild-grown lawns
The thistle and the long-leaved mullein bloom;
And scarce a bird chirps as the morning dawns,
And not a flower gleams in the sunless gloom;
And no fruit flushes on the gnarled, old trees
Whose grey briarian branches now are grown
A brushwood tangle where the sunset breeze
Forever wails a mournful monitone.

The stream that wanders down between the hills
Has eaten deep beneath the house's wall,
And fallen stones choke back the shrunken rills
That gurgle down their sides in many a fall;
And truant boys that venture up the creek
Creep past with timid foot and frightened eye,
And dare not near the haunted house to seek
For swallow's eggs among the chimneys high.

And through the mellow, golden, summer gloom
One lonely, reed-voiced robin pipes aloud
Until the day's last lights his wings illume;
And then the song is ceased, and shadows crowd
Across the songless valley's solitude,
That seems a land within whose twilight bourn
No human foot would venture to intrude;
Bereft of summers, and of springs forlorn.

And yet beyond the years now passed away,
Sometime within the summer days long gone,
A thousand birds sang all the lyric day,
A thousand flowers gleamed on the summer lawn,
And golden fruit grew mellow in the sun,
And laughter swelled along the joyous vale
As twilight birds flew homeward, one by one,
And in the west the golden lights grew pale.

And long among the daisies and the grass
A man and woman idly wandered on,
And saw the faint gleams from the far west pass,
Until the day and after-glow were gone:
And plucking one among the many flowers,
He said, "Though this poor flower must pass away,
There is no end, no end to love like ours:
Our love is of all time—these live a day."

But they have passed away, and daisies blow
Above the graves wherein the lovers sleep;
And years have come and gone, and years still go;
But no voice breaks upon the silence deep,
And only the old, gloomy house remains,
Within whose silent walls no footsteps stray,
And drearily the cold autumnal rains
Beat down in gusts upon its gables grey.

—Arthur J. Stringer.

THE LOST COLONY OF ROANOKE.

BY E. Y. WILSON.

In North America we owe little to the Spaniards. Columbus did not discover the continent of North America, and in the United States and Canada we owe our laws and civilization to England and France. John Cabot, a sailor of Venetian descent, who had settled at Bristol, was sent by Henry VII., in 1496, on an expedition to discover a north-west passage to China. Cabot touched at Newfoundland and Labrador, then coasted down to Cape Florida. The English made the first permanent settlements within the present borders of the great Republic.

The fate of one of the colonies sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh seems to have passed from the minds of most people, but of late years a few persons in North Carolina have taken great interest in trying to trace its movement and find out what became of the colony of Englishmen that was left on Roanoke Island in 1587. As the first attempt at settlement on that island appears to be almost forgotten, a short account of it is here necessary.

In 1584, Walter Raleigh, who was then in high favor at court, received from Queen Elizabeth the grant of any lands that he might discover, that were not already owned by Christian princes, nor settled by Christian people. He sent out three several expeditions to explore and colonize the coast to the north of Florida; and on the country there discovered, Queen Elizabeth bestowed the name Virginia, and she conferred the honor of knighthood upon Raleigh in 1585. Though Raleigh was then busily employed in making preparations for the defeat of the threatened invasion of England by Philip of Spain, he still found time to fit out an expedition to the coast of America to make discoveries. The first expedition was commanded by Philip Amadis and Arthur Barlow, who sailed with two barques from England on the 15th of April, 1584, O.S., and reached America in July of that year. After sailing along the coast for over a hundred miles, they found an inlet, or river, issuing into the sea. There they cast anchor, "within the haven's mouth, on the left hand of the same." They then went in boats to view the land and take possession of in the name of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen. Roanoke Island was the country taken possession of, and it was some distance from the place of anchoring. This colony only remained about two months, exploring and viewing the land; when they returned to England, carrying two of the chief Indians with them, Manteo and Wanchesse, who were returned to their own country with the next expedition; the former to be made lord of Roanoke, and the latter to become the inveterate enemy of the English.

The second expedition consisted of seven vessels, under the command of Sir Richard Grenville, a cousin of Sir Walter Raleigh. It sailed from England on the 9th of April, 1585, and reached Roanoke in the July following. In August, Sir Richard sailed for England, leaving a colony under Ralph Lane. This colony remained but a short time, and had many adventures and fights with the natives, while exploring Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds. After despairing of assistance from England, Lane embarked with his whole colony on the fleet of Sir Francis Drake, which called at Roanoke in the summer of 1586. In about a month after Lane sailed away from what he called his New Fort in Virginia, Sir Richard Gren-

ville returned with supplies, and after a fruitless search for the colonists, he sailed away, leaving fifteen men on the island to keep possession. These men were never seen again by their countrymen.

Though several unsuccessful attempts had been made to found a colony, Sir Walter Raleigh did not despair; but in 1587 he fitted out three ships, under Captain John White, who carried to Virginia a more numerous colony than the one that sailed under Lane. There were 110 men and 17 women, under John White, as Governor. He and others of the colonists, were incorporated as "The Governor and Assistants of the city of Raleigh, in Virginia." The intention was for this expedition to land on the shores of Chesapeake Bay, where the city of Raleigh was to have been.

Governor White had been ordered to stop at Roanoke to look for the men who had been left on the island, and he was obliged to remain there, as the commanders of the ships seem to have been independent of his authority, and refused to transport the colony to their original place of destination, as it would interfere with their cruise in the West Indies, in search of Spanish prizes.

Shortly after the arrival of the colonists on August 18th, a daughter was born to Ananias and Eleanor Dare. The latter was the daughter of Governor White. The child, being the first born in Virginia (that was the name of all the country then) of English parents, was named Virginia. About the same time, Manteo, the friendly Indian chief, was baptized into the English Church, and given the title of Lord of Roanoke and Dasamanguepeuk.

This was the last colony, whose fate has given rise to so much speculation. The colonists found on their arrival that they needed many things that they had failed to bring with them; so with one voice they requested Governor White to return to England for supplies, on which the existence of the colony depended. But no succor came from the Old Land until after three long years, for, in the meantime, England had needed every ship and every sailor in her struggle with Spain. On the 27th of August, White sailed for England, and the colonists were never seen again by their own people. On his arrival in England, Governor White found everything in confusion, and the people greatly excited. Sir Walter Raleigh and many others interested in the distant colony were called upon to take a distinguished part in the operations of the year 1588, when every preparation was being made to defeat the Invincible Armada of Philip. Amid such imminent danger, the poor colonists were neglected, and were supposed by most people to have perished miserably, or to have been massacred by the Indians.

In the Rev. Charles Kingsley's romance of "Westward Ho," allusion is made to the return of Governor White to England, where he had to unload his ships and prepare for war. White spoke of his daughter, Mrs. Dare, in Virginia, and said that it would be a great hardship and grief for her, with an infant daughter, in that far country, if he could not return with supplies to the colony.

After the Armada was defeated and dispersed, and the great danger had passed, Governor White was sent in April, 1588, with two barques, to visit the distant land, but these ships were so disabled, in fighting ships encountered during the voyage, that they were obliged to return to England.

No further attempt was made to reach the colony until 1590, when, in the month of March, White sailed again with three vessels. They did not reach Roanoke until August. No trace could be found of the colonists; their only memento was silent graves, deserted houses, and a palisaded fort; and, carved on a tree at its entrance,

the word "Croatoan." He took this as a token that they had been carried away by the friendly Indians of Manteo's tribe, which was on an island to the south, and on the mainland. Before Governor White left, there had been some talk of the colonists going "fifty miles into the main." If they were in distress, a cross was to be carved under the word Croatoan. Those Indians, called Croatans by the English, seemed to have occupied most of the country now comprising the eastern counties of North Carolina bordering on Pamlico Sound.

After a vain search, Governor White was compelled to return to the fleet. On the following day he thought of sailing to Croatoan, but, on account of approaching foul weather, it was decided that they should sail to the West India Islands for the winter, and return in the spring to look for the colonists at Croatoan. This they failed to do, for after cruising about for a time in search of Spanish prizes, they finally sailed for England, and reached Plymouth in October, 1590.

The colonists were not abandoned to their fate without other attempts being made to find them. Sir Walter Raleigh fitted out three or more expeditions at his own expense, but it is doubtful if any of them ever landed at Roanoke, Croatoan Island, or the mainland, in search of the lost people; for the navigators of that time were more intent on seizing Spanish galleons, than in looking for their lost countrymen, and the prizes were more frequently to be found further south, in the neighborhood of the West India Islands.

The unfortunate people were never more heard of, unless something related by Lawson, an early historian, has some reference to them. He wrote in 1714: "The Hatteras Indians, who lived on Roanoke Island, or much frequented it, tell us that several of their ancestors were white people, and could talk in a book as we do; the truth of which is confirmed, by grey eyes being frequently found amongst these Indians, and no others. They value themselves extremely for their affinity to the English, and are ready to do them all friendly offices." No attempt seems to have been made to find out anything more at that time.

After White left Roanoke, the name of this settlement, the so-called city of Raleigh, disappeared from the annals of the country until 1654, when a party of explorers from Virginia, reached Roanoke, and saw what they termed the ruins of Walter Raleigh's fort. This was a bastioned fort of irregular shape, about forty rods square. Its present condition is thus described in *Harper's Magazine* for 1860: "The trench is clearly traceable in a square of about forty rods each way. Midway of one side, another trench, perhaps flanking the gateway, runs inward some fifteen or twenty feet. On the right of the same face of the enclosure, the corner is apparently thrown out in the form of a small bastion. The ditch is generally two feet deep, though in many places scarcely perceptible. The whole site is overgrown with pine, live oak, vines, and a variety of other plants, high and low. A flourishing oak, draped with vines, stands like a sentinel near the centre; a fragment or two of stone or brick may be discovered in the gaps; and then all is told of the existing relics of the city of Raleigh."

There is part of a tribe of Indians now living in North Carolina, who own quite a large section of land in Robeson county. They are called Croatans, and there is some reason for believing that they are the descendants of the tribe thus designated by the English who first came to Roanoke Island.

Croatoan was the name given to that part of the country inhabited by the friendly Indians, and the people were called Croatans by the colonists, but part of the country lying to the

west of Roanoake, was called "Dasamonguepeuk" by the natives.

From the description given by Governor White, Croatoan Island was probably a long narrow island skirting the coast, and now included in Carteret county, as it is so named on an old map of 1666; and, on a later map published by order of the "Lords Proprietors" in 1674, the peninsula embracing the present county of Dare was so called, and the Sound to the west of Roanoke still bears that name. The Croatans now living in Robeson county are, many of them, of mixed blood, and some are nearly white, and many of the families claimed by the tribe as descendants of the English, have retained their purity of blood, and can scarcely be distinguished from white people.

A missionary to the settlements, the Rev. Mr. Blair, wrote to his patron, Lord Weymouth, in 1703: "I think it likewise reasonable to give you an account of a great nation of Indians who live in this government many of which live among the English, and all, as far as I can understand, are a very civilized people." Mr. Blair speaks of a desert of fifty miles to be crossed in going to the place.

The location of the tribe thus spoken of is uncertain, but it is possible that descendants of the lost colonists were then living to the southwest of Pamlico Sound, and that they emigrated further into the interior, where a large body of Croatans were then living, and there is a probability that the civilized Indians referred to were the Croatans, as there was no other tribe to which the word civilized could apply. At that time, 1703, no settlements of white people were known to exist beyond the country around Pamlico Sound, but in 1729, white people penetrated the wilderness as far as Heart's Creek, a tributary of the Cape Fear, afterwards called Cross Creek, now Fayetteville, and Scotchmen settled in Richmond county in 1730, and many Highlanders settled in the neighborhood of Cross Creek after the battle of Cullodon.

Huguenots in great numbers emigrated to South Carolina, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes 1685, and, in the early part of the eighteenth century, penetrated to the northern boundary of the State, and at their earliest coming found a tribe of Indians, speaking English, cultivating the soil, and living in houses. Their principal seat extended for twenty miles on the "Lumber River," as it was then called, though they occupied the country much farther west. These Indians had farms and roads, and had evidently lived there for some time. They held their lands in common, and there were no land grants until after white men came, and the first grant on record was made by King George the Second, in 1732, to Henry Berry and James Lowrie, two leading men of the tribe. James Lowrie was described as an Indian who married Priscilla Berry, a sister of Henry Berry, the other grantee mentioned. James Lowrie was descended from James Lowrie of Chesapeake, who married a Croatan woman in Virginia, as Eastern North Carolina is still called by the tribe. Henry Berry was the name of one of the lost colonists, and many of the family names borne by the tribe are the same as those on the list of names of the colonists who were left on the Roanoke Island, *i. e.*, the Harvies, Coopers, Darrs. The last name is probably a corruption of Dare, and has disappeared from the Lumber River since 1812, but at that time it was on the muster roll of a company composed partly of Indians from Robeson County, who served, during the war, in the United States army. But there are people there of that name living in Western North Carolina, who are claimed by the tribe as descendants of the English. Many old Anglo-Saxon words are used by this tribe which are now obsolete in most English-speaking countries.

For years they exercised the elective franchise like other citizens of North Carolina, but in 1825 they were deprived of their right of voting by an act passed by the Legislature of the State, and were classed with "free persons of color." At this they were very indignant, as they had always considered themselves far superior to the negro race. In 1868, when a new constitution was adopted, their privilege of voting was restored, and they were allowed public schools, but as they had been classed with "free persons of color" for so long a time, they were obliged to send their children to schools provided for the negroes. Many refused to do so, preferring to allow their children to grow up uneducated. They have since been recognized by a special act of the Legislature of North Carolina as Croatan Indians, and separate schools have been provided for their race. Their school houses, mostly built by private subscription, and situated in some secluded spot in the Piney Woods, compare favorably with those provided for the colored people.

There are about 3,000 Croatans in Robeson County, where they own about 60,000 acres of land. They are mostly landholders and farmers; many of them have quite comfortable homes, with flowers and shrubs around. The houses are often built far from the public road. Baptist and Methodist missions have established churches among them, so that they now have religious instruction. Very few of the older people had any opportunities for receiving an education, but they are intelligent and quick-witted.

There are about 5,000 Croatans in the State, and according to the traditions, they still maintain that their people once lived in Roanoke, Virginia, as they still call the country around Pamlico Sound; that at a very early day, an English colony became incorporated with their tribe; that they emigrated westward a long time ago. The tribe has probably lived in Robeson County for two hundred years. They had, for years, good roads leading to older settlements, and the Lowrie Road from Fayettville, leading through Cumberland and Robeson Counties, to an old settlement on the Pee Dee river, is still a good public highway. Though very primitive and old-fashioned in their mode of living, they are a proud and reserved race, boasting alike of their English and Indian origin.

THE MYSTERIOUS SPOTLEY.

BY BERNARD McEVOY.

We never could estimate how old, Spotley was. Sometimes he looked younger than he did at other times. For one thing, he shaved clean—wore neither moustaches nor "side-boards" —and whether his hair was dyed or not, we never could tell. He might be thirty, but sometimes we thought it possible for him to be forty-five. Once, when he caught sight of a rather dashing-looking woman, who came into the bank and transacted some business at the counter, he looked sixty. I looked across at him from my desk with astonishment, to see a haggard aspect come over his face. His countenance looked grey and old, and his cheeks seemed to drop into the senile semi-pendulousness of dotage.

He was a close, cautious-looking man, about 5 ft. 6 in. in height, and he weighed, perhaps, 150 pounds—the relevancy of which observations will appear later on. It was a mark of his character that while he was ready to hear information about other people, he was never communicative about himself. He had been in the bank for years, and we younger clerks had theories about him which successively held currency and then dropped. He was a man who had seen better days, and was highly connected. He had been a priest in some distant State, and for some reason or other had forsaken holy orders. He was the son of an officer high up in the British army. He was a distant off-shoot of the Bonaparte family —an hypothesis that held sway for several months, and which was somewhat supported by his appearance, which was distinctly Napoleonic. But all these theories sank one by one into disuse. There was no drawing him into conversation about his past history. It may be imagined, therefore, that the effect of the lady episode before referred to was to increase the bank's general curiosity. We found out who she was when she next came in,—the daughter of a millionaire who had come to Washington with her father for the winter. I am speaking of a time just previous to the war. Lincoln was at the White House, and it was rumored that Miss Haughton's father was an old friend of his. The only apparent change that the presence of Miss Haughton in the capital made in Spotley was that he dressed even better than usual. But as he had always dressed superlatively well, this was not much.

One day a somewhat loudly-dressed, well-built young man came into the bank, and, as I happened to be standing at the counter, he asked me if Mr. Spotley was in. Answered in the affirmative, the newcomer asked if I would point him out. I did so.

"Well, he looks a game 'un," he remarked, with a decidedly English accent "Don't he now? A regular game 'un, he do. Think he'd pass a word or two with me?"

"I've no doubt he would if you wish to speak to him," I said.

"Why, he's the cleverest lightweight boxer in Ameriky, and he looks it, blood if he don't."

"You don't say so?" I replied. Here was a new theory with a vengeance. We had never credited Spotley with anything of the kind. I summoned him to speak to his admirer, and from a distance I interpreted their interview.

The unknown, loudly-dressed young man, placed himself in a fighting attitude, delivered a left-hander at an

imaginary antagonist, and winked his eye. Then he told Spotley, I imagined, that he too was in the pugilistic line, and was pleased to meet so renowned a master of the art. Spotley was, of course, civil, but impassive, affecting to make light of the other's compliments.

Then I imagined the visiting boxer narrated the details of some encounter of the ring he had recently witnessed. Pantomimically he wiped the floor with his antagonist, after pursuing him to the ropes more than once. This over, he put out his hand effusively and shook Spotley's with great respect. I imagined that the tears almost came into his eyes. Then Spotley retired to his desk.

"Queer customer that," I said to him ten minutes afterwards.

"Whom do you mean?" replied Spotley, with frigidity.

"That English sport in the plaid suit. He has a great reverence for you—says you are a mighty one with fists."

"Indeed?" said Spotley, softly.

"We never gave you credit for that or anything like it, Mr. Spotley."

"No?"

"No!"

"Well, there's nothing particularly strange in that, is there?"

"I don't know that there is—and yet—well, I wonder that it has never come out. Fancy you being a regular master of the fistic art, and we who see you every day never suspecting it.'"

"Is a man obliged to exhibit all his qualifications?" he asked.

"No, I don't suppose so—at any rate I don't suppose you would, Mr. Spotley? I replied.

"Please excuse me," he said, with cold politeness; "at the present time I am very busy." And, with an aggravating smile, he closed the colloquy.

After that Spotley was more taciturn, cautious and self-contained than ever. Yet, strange to say, the circumstance added a fresh halo to Spotley's mysterious respectability.

"I don't believe it," said Erhardt, a big, light-haired young man, who was known to spend his evenings at a club where gentlemanly boxing was a specialty; "the thing's ridiculous. Spotley's been in the bank for fifteen years. You tell me that all that time he has kept this to himself. A man could'nt do it; he would be bound to show it somehow."

"Of course, you do yourself, Erhardt. But then you are not Spotley."

"Well, has he the make of a boxer? Look at his build. Where's his chest? Where's his muscle?"

"Oh that's what you might say of many an athlete. Spotley is very well made. He's solid. Big, even as you are, Erhardt, he might prove too tough for you."

"Well, of course he's not in my class. That's simply absurd. I wouldn't want to hurt the little man. Then look at his age. Why he's fifty."

"Thirty-five," I said.

"Well, I grant you he looks younger sometimes—but still—Oh, the thing's ridiculous. There's some mistake about it."

Nevertheless, it was observed that Erhardt eyed Spotley very closely from that day forward. We would catch him looking up from his ledger and gazing at the human enigma as if he were mentally calculating the size of his biceps and the length of his reach.

Bank life is so tedious that anything is welcomed that is calculated to vary the monotony of the daily routine, and there is generally some topic that—off and on—floats on the surface of such scattered conversing opportunities as fall to the lot of the clerks. If two of us happened to meet in the street on the way home, the talk would at this time gravitate towards the mysterious Spotley. The interest was kept alive by various little circumstances. The sporting

visitor of a fortnight ago came into the bank more than once, accompanied by certain heavy-looking, thicknecked men, to whom he pointed out our Napoleonic-looking and silent coadjutor. Saloon-keepers, expensively dressed, and with much show of jewelry, took to waiting in front of the steps to see Spotley come out. The big policeman that stood at the corner had evidently "heard something," and touched his hat to Spotley with an added respect. Finally, a paragraph in an evening paper said that it was not generally known that a respected official of long standing at one of the local banks was a past master of the noble art of self-defence. It went on to describe the said official in such a way as to leave no doubt in the mind of the initiated reader that the person indicated was no other than Spotley. And still Spotley was as silent, cautious, and self-contained as ever. He attended to his work with the steadiness of a calculating machine.

At about this time the wife of my uncle, the President of our bank, gave an at-home, and I was among the guests. It was one of the affairs that may be described as a somewhat crowded parade, a buzz of conversation, a song or two, and a finale of dancing. My uncle had a penchant for entertainments of this somewhat old-fashioned and composite character. They were a sort of compromise between his new wife's views and his own, and he held that they pleased a variety of tastes. It was when the fashionable tenor of the day had exhibited his expanse of shirt front, and the diamond ring on his finger, in the most approved fashion, while he sent the tones of his voice soaring skyward, and had brought his vocal gymnastics to a close amid a good deal of admiration, that I discovered that the handsomest woman in my immediate neighborhood was the Miss Haughton whose appearance one day at the bank had had such a remarkable effect on Spotley. I confess I was glad when, a few minutes afterwards, a happy chance led to my being introduced to her by my aunt. I felt an utterly unreasonable and indefensible curiosity to know the link between Spotley and herself. The sight of her had made Spotley look grey and old; would the mention of his name have the like effect upon her? This did not seem possible. She was, perhaps, twenty-eight years old, and exceedingly attractive, having arrived at that stage in a woman's life when an over self-consciousness is lost in a reasonable amount of satisfaction with her own charms, combined with a desire to have a share of what is going in the shape of wit, the pleasures of society, and good company; when tact has taken the place of timidity, and affableness and resource the place of reserve. When a man is introduced to a woman, a large amount of freedom of conversation is instantly realized, if the relations of the two are entirely free from the possibility of their ever being betrothed lovers. Now, Adele Haughton was at least seven years older than I, so that the idea of my ever being a possible suitor was absurd. I looked at her with the frank simplicity of a boy, while she naturally fell into the attitude of an elder sister. We began to throw the ball of small talk with all the freedom in the world. As I looked at her I could not help matching her with Spotley. I reckoned that she was one inch shorter than he was, and came to the conclusion that they would make a very suitable and handsome pair. He had dignity, she had brightness and gaiety; he was dark, she was blonde; he was cautious, she was impulsive. Meanwhile I was cudgelling my brains as to how to lead the conversation in the direction of the individual to whom I was thus mentally assigning a partner for life. At last I said—

"That fellow sings uncommonly well."

"Signor Zampanella? Yes, does'nt

he? What a gift it is to be able to sing."

"Yes, but after all, I think I would rather be muscular than musical."

"Would you? Men are so strange. You are as bad as my father—he worships muscle."

"Which is your father, Miss Haughton? Is he here?"

"Yes. Let me see whether you can pick him out."

I looked at her earnestly to impress her face on my mind. It was a strong, vigorous, sincere face, and I did not object to the process at all. Nor did she. A friendship had sprung up between us. Then I looked round the room.

"I see him," I said; "he is talking to Judge Wilmot."

"But I don't know Judge Wilmot."

"Well, you see that shortish, sturdily-built man with iron-grey hair and beard, and a very emphatic manner, who looks as though he were just giving judgment?"

Her eyes went in the direction of mine.

"Yes, you are like a witch; that is he," she said. "Now isn't he a dear?"

"Of course he is; how could he help it, when he is your father," I said.

"You musn't be foolish."

"So he adores muscle? Well he may, he is evidently muscular."

I could not help sizing him up with reference to Spotley. I could not help sympathizing with Spotley on the hypothesis that he had once ventured to regard him in the light of a future father-in-law.

"Ah, he should see Spotley, at our bank," I said with affected carelessness. But as I said it I looked full into her eyes. She was off her guard, and her face, for one half second, was an index of her soul. It expressed surprise, enquiry, anger and sadness, all at once.

"You know Spotley?" I said remorselessly. I mean Reginald Spotley. He is at our bank. I am in the ——— bank. My uncle, our host, is its president."

"Oh yes, of course; I remember."

"Spotley is a fine fellow," I continued, "curious in some of his ways, but really a fine fellow—a gentleman every inch of him."

Her glance repaid me. I knew at once that she loved him.

"What made me mention him now was the fact of his being an extraordinary boxer. Women don't appreciate that sort of thing, but Spotley is an A 1 athlete, no mistake about it. Knocks down men double his own size."

"Indeed?" she said earnestly.

"A fact, upon my honor. People come into the bank to see him."

"You astonish me," she said.

"Why? do you know anything to the contrary of him?"

"I always believed him brave and manly at heart. But they are preparing for the dance."

Just then some one came up and claimed her as his partner, and our talk ended. But I determined to observe her parent. By and by I was introduced to him. I found him a vulgar, irascible, good-hearted man of about fifty-two, of the kind usually called a "sport." He had made money, and he worshipped his daughter. These were the two pivots on which his life turned. He was an old acquaintance of my uncle's, and had a prodigious respect for him. My relationship to the President of the ——— Bank made me *persona grata* to Mr. Haughton. We sat together watching the dancers and chatting affably. The old man had no reticence. He was about the roughest diamond I ever came across.

"That's my daughter, young man, that one there with the diamond bracelets. See 'em?"

"They are not so fine as she is," I replied.

"Ha! so you are took with her, like all the rest, eh? Well, I tell you you're right. Features, her

mother's, only not the woman her mother was, yet."

"You would find it hard to improve her," I said.

"Eh? what?—you?" said the old man suspiciously, with a directness altogether contemptuous of the conventionalities. "I'll tell you what, young man; the man that gets her will have to fight for her—see? No coward gets Adele Haughton; no sir!"

His manner nettled me.

"I regret to say, sir," I replied, "that circumstances entirely preclude my ever being in the running, so to speak, for you daughter's hand."

"Spoken like a man! Spoken like a man! Young man, you've got your uncle's cut and your uncle's ways. I respect you for it. I do, upon my word. But you must know I'm a bit particular. No coward gets my daughter. She's got no mother, God bless her, and I've got to keep guard over her—I've got to keep guard over her." His voice broke as he spoke, and his fatherly affection made his vulgarity tolerable. As he sat there, in evening dress which seemed to sit so awkardly upon him, I could not help wondering what had been his past. I imagined him struggling for his own in a mining camp, railroad-making over the prairies, opening fresh claims in Dakota. And now he was wearing conventional attire in a Washington drawing-room.

But what did he mean by saying that whoever wanted his daughter would have to fight for her? He surely could not mean that he would leave her fate to be decided by wager of battle. The idea seemed absurd. Adele Haughton, having had all the educational and social advantages that money could buy, was a refined woman of taste. Her father was neither refined nor æsthetic. His civilized attire simply acentuated his uncivilized idiosyncrasies. He was no more of a gentleman, really, than any man chosen by lot out of a crowd of navvies or miners. He was, I thought, invited to my uncle's entertainment simply on account of his daughter, and I could not help pitying the girl who was subject to the caprices of such a father. And yet, as I reflected, he certainly was rich, and probably kind to her, in a way. She had whatever she wanted, except, perhaps, the husband of her choice. I now felt sure that that man was Spotley, but thought I might hear some more details if I waited a little.

I found that old Haughton's respect for my uncle, to a certain extent, included me. He was inclined to be communicative, and as the dancers swung round to the delicious strains of the best string band in Washington he admitted me to his confidence.

"She dances well; don't she now? Look at that; see how she makes the turn at the end, eh?" said Mr. Haughton, half soliloquizing.

"What I was telling you," he continued, "was that anybody that gets her has to fight for her. That may seem curious to you, eh?"

I owned that it did.

"Well, now, look here. What I say is this. Man has to protect woman. Now isn't that right? Man should therefore be stronger than woman; he should be all there—ready—in one word, a fighter. Now I, myself, mister, have been a fighter from the word 'go.' I look out on the world, and what do I see? A crowd of fighters and a crowd of ninnies; a crowd of dudes without an ounce of muscle or an ounce of pluck, left money by their fathers, uncles, aunts, and what not. But can they fight for their own? Can they fight for the women that's entrusted to 'em? No. I say no! a puny lot o' white-livered, half-hearted trash."

"Yes, that's no doubt true," I said.

"True? you bet it is! I say, mister, come into the smoking-room and have a cigar with me—they're all amusing themselves here, and we shan't be missed. But not if you want to dance."

"What's the hull darned world but a fighting place?" he continued, when we were comfortably seated. "I tell you a man has either got to fight his way or sneak his way. Now, I 've fought my way, and somehow I've more respect for them as fights than for them as sneaks. Can the young men of to-day fight as their fathers have fought before them? I say no! Understand me?"

"Yes, I think so. I think there is a good deal in what you say."

"Of course there is. What I want is plain truth—not what is taught by a lot of parsons. Now look at the earth. I've read books. What do you find in the early ages? Fighting. Come along a bit and what do you find? Fighting. Do you suppose we're going to do without it now? Not a bit of it."

"So I says to myself with regards to Adele. The man that is to protect her, I says to myself, must be a fighter. It may lead to temporary disappointment, but it will be better in the end. It did lead to a little disappointment in this very city—five years ago. I'm not going to mention names; I know the part of a gentleman. But it happened so."

Of course it did, I thought to myself, and the unfortunate individual was Spotley.

"Do you mean actual fighting, Mr. Haughton? I gather from what you say that you recognize that the world is a sort of contest in which the strongest wins. But do you mean actual fisticuffs?"

"Certainly I do. I hold that if a man is to be any good he must be able at some time or other to put up his props and down the other fellow. That't just what I mean. That sort of fellow is the sort for me. That's what they call the ultimate. Oh, I've read books, don't you mistake, and I've thought the matter out. Society depends on physical force. At the end of the chain of chances there is the policeman, and if he isn't strong enough you call out the militia. Give me the man that's ready with his own physical force."

"But surely, Mr. Haughton, you want other qualities in the suitor for the hand of a lady besides mere brute power?" I said.

"That's her part of the matter. Let a girl alone for finding that out. I've got to attend to the other side of the business. Why, bless you, girls would go and marry the first dude that came along, so that he pitched 'em a pretty good yarn, and looked nice. That's why these parsons and lawyers and actors have a such a chance with 'em. But none of that sort for me."

It was impossible to avoid thinking of what a lamentable lot Adele Haughton had with such a strong-willed, opinionated old father as this, who had laid down cast-iron rules for himself of the sort that might have obtained in the Middle Ages, but which were entirely unsuited to this age of compromises. Next day, when I was back at my desk at the bank, I looked across at Spotley with much commiseration. Five years ago, I thought, he could not box, and was deficient in physical courage; he could not satisfy the curiously demanding code of old Haughton. This I gathered from circumstantial evidence, from Miss Haughton's look when Spotley was mentioned, and from her father's words. In another way I had learnt that he was now an accomplished votary of the art of self-defence, had made himself—being in love—a master of assault and battery, though previously he was only an ordinary well-conducted citizen — relying for protection on policemen, and ultimately, as Mr. Haughton had said, on the militia. The thought of whereunto these things might tend caused me at least to laugh inwardly to such an extent that I made a mistake in a column of figures, and had to go over it three times before I was sure I had cast it aright. It seemed such a ridiculous exemplification of the power of

love, that a sedate, somewhat prim and particular man like Spotley should put himself to the trouble of physically educating himself in this special way. For it seemed to me that he could have had no definite end in view. These were not the days of tournaments, when a man could enter the lists and fight for his lady love, and there seemed to be no way in which Spotley's athleticism could further his love afair. I concluded, after thinking the matter over, that he began his boxing lessons as a relief from his disappointment, and that he had continued to be an amateur from mere habit. But I had not reckoned on the immense persistence there was in Spotley. Nor did I know at that time that the three months' visit he had lately paid in England was prompted by his desire to become as perfect as possible in what was supposed to be, at that time, the best school of the Noble Art.

The *denouement* came pretty soon after this. When Spotley heard that the Haughtons were in Washington, he called at their hotel, and, as fate would have it, Mr. Haughton was out, but Adele was at home.

"I thought I might call and pay my respects as an old friend," said Spotley, after a somewhat agitated and constrained meeting.

"Was it like an old friend to leave me so long without hearing of you, Mr. Spotley?" said Adele.

"How could I write, or what could I do, Adele? I had been humiliated in a disgraceful way in the eyes of the only woman I ever cared for. I could either take the remedy which the law gave me, or I could keep silence. I chose to keep silence; but now I am come to speak. I have not changed towards you in the five years. But you have been all over the world and have seen many people—no doubt you have received much admiration. I am quite prepared to hear that you regard our former relations as an eccentric dream—almost a joke."

"Do you think so hardly as that of me, Reginald? It is too bad," she said, half inclined to cry.

"I beseech you Adele not to play with me, Do you really mean that the years have made no difference at all, and that I may hope one day to win you?"

"I mean just that, Reginald. I will go with you to the world's end."

"Adele!" He sprang forward to take both her hands in his. And at that moment her father entered, very grim and angry when he saw the state of the case.

"Adele— go to your room," he said sternly. Adele looked at first as though she would disobey the paternal command, but, at a sign from Spotley, she left.

"What do you mean, sir, by sneaking around here in my absence?" said the old man angrily.

"Look here, Mr. Haughton, I am not a boy, nor a tramp, but a respectable American citizen. I must ask you to talk this thing over in a reasonable manner. I did not know you were out; I am glad you have returned. This thing has got to be settled right here."

"What? —— you;" and old Haughton advanced threateningly towards his visitor.

"I must beg you to conduct yourself reasonably. I will have no violence if I can help it. You are older than I am, and perhaps not in such good training, but I give you notice that you will not lay a finger on me with impunity."

"This is impertinence, as I will soon show you. I will have no sneaking lovers hanging around here." He rang the bell violently, and his colored manservant appeared.

"Now I know your plan, Mr. Haughton. That is the man who threw me out five years ago. I say it was a cowardly, base thing for you to do"

"George, put this man out," roared Haughton, his temper getting the better of him with considerable rapidity.

"Come, out you go," said the negro athlete threateningly, coming into the room and approaching Spotley.

"Now, look here, my man," said Spotley, sternly; "you just go outside. Touch me if you dare! I will knock you down first, and have you locked up afterwards. What do you mean, Mr. Haughton, by bringing a ruffian like this to settle a matter which ought to be easily arranged between gentlemen?"

"Now, don't make trouble, sir. Come right out," said the footman. He tried to catch Spotley's arm, but like a flash Spotley's right caught him under the jaw with a calculated force that not only astonished him but knocked him down. When he rose to his feet, Spotley was very calm and in fighting attitude.

"Oh that's it you want?" said his assailant. It was necessary for him to earn the approval of his employer, but he scarcely liked the business. He speedily found that he had to defend himself, and Spotley's eye was terrible to encounter, and his science unerring. Again the big negro grovelled on the carpet, this time with his nose showing, with great freedom, that his blood was about the same as other people's

Besides this, he had a strong consciousness that he had met his match.

"If you don't get right up and go out of that door, I will pound you to a jelly. What do you mean by laying hands on a gentleman? Out you go! By heaven! you shall not rise higher than your knees till you tell me whether you are going out or not." Then Spotley turned and walked up to Haughton.

"Order that blackguard out, sir! Order him out, I say, or I will summon the police and have you both arrested. Order him out!"

There was a contest in the old man's breast, but he felt that he had met his match.

"George, go outside and wash your face," he said sullenly.

"And now, Mr. Haughton," said Spotley, "I want you to explain to me why you have twice resorted to these outrageous tactics. You've got to do it. I will get even with you if I devote all the rest of my life to doing it. You have twice called in that wretched man of yours to assault a free-born American citizen, thus introducing into civilized life the manners and customs of savages. Don't think for a moment I am going to allow this to pass. I am master, not you. I have worked for five years to show you that, though you are pigheaded, you are not strong enough to overthrow society. Now I tell you that, whatever happens, I am going to marry your daughter; so your mind may be at rest on that point. Something, however, is due from you to me. You grievously insulted me five years ago, and you have done the same again tonight. If you are willing to give me a written apology—my lawyer will draw one up to morrow—you can sign it, and there is an end to the matter. If not I shall send for the police. I will give you two minutes to make up your mind, not a second longer."

The result proved the superiority of breeding, intelligence, and training. It showed that Haughton was, after all, only a "bluffer." During this harangue he showed signs of great discomfort. At the end of it he was completely demoralized. His jaw trembled nervously. Beads of perspiration were upon his brow. His eye was disconcerted and wandering, under Spotley's steady gaze.

"I meant it for the best," he faltered, mopping his forehead with his handkerchief.

"Meant it for the best, indeed; a pretty best! I want no parleying; will you sign the document?"

"Yes, I'll sign."

"Will you shake hands?"

"What? shake hands?" The old man looked for a moment at Spotley. —Spotley the firm, the unflinching, the terrible, who now held out his

hand steadily, his eye fixed on his opponent.

"Yes, confound it, I'll shake hands."

"Very well, then; that's all right. There need be no lawyer business. Mr. Haughton, you and I understand one another. You have had your way for five years, and now I've got mine. I wish you good evening."

After the stirring events of that eventful evening, the mysteries with regard to Spotley were cleared up in short order. Erhardt discovered, in a distant part of the city, the athletic club which was the scene of our accountant's fistic training and exercise. We learned that the English sport who came in just to look at Spotley in the bank, had made his acquaintance in London at a select Athletic evening, at which the Marquis of Queensbery was the honored guest. We found that Spotley was the lineal descendant of the Colonel Spotley well known in New England annals. When he and Adele Haughton married, everybody seemed pleased, including her eccentric father. At this time of writing, Reginald Spotley is president of the bank in which I first made his acquaintance. In his family is an old negro servant, whose name is George. He sometimes entertains his fellow servants with stories of fighting, but he never mentions one special occasion, the history of which the reader now knows.

SLUMBER SONG.

SLEEP and rest, for it is best,
Slumber sweetly soon;
Fold thy tired eyes and rest;
Silver dreams shall to thee croon,
Sweet the time and soft the tune,
In thy nest;
Fold thine eyes, and thine the boon.

Now the busy hours are gone,
With the work and play;
Jewelled stars look down alone;
Through the sleep-time pass away
Owl and bat and shape of gray;
Sleep, mine own!—
Till the blue and golden day.

Night will close her raven wings
With the dusky hours;
Sweet the early carollings
By the brook and through the bowers;
Grateful are the morning showers;
Slumber sings:
"Morn shall wake thee with the flowers."

—KEPPELL STRANGE.

OLD BEN.

BY V. C. McGIE.

WAS walking leisurely along the docks at Cincinnati, waiting for the *Golden Rule* to unload, as I intended taking the trip in her to the Gulf and back. I was noticing nothing in particular, simply passing away the time till my boat was ready to start. Being in a fit state for impressions, I was attracted by a little old negro, who was one of the gang unloading the *Golden Rule*.

He was only a roustabout, yet there was something in the expression of his face that held my attention. Some person might say that there is not much expression in the face of a negro; but in this face was written sadness and sorrow, as plainly as if it were inscribed on white paper. Beneath his snow-white head, covered with a ragged cap allowing the white locks to escape here and there through the crevices, was a black, wizened up, old face. The eyes had a far-away look in them, and moved slowly from side to side. His mouth had a dejected droop and, from appearances, if he were to smile, which did not look likely, it would be a dismal smile indeed. His old frame, bent and twisted, was sorely strained under the bale of cotton he was carrying from the boat. His step was slow and uncertain, and had to be urged, from time to time, by a kick or buffet from the mate. His mouth did not expand in a smile, as did the mouths of the other 'coons," but he rather seemed to cringe and heave a sigh or two. The mate, now and again, directed a stream of curses at him, but they did not seem to affect him.

Who was this old negro I was observing and following so closely? That was the question for which I wanted an answer. I turned and asked a bystander.

"Why! don't you know Old Ben?" he said, looking at me with an enquiring expression, which may have been meant to convey the impression that he thought that I was very uninformed as to persons and affairs at the wharves. I was perhaps; but, to appear thoroughly conversant with everything, I replied, in a *sang froid* manner: "Oh! that's Old Ben, is it? —he looks older than I thought he was."

"Yes, he's had a heap of trouble lately. He's going down the river on the *Golden Rule*."

Our conversation drifted into other channels, but I was thinking of Old Ben. I had the cue at last. He had a story, and I intended to find it out.

The last bale was now landed from the *Golden Rule*, and a small return freight stowed away in the cargo room. The roustabouts, having received a small pittance from the mate, took up their positions on barrels, bales,—anything—some, stretched out, basking in the sun; others, asleep, standing up—their profession was to rest. The whistle gave a few dull roars, and we glided out into mid-stream.

"Why! don't you know Old Ben."

When the smoky city had disappeared from view, and we were well under steam, I began to explore the boat from figurehead to paddle-wheel. Down in the hold I got a glimpse of Old Ben, thrown in with a lot of other rousters. I sauntered over to talk with the pilot.

He, at first, did not notice me, either from being very intent on manipulating his boat, or because he did not think it worth while wasting his time in conversation. Then, for a while, I was answered in monosyllables, between his eternal, "that beats hell!" and a squirt of tobacco juice. After a time, however, his tongue began to loosen, and he soon became quite talkative.

OLD BEN.

"You have Old Ben on board, I believe," I said, when the talk was flowing quite easily.

"Yes, and I'm right glad to help take him back. He's had a hard time of it. Here!" he broke out with some words of command, intermingled with not the mildest form of profanity. In this respect he was almost equal to the mate.

I stole away to find Old Ben.

I found the black passengers or rousters, or roustabouts if you like, all huddled together. A jolly lot they looked, with their chubby faces, some playing craps, others asleep. I looked around for the old un', as Old Ben was sometimes called. He was sitting apart from the rest, and on his face there was a sad gladness, as if he had suddenly found a plaything—something which he had yearned for.

"You're Old Ben, are you not?" I said, when I had approached him.

"Yez, sah; dat's w'at dey call me."

"Going home?" I put it again.

"Yez, sah; I'se gwine back to me ole woman. She's all I lives foh now." said the old negro.

"You have had a hard time of it lately, haven't you?" I said.

"Not lately, sah; but foh de las' twenty yeahs. I used to hab forh chil'n. I hab none now. One dies at home. 'Nother come up to dis town, and got drown'. De other gone, de Lawd knows whar. I hab not bin 'ome foh fohteen yeahs—I hab not had money 'nough. I wan' to hab money 'nough to lib happy wid, an' keep me ole woman wid, too. One day, long, long ago, news come to me dat me las' chile die. I had sabed some money at dat time, an' was gwine aback 'ome to comfor' de ole woman. On de berry day I was gwine, some low-down, onery trash stole me money from me pocket, while I was 'sleep. I ohfen dinks ob de ole woman. I aint ahad much money since den, but I hab 'nough now to make us bof 'appy. De ole woman is all I live foh.

"At las', aftah fohteen yeahs, I am to see her," and his face lit up radiantly as he spoke.

Old Ben and I walked and lolled over the stern rail together. We

"The Captain and I knocked at the Door."

talked and chatted, and the time went by very pleasantly when we were together.

Day after day went by monoton-

ously. And each day Old Ben and I were together for the most of the time. My example was followed by all the boat hands, and soon Old Ben was the favorite and pet of the boat. We would lounge over the sides on the sunny days, sometimes landing at a village or town as we passed, watching the sleepy natives and listening to plantation songs. Then at night we would sit at times up on the hurricane deck, Old Ben looking forward to where the river was lost in the misty blending of the banks, as if to see there his old home. It was all he talked about during these long days and nights.

LOADING OF THE "GOLDEN RULE."

One morning, after we had been steaming down the river for nine days, Old Ben and I were standing together on the lower deck. It was a bright day, and the sun fairly danced on the water. Suddenly Old Ben seized my arm, and pointing out, excitedly exclaimed: 'See! see! dere 'tis—dat's me ole 'ome. See dat ole log cabin ober yonder."

He left me here and rushed upstairs.

A few moments later the boat was standing as near the bank as the mud would allow. The long gangway was slowly lowered from the centre of the boat. Out rushed Old Ben, followed by the captain, who stood midway on the gang plank, and followed the old negro with his eyes. The mate stepped out on the gang plank also. When Old Ben reached the shore he turned round, and taking off his old torn cap, yelled out gleefully: "Gawd bless you cap'n. I'm 'ome at las'. Be good to yoursel's, an' don' forgit Ole Ben."

"Good-bye. We'll call on our up trip and see how you are getting on," said the captain.

Old Ben scampered up over the banks, merrier than he had been for many a day.

The captain was visibly affected, and even the mate did not blaspheme the rousters for a time.

We rounded a turn in the river, and the old cabin was shut out from view, just as Old Ben was entering it.

"A trio wended its way to the boats."

We reached the Crescent city three days later, having made the trip down in twelve days. A fresh cargo was loaded at the levee, and the *Golden Rule* started on her northward trip.

We ploughed our way slowly up the river, and reached the old man's cabin one day, just at dusk. The captain seemed very much interested, and directed his boat to be run close to shore.

The captain and I walked slowly up the bank. The eyes of all in the packet were upon us. As we approached the hut we observed no signs of life anywhere around. The garden was overgrown with weeds, in short, the whole place had a deserted appearance. We knocked at the door. We waited—no reply. We knocked again, harder than before. This time we heard staggering footsteps. The door opened, and Old Ben looked into our faces with a vacant stare.

"Why, what is the matter, Ben? you look as though you had lost your best friend," said the captain.

"Dat's jes' w'at 'tis, massa. I done gone feel like killin' myself'. I's weary ob dis worl'. I come 'ome to fin' me ole woman; but she's gone—gone—gone—dere's no one here—no one—NO one—" He started up, his eyes glaring as if we had contradicted him.

"Yes, I see; no one is here," said the captain.

"I'se bin awanderin' aroun' foh days lookin' foh her. I conno' fin' her. I come to the cabin of me ole frien' Silas. He say dat me ole woman done gone died moh'n a yeah ago. Dere's nuthin' foh me to lib foh now," wailed the old negro.

"Brace up, old man, and come along with us. We'll see you nicely settled in Cincinnati, won't we partner?" said the captain, looking at me.

"Yes," I replied, and urged him to come.

A trio wended its way back to the boat.

Next morning Old Ben was nowhere to be found. No trace of him could be discovered, though the boat was searched from stem to stern. It was only too apparent to all that the old negro's body was at the bottom of the muddy river.

SAXON OR SLAV:

*England or Russia?**

BY HON. DAVID MILLS, M.P., LL.B., Q.C.

THE theme of this article is the domination of Saxon or Slav—which shall, in the future that lies before us, lead humanity? The subject is one of special interest to us, because we have all felt more or less pride in the fact that we are ourselves members of the race which has for two centuries marched in the van of mankind; and we have now before us the question: Are we approaching the end of that period when we shall have fulfilled our mission, and shall be obliged to give place to some other race, that shall seize the standard which we can no longer carry? Are we about to yield up the place through being no longer qualified to hold it, because, having spent our energies, we are about to sink into a condition of lethargy, weary with the march of humanity, which we have long had the honor to lead?

It is a common observation that nations, like persons, have their periods of growth, maturity, and decay. But Burke wisely observes that nations are not physical, but moral persons. They do not belong to the same sphere of existence as individuals, and it is altogether a false analogy to suppose that they are necessarily subject to the same vicissitudes of being. The fact, however, remains, that hitherto there has been a succession of leading States, each of which rose to greatness, held the first place for a time, and then declined. The subject, then, which we are called upon to consider, is one of great importance to us. At this hour we belong to the dominant race, and whether or not we are to have more than our brief hour upon the stage of history, is a question which must be, for our race, of the very deepest interest.

I say that the whole history of the world shows that there has been a succession of dominant races, and of nations, each of which has served to carry humanity forward a certain distance, to spread itself abroad by force of arms, to impose its thoughts and opinions upon a considerable portion of mankind, to exhaust its energies in the operation, and, after a period of some confusion, to sink into a subordinate position, and to have its place wrested from it by some other nation of another race.

The history of nations can have no other foundation than human nature. This, though everwhere the same, is everywhere modified by the varying strength of the elements of which it is composed. These variations are due to the character of the national environments. Some men are nations in miniature. We can point out individuals who are representative men of their times—of their nation—types of their race; and its whole history is exhibited in their lives. Psychology, for this reason, finds its most perfect expression in history. There we see the virtues and the vices, the intellectual strength and the intellectual weakness of a people. The acts of the rulers, the political constitution of the State, and the aims of the public policy, are but expressions of the strength and the weakness, of the moral and intellectual character of the people.

I assume that there is a Divine pur-

*This article was prepared as a lecture for the Political Science Club of Toronto University, but was not delivered owing to the refusal by the University Council of a lecture room to the Club, in which to hold their meetings.

pose in history, and that the life of the State is dependent mainly upon the moral stamina of its people. I assume that no State has perished that deserved to survive. In order to comprehend the status of a nation we ask ourselves for what purpose it exists? what special contribution is it making, or is it likely to make, to the progress of humanity? If it does not represent some specific idea and purpose; if it is not holding a large space in the well-being of mankind, its existence, as a leading State, would be unintelligible. The events by which it is developed would promote no common purpose and could contribute to no common end. Its national life would be without unity of design and could lead up to no definite result.

If the notion be true that a nation is called by Providence to represent an idea, and serve some great purpose, the order of events must be, in the life of such a nation, an order of progression; and, if this could be interrupted or destroyed, the nation would have, as such, but an abortive existence. It may well be that the existence of many States is only auxiliary to the furtherance of the design contemplated in the existence of the one great leading State of the time. Apart from the furtherance of that design, their existence has no great purpose. Just as thousands of forest trees serve only to form and to give symmetry to the few great trees that survive and reach maturity, so the majority of States serve mainly to give vigor and strength to the one placed by Providence in the van of human progress. Every great State that has played an important part in the history of humanity has had a beginning, a middle, and an end in its history. It constitutes a symmetrical whole. When its end comes it seems to have had a life rounded off and completed. There may be much in that history which we cannot but condemn; there may have been very wide departures, at times, from a high standard of rectitude. At times that which is evil seems to have triumphed over that which is good. But at all times we can trace through its history —as we can trace the Gulf Stream in the broad Atlantic,—the great purpose for which it holds the first place. When we speak of the perfection of a nation we use a relative term; we measure it by its own type,—by what we discover that type to be. We consider the end it was designed to accomplish, and the perturbing influences which, from time to time, operate upon it. And the advantages of historical study will be greatly lessened if we fail to observe these influences, and to correctly appreciate the character and design of the forces, both external and internal, by which a State is impelled onward.

An epoch is complete when its historical development has unfolded everything wrapped up in the idea of progress which it represents. When this is done it can no longer move forward, because it has ceased to have any impelling motive carrying it beyond the point which it has already reached. The laws of this progressive development always harmonize with each other, because there is a necessary relation between all the parts of a nation's life. Show me an institution which a nation has outgrown, which no longer fits into those parts of its organic existence which have been re-formed, and I will show you an institution which will produce friction and unrest until it is adjusted and brought into harmony with the others. Every nation has an individuality of its own, which is seen in its art, industry, religion, philosophy, and government. In some States, one of these characteristics is developed to a much greater extent than the others. In some States the civilization is broader than it is in other States, and the national life has moved along all these lines. When the national energies are exhausted, progress ceases. At first there is rest,

and then disintegration and decay. The State with the widest civilization has also the fullest, the most instructive history. When I say history, I refer to the events of national life in a period of progress, and not to the events in a period of decay. Every epoch has an individuality of its own, as certainly as every nation has its own personality. We can designate the age or the epoch which has produced certain types in works of art, certain doctrines of religion, certain systems of philosophy, and certain theories of government, and certain notions of functions of the State. Now, when a State is struggling to the front, it brings with it different ideas from those entertained by the State already holding the first place And even when the dominant State has completed its mission it does not yield its place without a struggle. Its defeat means the triumph of a stronger and more youthful people, who are destined to carry the banner of progress still farther onward. "War," says M. Cousin, "is nothing more than a bloody exchange of ideas." It is the triumph of the one who bears the treasures of the future over one who has nothing further to bestow. What gives interest to the great battles of Platea and Salamis, Marathon and Arbela, Xama and Pharsalia, Lepanto and Vienna, but this, that there were great ideas, as well as great forces, arrayed against each other? These great events are "the judgments of God in history;" that judgment is always just, and the world, in the end, gains by the change. Every student who reads Demosthenes sympathizes with the orator and patriot against Philip and Alexander. But this is due, not to the purity and patriotism of the Athenians, but to the lofty character of Demosthenes himself. The King of Macedon was unscrupulous; he was ambitious; but the Athenians were worse; they were luxurious and venal, and the world gained by the fall of Athens and the success of Macedon. Demosthenes was a splendid character; every young heart thrills with admiration for the cause and the man; but there were not enough like him remaining to preserve the State. The State that succeeds must make sacrifices; it is only amidst great trials, patiently endured, that success is earned; and these struggles indicate points of departure from which nations move forward, upon hitherto untrodden pathways, to a nobler life than they had before attained.

I don't pretend to state why it is that men are perfected and disciplined, and placed upon a higher plane of life, through what they endure rather than through what they enjoy. The greatest Leader of our race, we are told, was made perfect through suffering; and no great good has ever been secured to man without great sacrifice. This is true from the days of Jephthah to the student who is at this day struggling for literary or scientific distinction, by pleasures denied and by toils endured.

Is it possible that a race may preserve those habits of simple virtue and unwearied energy, which may keep it indefinitely in the lead of human progress? This question suggests another: Does not the fact that it is in a condition favorable to progress along certain lines keep from it those environing influences which may be necessary to mark out a new, a higher, type of civilization? We differ from every leading nation that has preceded us, in the universality of our environment and in the numbers of independent centres of racial life. I am not going to discuss these questions further. It is our business to bear in mind that we are still to the front; that we seem still to be in the midst of a period of progressive advancement; that a great work still remains for us to accomplish; and that we are steadily and untiringly pursued by a powerful and ambitious race, with different conceptions of human rights, with different notions of the functions of gov-

ernment—a race who are seeking to supplant us, and who have an abiding faith in their own destiny. We would have the infatuation of fools were we to close our eyes to these facts. We must bear in mind, too, that it is not always the best that survives, but the fittest. We must remember that without moral stamina, without public virtue, without a spirit of self-sacrifice, it is impossible to maintain the front rank, and the people who do not possess these qualities in the highest degree are already doomed.

I have already stated that the English have taken the lead for more than two centuries; and that, at no distant day, the Russians will contest with them their right to maintain that position. A large portion of the earth's surface is to-day held by three races, which exhibit distinct habits of life, distinct conceptions of government, and distinct types of thought. These are the English, the Russians, and the Spaniards. France and Germany have already reached the maximum of greatness permitted them by Providence. Germany has for a century emptied her surplus population into English-speaking communities, where they have been readily transformed into Englishmen. With no room for expansion, the growth of Germany must be comparatively slow, and her relative position to-day is more favorable to her influence than it is likely to be in the future. For France there is even a less prospect for her to acquire a higher rank than that which she now holds. The great wars at the beginning of this century, and other causes, have contributed, in a marked degree, to produce a race physically inferior to their ancestors; so that there is this further limitation upon her chances of success. Spain may also be regarded as out of the race. The Spaniard holds to-day an immense area, not less than four millions of square miles, upon this continent; but Spain lost her American dominions, and with them her maritime enterprise, her commercial energies, and the chances for a rapid numerical increase of the Spanish race. If the political relations between the United Kingdom and her colonies were terminated, we might have exhibited in the British Islands a spectacle of decadence not unlike that which Spain presents.

I purpose in this article to embrace the United States as a part of the Anglo-Saxon community. I do so because the loss of British supremacy would be scarcely less disastrous to the United States than to the British Empire. It is true that the United States has room, under English leadership, for expansion for a century to come. But with India and China in the possession of Russia, with all the resources that this possession would place at her disposal, with the valley of the Euphrates occupied by her people, and with her frontier pushed southward from the shores of the Caspian to the Gulf of Oman, what would be the position of the United States? The Pacific would become a Russian lake. The population of the United Kingdom would rapidly diminish. The British Islands would no longer be a market for American bread-stuffs, and, while Russia would rapidly grow in wealth and population, the United States would do neither, for all the great marts of the world would be in the possession of a power that would use them to restrain and to cripple any state that might become her rival. The United States have, in the highest sense, no independent existence. They are a part and parcel of the Anglo-Saxon race, at the head of which is the United Kingdom. In science, in literature, in government, in religion, and in the conception of human rights, we are all one people, having a common aim, a common origin, and a common destiny. The forces which would establish Russian ascendancy over the United Kingdom would establish, in an incredibly short time, Russian as-

cendency over the world. It is said that a good understanding is now had with Russia, that a *modus vivendi* has been discovered, and that there is no longer danger of conflict between the United Kingdom and Russia. This proves nothing. It has frequently been said before. The Russian Czar and Russian statesmen have before drawn a line marking the extreme limit of Russian territory and the sphere of Russian influence. I dare say this has been done sometimes, though I fear not often, with perfect sincerity. But, however this may be, Russian officers and Russian soldiers, hundreds of leagues away, have willed otherwise; and as they have willed, so have events been moulded and settled. We know that the late Czar has been praised as the sincere friend of peace, yet his honor has been more than once pawned without having been redeemed; and during his short reign more than a million of square miles were added to his dominions by shocking butcheries, concealed by audacious and shameless lying, such as has marked the diplomacy of no other country. It is, therefore, of importance to consider whether the civilization of England or of Russia is to be the civilization of the next century. I think it is as certain as anything can be, which has not yet transpired, concerning human affairs, that if Russia is not broken in pieces by revolution, a desperate struggle for supremacy must, at no distant day, take place between her on the one side, and the British Empire on the other; and that, by no understanding can it be avoided, for by no understanding can Russia be bound. Let me by a few words invite the reader's attention to the history of Russia.

Russia at one time consisted of many nations. The Khazarui, an enlightened people, who in the Middle Ages maintained intimate relations with Bagdad and the Eastern Empire, who had flourishing schools, an extensive commerce, and liberal institutions, were ultimately destroyed by the barbarous nations that surrounded them. The empire of Russia and the kingdom of England began to exist about the same time; Rurik and Alfred were contemporaries. Russia has experienced, for a thousand years, great vicissitudes of fortune. Near the beginning of her existence she marched eighty thousand men to the conquest of the Byzantine Empire, and to the capture of Constantinople; and what she then aimed to accomplish she has never abandoned. Catharine the Great, Nicholas, and Alexander II., have since undertaken the same task.

Russia in the tenth century was as prominent, relatively, among the states of Europe, in territory, in population, and in her achievements, as she was forty years ago. The original cradle of Russia was at Kieff, on the banks of the Dnieper. The greater part of European Russia was united under one sovereign before Edward the Confessor was king of England. In the tenth century she extended from the borders of Lithuania on the west to the Volga on the east, and from the Finnish tribes on the north to the Petcheneges on the south. Before the end of the twelfth century Russia had acquired eastern Finland, and she had extended her borders towards the Baltic, but she had lost teritory upon the south-east, and Great Bulgaria extended from the Ural River westward beyond the Volga. By the middle of the sixteenth century, the dominions of the Czar of Moscow reached from the Arctic Ocean to the Caucasus Mountains. The Khan of the Crimea still excluded Russia from the Black Sea, and the Grand Duchy of Lithuania extended from the Gulf of Bothnia nearly to the mouth of the Dnieper, embracing the whole of what is now western Russia, up to the borders of Prussia and Poland. From 1648 to 1789 this Duchy was embraced in the kingdom of Poland. In 1721 Russia acquired Livonia; in 1749 she obtained the south-east part of Swedish Fin-

land; in 1783 she conquered the remainder of Crim-Tartary and extended her borders to the Black Sea; in 1793 she seized Lithuania and the greater part of Poland. At the beginning of this century she took Bessarabia from Turkey, and Finland from Sweden; and in 1828 she acquired the country on the north-east coast of the Black Sea. So Russia continuously extended her borders in Europe, from her emancipation from the Tartars down to the year 1830. The progress of Russia in Asia has been as marked as her aggrandizements in Europe. Her boundaries in Asia have been extended at the expense of the Independent Tartar tribes of Persia, of Afghanistan, of China and of Japan. But of these conquests I shall speak more hereafter. I have already mentioned the beginning of Russian existence under Rurik. Russia experienced intestine wars, from causes which I have not space here to consider, which led to her decline in power and in importance. Then came the Tartar invasion from A.D. 1224 until A.D. 1480, when Russia was finally emancipated from their dominion. For two hundred and fifty years the Muscovites paid tribute to these conquerors, until Ivan the 3rd defeated them, and he became the second founder of the Empire. During the Tartar supremacy, the Muscovites endured the terrible atrocities of their savage despotism. Moscow was sacked and burnt, and every province of the Muscovite Empire was repeatedly overrun by them. They seemed bent upon waging a war of extermination, for their rule in peace was nearly as destructive of human life as was their rule in war.

Under Peter the Great, a new impetus was given to Russian dominion. It was he who acquired much of the country bordering on the Black Sea, and the Swedish possessions east of the Baltic. Russia had, in recent history, defeated Napoleon, dismembered Poland, acquired Finland, and extended her territories at the expense of Turkey. Over the tomb of Alexander I., hang the keys of Paris and Adrianople. Over the tomb of Nicholas hang the keys of Warsaw. She has subjugated, by force or by fraud, Tartars, Lithuanians, Poles, Swedes, Turks and Frenchmen. Every European war in which Russia has been engaged, except the Crimean war, since the days of Peter the Great, has been followed by an accession of territory. Russia has been patient in her reverses. She has begun numerous expeditions which have failed; but these failures have never led her to abandon any enterprise. When she has met with reverses she has submitted to fortune, not disheartened, but believing the time not favorable; she has waited her opportunity and pursued her object undismayed by past failures. In A.D. 860, her monarch besieged Constantinople; at that early period her Sovereign had resolved on its acquisition. They failed then in the enterprise; but the design has never been abandoned. It has been attempted by Catherine, by Nicholas, by Alexander the II, and is still among the cherished designs of all Russian statesmen. The settled policy of Russia in Asia is not less aggressive than in Europe. The French many years ago published what purported to be the Last Will and Testament of Peter the Great to the Russian people. It may be that this Will is a fiction; but it nevertheless accurately represents the settled policy of Russia, from which nothing can turn her aside. Let me quote a few paragraphs of this Will:

"5. Interest the House of Austria in the expulsion of the Turks from Europe, and under this pretext maintain a permanent army, and establish dock yards on the shores of the Black Sea; and thus by ever moving forward we will, eventually, reach Constantinople.

"6. Keep up a state of anarchy in Poland; influence its national assemblies, and, above all, regulate the elec-

tion of its kings; split it up on every occasion that presents itself; and finally subjugate it.

"8. Bear in mind that the commerce of India is the commerce of the world, and that he who can exclusively control it is the dictator of Europe; no occasion should, therefore, be lost to provoke war with Persia; to hasten its decay; to advance to the Persian gulf; and then, to endeavor to re-establish the ancient trade of the Levant through Syria.

"9. Always interfere, either by force of arms or by intrigue, in the quarrels of the European powers, and especially in those of Germany.

"12. Make use of the power of the church over the disunited and schismatical Greeks who are scattered over Hungary, Turkey, and the southern parts of Poland; gain them over by every possible means; pose as their protectors; and establish a claim to religious supremacy over them. Under this pretext and with their help, Turkey will be conquered.

"13. All our batteries must be secretly prepared to strike the great blow, and so that they can act with such order, precision, and rapidity, as to give Europe no time for preparation. The first step will be to propose very secretly, separately, and with the greatest circumspection, first to the Court of Versailles, and then to that of Vienna, to divide with one of them the Empire of the world; and by mentioning that Russia is virtually ruler of the Eastern world, and has nothing to gain but the title, this proposal will probably not rouse their suspicion. It is undoubted that this project cannot fail to please them; and a war to the knife will be kindled between them which will soon become general, because of the interests which will compel other powers of Europe to take part in the struggle."

The Will, whether genuine, or a forgery, fairly represents, in fact and in spirit, the policy of Russia.

Permit me to point out the aggressions of Russia in Asia. At the beginning of this century the Prince of Georgia, through Russian intrigue, renounced his crown in favor of the Emperor of Russia. At the same time a Franco-Russian invasion of India was projected. Each nation was to furnish 35,000 men. The French were to descend the Danube, and to be transported across the Black Sea to Taganrog. The combined force was to advance through Khorassan, Herat, and Kandahar to the Indus. It was estimated that about four months would be required for the march. The march of the Russian expedition was begun. The Czar, Paul, was assassinated, and his successor gave peremptory orders for the return of the Russian forces. The Georgians sought to regain their independence; but the Czar had no intention of surrendering his new acquisition, and he proclaimed that, "our dignity, honor, and humanity, impose on us, as a sacred duty, not to resist your heart-rending cries, but to relieve you from the evils which afflict you, and to introduce into Georgia a strong Government."

The Russian Governor seized the Persian Province of Mingrelia; and by treachery or by slaughter, all the Persian Provinces on the western coast of the Caspian were soon after seized, or conquered, by the Russians. England made, through Sir John Malcom, Sir Hartford Jones, and Sir Gore Ouseley, in the course of 13 years, no less than three treaties for the protection of Persia against the French and Russian aggression, not one of which proved of the slightest value to Persia. The Russians, when the first of these treaties was made, were in alliance with France. But, afterwards, when that alliance was broken up, and England and Russia were acting together, the English endeavored to escape from their treaty obligations by explaining them away. Persia lost the Provinces of Karabagh, Georgia, Daghestan, Baku, Shirwan, and other exten-

sive districts, among the most fertile of the dominions of the Shah. In 1828 the Russians took possession of Gokeheh. The Shah urged their withdrawal. Menchikoff endeavored to turn the attention of the Persians to the East, and urged them to recoup themselves by the capture of Herat. But Persia was too much exasperated to listen to such advice. The whole Persian nation rushed upon the Russians, and forced them out of all the Provinces which they had acquired from Persia. But their success was short-lived. The Persians were defeated, and the war was ended by the surrender of the Provinces of Erivan and Nakhtchivan. The Persians called upon the English more than once, but in vain, for the fulfilment of their treaty engagements. The Shah expected their assistance. The British Government declined; but the policy of Menchikoff was not abandoned. The Persians became convinced that the English were unable to oppose Russia. And the Russians then assumed a position of offensive superiority. The English, seeming to regard Persia as having no value as a barrier to Russian advancement towards India, took little interest in Persian affairs. As soon as peace was concluded with the Shah, war was declared against the Sultan, and the armies which had served against northern Persia were marched into Asia Minor. By the treaty of Adrianople, a large district upon the borders of the conquests from Persia was acquired from Turkey. The Persians were incited by the Russians to invade Afghanistan and to lay siege to Herat, Russia herself, at the same time, undertaking the conquest of Khiva. The people of Herat, under their chief, made a vigorous defence, and the siege was for a time abandoned. In 1837 it was renewed. A young artillery officer, named Eldred Pottinger, encouraged the Afghans to make a stubborn defence. The English ambassador endeavored to persuade the Shah to raise the siege, and the Russian ambassador urged him to continue it. The British ambassador was treated with marked discourtesy. The designs of Russia were clearly discernible. Persia was her instrument. Herat would become a Russian out-post on the road to India, if Persia was successful. Russian agents were actively engaged in attempting to form alliances at Kabul and at Kandahar. The Emperor Nicholas himself addressed a letter to the Ameer of Afghanistan. Captain Burnes was then at the Afghan capital, with a view to preventing the Ameer from becoming a party to the Russo-Persian alliance. The Russian ambassador sought to persuade the Shah to deliver it to him, and also the Province of Ghurian. He would remain there with 12,000 troops, and he would, when they joined him, deliver up Herat to them. When the Russian ambassador, Vitkievitch, reached Kabul, he found that Captain Burnes had forestalled him. But the English had only promised the Ameer protection against Runjeet Singh, while he would need protection against the Russians and Persians, on account of his abstaining from all intercourse with them, if he stood by the English. The Ameer strove hard, but in vain, to obtain more comprehensive guarantees from the English. Vitkievitch promised everything, and he succeeded. So that he had the Shah of Persia, the Sirdars of Candahar, and the Ameer of Kabul, all in his net at the same time. The triumph was but short lived. England intervened, and the attack on Herat collapsed. The English had been treated with great indignity by the Persians. Redress had been demanded without success. The British Minister addressed a despatch to the Persian Government in which all the British demands were specifically set out. These demands were rejected. The British Minister quitted the camp, and demanded permission to proceed

to the frontier. He informed the Shah that the Persians must at once raise the siege of Herat; that any attempt to occupy any part of Afghanistan, would be regarded as a war against England. The Shah abandoned the siege. The Russian Minister endeavored to induce the defender of Herat to visit the camp and come to terms; but Yar Mohammed, acting upon the advice of Pottinger, declined to be drawn into the trap, and this instrument failed Russia for the moment. But the chiefs of Kandahar were intriguing with the Persians; this led Lord Auckland to restore Shujaul Mulk to the Afghan throne, and force Dost Mohammed to retire. The chief cities of Afghanistan were occupied by British troops, but it soon became apparent that the new Ameer had no following among the Afghans, and that if the British troops were withdrawn, he would be instantly driven from the throne. I need not relate how, through the weakness or want of decision on the part of the General, Elphinstone, and others, the British army was destroyed; how, out of 16,000 men, but one man returned to Jalalabad, to tell of the weakness and indecision on the one side, and the treachery on the other, which caused a splendid army to perish. The officials of the Czar had intrigued not only with the Afghans, but they had carried on their intrigues in India. The Czar had sent an expedition to capture Khiva, an expedition which had failed. It was intended to put it out of the power, thereafter, of the English, to trouble the Russian Government for explanations about her intentions in Central Asia. Through the English mission of Captain Stoddart, Captain Abbot and Lieutenant Shakespeare, the Khan of Khiva was induced to liberate a number of Russian captives, so as to take from the Russians any pretext for a hostile expedition into his country. But Russia was not hindered in carrying out her policy by any concession of this kind. British officers, after the disasters of Afghanistan, were put to death by the Khan of Bokhara.

Between the years 1856 and 1868, Russia extended her dominion up the Oxus. She subjugated the Kirghiz Tartars. She built a series of forts by which the country was held as it was taken. Her troops attacked and took Ak-Mechit. The Crimean war led to the suspension of military expeditions in Asia. When that war was begun, General Duhamel presented to the Czar a memorandum for the invasion of India. The route through Turkestan would be dangerous, as the inhabitants on that line would, at that time, have to be fought and defeated; and so the route of Khorassan was recommended. He points out that the Afghans might be induced to join the Russians for the sake of plunder, and if the Sikhs could be induced to join, so much the better. Russia proposed to march to India with an army of 30,000, which, with the freebooters who would join them, would be more than a match for any force which the English could bring against them. We make, says the Russian General, "compromises with our other enemies, but England's bearing towards us, which tends to weaken our power, does not justify us in leaving her in peace. We must liberate the people who are the sources of her wealth, and prove to the whole world the might of the Russian Czar." In 1856 the Shah of Persia was again induced to lay siege to Herat. Once more the English declared war against Persia, and landed an army on the island of Karack. The fort upon the island was taken. A Persian force was defeated at Kushab. The forts at the mouth of the Karun river were attacked and captured. Russia was, herself, occupied at this time in the suppression of a revolt of the Kirghiz Tartars. Russia again intrigued at Kabul, Herat, and Kandahar, but without success. From 1859 to 1868 she pushed forward her conquests, captured Chim-

kent, Khogent, and Yura-Tepe, and entered into a treaty of peace with Bokhara. Owing to the inferior arms of the Tartar tribes, Russia made great progress in the extension of her Dominions in Central Asia. If the Tartars had been furnished with improved arms they could easily have kept Russia at bay.

In 1873, at the annexation of Samarkand and Zarafshan, the conquests of Russia made a profound impression in England and upon the British Indian public. The subject led to conferences between Lord Clarendon and Baron Brunnow. The Baron communicated to his master the proposals made by Lord Clarendon, of a neutral zone between the two empires, the boundaries of which should be scrupulously respected by both. This idea of a neutral zone was abandoned by the English. It was suggested by the Indian officers, that the Upper Oxus, which was south of Bokhara, should be the boundary line, which neither party should permit its forces to cross. Prince Gortchakoff admitted that Afghanistan was completely outside the sphere within which Russia might be called upon to exercise her influence. The Russians were anxious to revive the idea of a neutral zone, but not until they had reached the borders of Afghanistan. And when that boundary came to be defined, Russia insisted upon embracing within her dominions a large section of territory, which, in 1873, she admitted belonged to Afghanistan, and which brought the Russian boundary within easy striking distance of Herat. The boundaries to the north-east of Afghanistan are still undefined, and Russia has been gradually pushing her forces into the Pamir country on the borders of northern India. When the conquest of Khiva was completed, the British Minister at St. Petersburg called on Prince Gortchakoff, who denied in the most positive manner that Russia had any intention of attacking Merv, although, at that moment, the plans of General Kauffman for the subjugation of the country had been approved of. Russia has, by these acquisitions, acquired a basis of operation against India, which she can continue to improve until the opportune moment arrives. At the present time she seems to be pushing forward her exploitations into Thibet. The truth is, that not the slightest reliance can be placed upon any statement made by Russian officials. Although the Russian chancellor informed the British ambassador that a Russian agent should not go to Kabul, yet General Kauffman sent Russian agents to Kabul, from Tashkent, and continued official communication for a period of ten years, and arranged that a Russian agent should reside at Kabul and at other points in Afghanistan. He also asked permission to construct roads from Samarkand to various points in Afghanistan; for permission to locate troops at convenient points on the Afghan frontier; he endeavored to persuade the Ameer to permit the passage of troops proceeding to India; he asked that in case such troops were sent, the Ameer should furnish supplies on payment; and promised that for these advantages Russia would protect the Sovereign in his legal rights, abstain from interfering in the internal affairs of Afghanistan, and defend the Ameer against his enemies, whoever they might be In 1878 M. de Giers said, in reply to a question by Lord Loftus, that no mission had been, or was intended to be, sent to Kabul, either by the Imperial Government or by General Kauffman, although General Kauffman had sent a representative from Tashkent six weeks before. Subsequently, he said, everything had been stopped, although four months later Count Shouvaloff admitted to Lord Salisbury that the Russian mission still remained at Kabul, and this in the face of repeated assurances that Russia would not interfere in the affairs of Afghanistan.

In January, 1891, M. de Giers in-

formed Lord Dufferin, after the capture of Denghil-Tepe, "the time had come for the Russian Government to show its moderation, and to take care not to allow itself to be entangled in any further military operations in that quarter of the world." And he further said that "he had the entire approval of the Czar for this declaration." A statement was made to Lord Granville, to the same effect, by the Russian ambassador in London. Once again, M. de Giers informed Lord Dufferin "that not only did Russia not want to go to Merv, but that there is nothing which can require us to go there." On May the 24th, of the same year, the announcement was made that Merv was annexed to the dominions of the Czar. Although English statesmen seemed to have believed the promise made to Lord Loftus and to Lord Dufferin, they had on record the fact that, in 1875, Prince Gortschakoff, in a letter to the Russian ambassador in London, stated: "His Imperial Majesty has no intention of extending the frontiers of Russia, such as they exist at present, in Central Asia, either on the side of Bokhara or on the side of Krasnovotsk or of the Atrek." And yet at that very time Russia was carrying on extensive military operations to do these things.

All these military operations, all these audacious falsehoods, point to a determination to make the country, so acquired, a basis for military operations against British India. We have the reports made on the subject, from time to time, by prominent Russian officers. Skobeloff in 1883 pointed out the importance, in the event of war with England, of Turkestan, as a base of operations, from which it would be possible not only to strike a telling blow against the British in India, but also to crush her in Europe. He points out the importance of maintaining there an army of 40,000 men, from which 12,000 may be spared to operate beyond the frontiers. At a latter period he says: "the invasion of India with 18,000 men, though attended with risk, might overturn the English authority; but an army of 50,000 is absolutely free from risk."

Can any one doubt that Russia aims at the conquest of India, and that with the resources of India in her possession she would soon make herself master of the other portions of Asia? This is a question which concerns not only the people of the United Kingdom, but in no less degree, the people in every dependency of the Empire. Yes, I may go farther, and say that it concerns the whole English-speaking population of the globe. It is sometimes asked, what have we in Canada to do with a war between England and Russia in Central Asia? We have everything to do with it. Whenever that contest comes, it will involve the supremacy of the race to which we belong. It will be a contest to decide whether Russia shall dominate the world, or whether freedom of commerce shall still remain in the ascendant, and political freedom be the heritage of any portion of mankind. Look at the government of Russia, look at her policy of administrative exile, her police espionage, her prisons, her disregard for personal rights, and say whether these things can mean anything to us? I turn to one writer, who, describing the condition of her prisons, says that "a year ago these prisoners were healthy and robust; now they are bowed and decrepit old men, hardly able to walk; some of them cannot rise from their beds. Covered with vermin, and eaten up with scurvy, they emit an odor like that of a corpse. No mercy is even shown to the mad, and you may imagine how many of such there are in our Golgotha. They are not sent to any asylum, but are kept in order with the whip and the scourge. Rats are so plentiful that the prisoners are in danger of being devoured by them.

Prisoners are frequently nearly eaten up with the scurvy. The blood continually oozes from their gums, and flows from their mouths, until the jaw bones become bare." The exile never knows his accuser, and frequently he does not know of what he is accused. Sometimes witnesses are imprisoned, and they have been kept there, at times, four years, until the Government are ready to proceed. Over 700 persons were at one time in the House of Preventive Detention, of whom the vast majority were witnesses, and but 20 of whom the official prosecutor said deserved punishment, although 73 had perished by suicide, or from the effects of confinement. Sometimes the wrong man is arrested, and he is kept in prison for two or three years before the mistake is discovered. Sometimes, where an innocent party is acquitted he may be doomed to exile upon an administrative order, as the cruelty and injustice of his treatment may have made him dangerous. Russia is not a European power. Its government is Asiatic. All its conceptions are Asiatic. It is an Asiatic power, wielding the forces of modern civilization for the maintenance of an Asiatic despotism.

England's danger,—no, I will not say England's danger, but *our* danger, the danger of the whole race to which we belong—lies, in part, in the democratic character of our Government; in part, in the danger not being apparent to the people; and in the want of a patriotic spirit, ever watchful, ever ready to maintain this great Empire, as one and indivisible. It is easy to conceive that in a period of distress, when the English elector, who toils for his daily bread, finds it difficult to obtain constant employment, and to whom domestic reforms which, if obtained, will, in his opinion, improve his circumstances in life, probably would ask himself the question: "What interest have I in these struggles for Empire? What advantage is it to me that we of the United Kingdom should remain politically connected with our colonies?" Precisely the same question may be put by the people of the large, self-governing dependencies, who may be of the opinion that they can better their condition by controlling their external relations, when standing alone, than if they remain politically united to the British Empire. All this kind of reasoning is based upon the assumption that, were the British Empire disintegrated, the policy which has in so large a degree permitted every independent State to freely pursue its own interests, and carry on its commercial affairs without restraint, would continue. Those who take this view forget that the present order of things in the commercial relations of the world, is the result of English ascendency, and that with the dissolution of the empire, and with the ascendency of Russia, all this would come to an end. So that when any subject of Her Majesty, in any part of the Empire, asks, "What advantage is it to me that the English Empire should remain united; what advantage is it to me to keep Russia out of India?"—I say that, whenever any such questions are seriously put, it is an evidence that our danger is very great, for the information and the spirit are wanting, to guard against it; and if that is a prevalent opinion, the hour of our fall is at hand. If India were severed from the British Empire, and placed under Russian rule, and everything else retained as it is, it would mean a loss of ten millions in the population of the British Islands. But the loss of India means immeasurably more than this; it means a loss of every dependency of the Empire; it means to them the having of Russia as a master, instead of England as a protector. It means the loss of trade from diminished numbers, from diminished wealth, from the loss of commercial freedom, which would be certain to follow, and the loss of the maritime supremacy. It means putting 18,000,000 of square

miles of the Eastern continent, and 900,000,000 of its people, under the dominion of one ruler, who will wield the power which this gives him, to trample into the earth every nation and every people that might aspire to better their position, or to become his rivals in any field of human greatness. If there be any advantage in free institutions; if there be any advantage in the supremacy of the law; if there be any advantage in unrestricted commerce; if there be anything worthy of regard in the moral dignity of man; if there be anything to our profit in upholding our supremacy against Russia—then, for the preservation of these things, let us resolve to maintain our unity, with a full knowledge of all that that unity implies; with a full appreciation of all the blessings which Anglo-Saxon civilization bestows; for with Russian ascendency all these things must perish—perish as certainly in America as in Britain. Look at the commercial fleet of the United Kingdom, the extent of her trade, her wealth, her enterprise, her literature, her successes, her sacrifices, and say whether she is not still the root and stem of our race? Are we, the 70,000,000 on this continent, other than the branches of this venerable trunk?

The more I consider this question, the more do I feel it to be, far beyond every other, the one in which our political greatness is involved; the one, beyond every other, upon which our whole race should be thoroughly well informed, and upon which it should be united. An Esau-like preference for the time that now is over the time that is to come—a preference which ruined Greece; which ruined Carthage; which ruined Rome; will not be less disastrous to us. Individual excellence, a generous public spirit, an unsullied public virtue, and an enlightened public judgment, are the elements essential to create that unity of purpose, and to prepare us for making those sacrifices upon which our civilization, our safety, and our independence can alone securely rest.

JOPPA GATE, JERUSALEM.

SUNDAY MORNING AT THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE IN JERUSALEM.

BY THOMAS CONANT.

THE most interesting Sunday forenoon I ever passed has been this one in March at the different services about the Holy Sepulchre.

It is a fine spring morning; about the Holy City some rain has fallen during the past week, but to-day the sun shines brightly, and the past chilliness of even yesterday, when I wore my overcoat, is dispelled, and we walk about in our ordinary coats.

At the Jaffa or Joppa Gate, my hotel is —without the walls. We pass through the big iron-bound gates, nearly always left open these days, but a Turkish guard always there. Here the wall is quite 40 feet thick and 60 feet high, and located, as all the walls of Jerusalem are, on the brow of the hills.

We can see why Jerusalem has been able to withstand so many terrible sieges. The difficulty is great of getting over these walls on the brows of the rising hills.

As we enter, we pass through the Jewish quarter, on our way to the Sepulchre. Saturday being the Jewish Sunday, the Jewish shops are generally open to-day, but some Jews, out of respect for the Christians, close their places of business as we do.

Jews here wear long locks on each side of the forehead, before the ears, while the remainder of the hair is cut close; so at a glance one can tell a Jew.

We crook along the street, only ten feet wide, and arched overhead; up and down stone steps; make another crook; pass down about a dozen steps and run the gauntlet of half a hundred beggars, calling "backshish nawadjii;" or perhaps the cry is varied by "muskee (poor) nawadjii," as they thrust their tin cup before your face.

We have arrived at the area in front of the church wherein the Holy Sepulchre is. In this, besides beggars, are people squatting on the stones before their wares, which they cry for sale. Let us wait a moment before we enter, and look upon the scene.

Some are selling glass rings for the ankles and wrists of Moslem girls; others have some gold coins, mainly British sovereigns on salvers, which they want to exchange for silver. Others sell cakes; still others olives, dates, and other fruits; and it is really hard to find any devotional feeling coming over you at this spot, so very near the place of the great entombment.

We enter: we doff our caps. Within, at once a sing-song hum comes to the ear, and it is almost dark.

Then we get our sight accustomed to the darkness, and we see a lot of people, of both sexes, kneeling and kissing a marble slab, very fervently, as if their very existence depended on the fervor of their osculations.

This they tell us is the *real* slab on which our Saviour's body was laid, and on which He was anointed after the crucifixion.

We go on a little farther; the Greek church, or stall, as it were, is within this huge Church of the Holy Sepulchre. A full Greek service is going on, and the congregation is of sheepskin-coated, shock-headed, big-booted Russians, who by far outnumber all other pilgrims in the Holy Land.

My readers know as well as I that while the Czar of Russia is supposed to be the real head of the Greek Church, the Patriarch of that church resides here in Jerusalem. We accommodate ourselves to the dim light, and see the Patriarch himself in a raised stone pulpit, and below him, in the keeping of an under-priest, is a huge salver of shew bread.

We push our way among the crowd; see their shew bread, and tarry a moment among the shock-headed Russians, who evidently do not patronize barbers very frequently, either here or at home. They make the round of the stall or chapel, each taking a piece of the shew bread, and they pass out by a door at the far end, bowing all the while to the Patriarch.

But they do not move fast enough to-day, and the officials, or some of them, come among them and rudely *push* them (both sexes) through the door. They seemed to want to linger about the shew bread and the Patriarch.

Not very exclusive are they at all, for the under-priest catches up a lump of this shew bread and holds it toward me, for I am taller than the rest, with the invitation: "Come along, John."

The cognomen, "John," I get, I suppose, because all English-speaking men are John Bulls to him.

For fear we may laugh, we get out, while the chant still lingers in our ears.

They are all standing at the Greek service, and, as we listen, we can catch the hum from the other services going on about the Tomb.

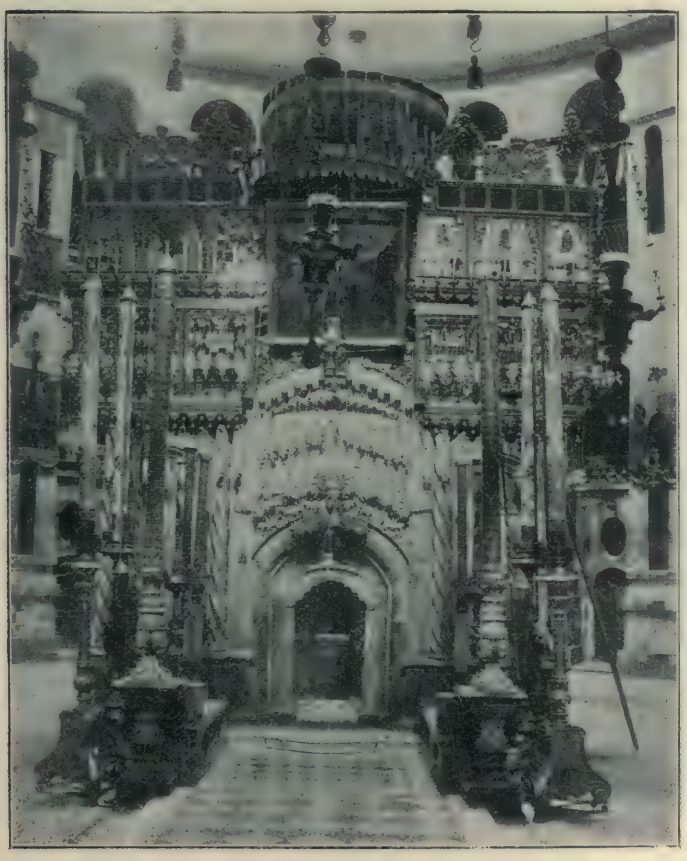
We go to see them, before we go to the Sepulchre. Next to the Greek Church, in size and importance, is the Catholic, in its division or stall within the great edifice.

There is little use to spend words to speak of the Catholic service, for it is the usual celebration of the Mass, in this the most celebrated spot in the world.

We pass out a little farther, and here is a very small stall or chapel of the Copts of Egypt, where full choral chant is going on. The deep sonorous voice of the officiating priest pervades the whole vast structure. Veiled women stand about, with white sheets

wound around them, and the men are still wearing flowing robes, such as our great-father Abraham wore, when he essayed to offer up his son, Isaac, not more than one thousand yards from this very spot.

It really appears to me, as I stray about the various chapels, that these Copts make up, for the loss of size of their chapel, in nearness to the Holy Sepulchre, for their priest is only separated from it by a stone wall about two feet thick.



HOLY SEPULCHRE.

We go on a little farther and find the Armenians holding their service. Very much they resemble the Mohammedans, and, to the unaccustomed eye, there is no difference. About their altar are some painted figures of Christ's Baptism, His Crucifixion, and other scenes from His work and mission. These are all the services going on to-day.

Modern guards, with bayonets at their sides and loaded muskets, stand about everywhere. Whether they be necessary for the place we may judge; there are so many different religionists here, and all of them are aiming to *get nearer* to the Holy Sepulchre. The Turk is bound to keep posse sion, and order at the same time.

It does seem hard, I admit. that Mohommedans should own the Sepulchre and Calvary, which we visit a little later in our morning walk.

Now we push through a small door and go down two steps into a rotunda, about 10 feet in diameter, vaulted and arched overhead. On the north side of the rotunda is a white marble sarcophagus. This, they explain, covers the real tomb within which our Saviour's body was laid. Up above the sarcophagus are a Russian image of Christ, and a star. Russia went to fight about this star, when the Crimean war broke out, and she has the star here now for a certainty. Right beside it is a Catholic figure of Christ on the cross, and beside that an Armenian painting—I think it is of Christ—while all about are innumerable candles and lamps, and incense is burning, and the air is suffocating. The

place is full of people all the time, and pilgrims are kissing the marble sarcophagus, and even attempting to kneel, right in the crowd. So, I tread upon the prostrate forms of the penitents, to my sorrow, but involuntarily and unwillingly.

Can it be that I am standing before *the real spot where our Lord lay?*

Nowhere else in this world of sorrow and pleasure, will such earnest thoughts come to the beholder.

A reader naturally asks if this is true? All I can say in reply is that many, many millions of our fellowmen think so, and I do not know. As we progress in our walk, I *think* I can show the real tomb, and the real Calvary.

Now we go up stairs—up thirty feet of a rise—and here is the figure of our Saviour, as large as if in life, nailed to a cross, and candles and lamps are burning about. As many pilgrims as

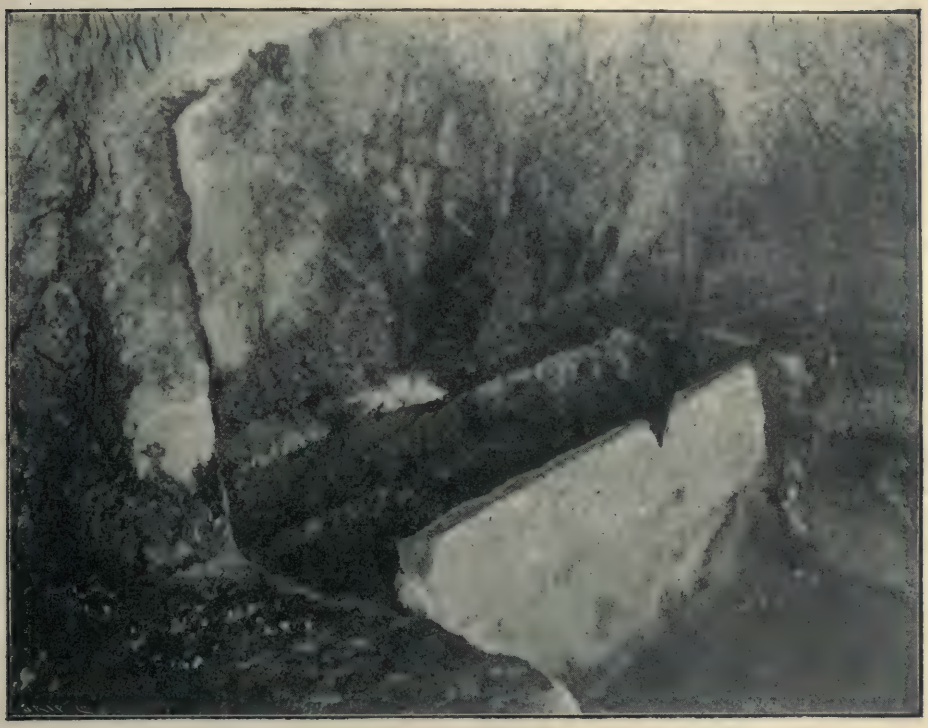
CALVARY.

But we cannot tarry,—the pressure is too great. We go out; pass by the chapels, down some stone steps, and see the *very spot* where the Empress Helena discovered the true cross upon which our Saviour was nailed.

They say the other crosses were found at the same time: that a dead man was laid upon the two first with no effect, but on touching the third he came to life, and so the true cross was known.

can get near, are crossing themselves, and kissing the stones at the foot of the cross. Here, they maintain, the cross was placed when our Saviour was crucified. Again, can this be so? Many millions believe it, and I will not contradict them. Personally, I do not believe it. We shall go to the real spot when we get away from this place.

Push gently; step lightly! Is not the chanting entrancing? I admit it



TOMB OF JOSEPH OF ARIMATHÆA, WHERE CHRIST'S BODY LAY.

is, but we must get away: and once more we are in the glorious sunlight, and wend our way on foot, for no carriage can pass through Jerusalem streets.

We are bound for the Damascus Gate. The *Via Dolorosa* runs very near to it, and they say Christ came up that street when He came to be tried before the Roman judge. There is a little shorter cut to the Damascus Gate, and we take that. We pass the open booths where tobacco is being sold, and a thin paste of apricots, rolled out flat, like cardboard. It's for food, and really does not taste unpleasant.

Here's the Damascus Gate, and it's very much like the other one, where we entered—the Jaffa Gate.

It was just at the east of this gate that the Roman General, Titus, got *over* the wall by filling up the space, and making an inclined plane, up which his soldiers walked. Ah! mighty events have had their scenes hereabout. We walk, about one-third of a mile, to where the roads meet and diverge. Here, I submit, is Golgotha. It is a hill, and it fulfils all the conditions of Golgotha. An English society is purchasing all they can of it, but it is a Mohammedan cemetery, and the real hill itself they cannot purchase. We ramble about the hill for a few minutes, and look about.

The Mount of Olives is very plainly visible to the east and south, and it is pleasant to look upon on this early spring morning, with the fruit trees just coming into blossom. Russia, however, has her huge shaft, right on the very highest point of the mount, towering away up in the air. I am not jealous of Russia here, but yet it does not look right, for if that be the real spot from which our Savi-

our ascended, no Russian structure should defile it.

I met people here from America who have been living in and about the Holy City for some years, who gravely assured me that they *never will die.* Their idea seems startling at first, but we must remember that their faith is so strong that they think Our Saviour will certainly appear, shortly, on the top of the Mount of Olives, upon the very spot where He ascended, and they will ascend with Him, and thus escape the dread monster, death.

We walk down from among the graves, over the side of the small hill of Golgotha, and we come into the excavation in the rock, where the tomb of Joseph of Arimathæa is, even at this day.

It was in that tomb our Saviour's body was interred. General Gordon, when here, had no doubt about this being the real tomb. Capt. Condor, of the Palestine Exploration Society, too, thought the same, and it is now becoming very generally believed by Protestants that this is the very spot.

All the others stick to the tomb within the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

There are no improvements hereabout, and no one is here. In order to get into the tomb I had to send for a native Mohammedan, who had the key to the gate, or lattice, which barred the entrance, and I induced him to open it, only by giving him a couple of francs from each of us.

If we look at the photograph carefully, we get a good idea of the tomb. I may add, that at the top, where the head of the deceased would naturally lie, is a scalloped stone for the head to rest upon; and some are so very enthusiastic as to say, that upon that *very stone* within that tomb, our Saviour's head actually rested.

Now, since we have got all the facts which *can possibly* be got, we end our walk, and go home.

As our hotel is without the walls, we follow along the wall on the outer side, and do not again go into the city this morning, for we have food enough for reflection, and do not care again to mix with the crowd, who would sell us tobacco, or bangles, or dates, or apricots prepared in flat rolls, or change money. It is a short walk to our hotel, for the Holy City is small at best, and we are not even fatigued by our walk of the forenoon. The hotel is a very fair one, and "mine host" is a Jew who does his best to please us.

SIR JOHN THOMPSON.

(Died at Windsor Castle on December 12th, 1894; his remains were borne in state to Canada by H. M. S. Blenheim, and were interred on January 3rd, 1895, with national honors, in his native city of Halifax.)

The darkness came while yet the sun was high,
And dimmed forever that unfaltering eye,
Whose vision pierced the passing clouds of strife,
And marked in honor's paths his way of life.
No dream of glory dwarfed his loftier aim,
To whom his country's good was more than fame;
No sheen of gold obscured his clearer view,
Who saw the right, and held the balance true.
His life went out within the storied walls
Of ancient Windsor's animated halls,

Where England's sons for ages o'er the foam
From flood and field have borne their trophies home
To lay at England's feet. Alas! that one,
The Greater Britain's great and loyal son,
Whose eagle vision swept a wider sky,
Should pass the stately portals but to die.
Fame's laurel wreaths are dust and ashes now,
The seal of death upon that lofty brow
Proclaims a more imperial sovereignty
Than hers who holds the empire of the sea.
His country mourns – and yet – was fate unkind?
The onward look of that untrammelled mind
Saw closer drawn the loving ties that hold
These kindred nations in their sacred fold.
Love kindles hearts by kindred sorrow thrilled
—Was not his dream of life in death fulfilled?
When England's empress-mother to her breast,
With soothing words an orphaned maiden pressed,
And kissed the cheek that streamed with hopeless tears,
Not all the statecraft of a thousand years,
With all its mastery of designing arts,
Could strike so deep a chord in loyal hearts.
The solemn tolling of the minster bells
To all the world the tale of sorrow tells;
The funeral pomp, the pageantry of state,
Declare that England mourns the fallen great.
Across the wintry ocean's tossing breast
They bear his body to its final rest,
And ocean's mistress trains her dogs of war
To guard the passage of his funeral car.
His own loved city claims that sacred dust;
But wider realms will share the sacred trust,
That fell unguarded from the nerveless hand
Of one who well had served his native land.
The matchless mind, the heights his genius won,
Shed lustre on the state that called him son,
—A man who lived in honor, died in fame,
And left on memory's page a stainless name.

St. John, N.B. A. M. BELDING.

ONE OF THE FEW.

BY KAY LIVINGSTONE.

I.

It was such a beautiful love story—theirs! From beginning to end—if that were the end—a simple record of deep love and absolute faith. I think it was indeed that "perfect love which casteth out fear."

Viola had had lots of trouble in her young life—not, perhaps, any that could be called very profound, except of course, the death of her mother—but only the friendlessness and homelessness which tells upon sensitive natures. Ever since, at eight years of age, a week after her young mother had been borne to her last resting-place, when she had pressed a tear-stained, childish face upon the old Viola—her namesake—in mute and miserable farewell, and been hurried away to the French school, henceforward to be called home, until Madame and the Colonel made her one of their own family, she had seldom known real sympathy or special kindness from anyone.

It had not taken long for the child to get accustomed to school life at Altremont, even though the bare, stone floors were so different from anything she had known before. At first, to be sure, it did seem very odd to cut the bread for breakfast the night before, and leave it in open wicker baskets to dry; but Viola knew little of luxury. She was used to privation, as are all children of officers having nothing but bad habits and their pay, and barracks had been home to her all her life.

She was a happy child, and a born musician, like her father before her; and at the *Pensionnat*, though life was naturally somewhat severe, her great talent met with encouragement from the very beginning. In the years that followed she never went to England, for the simple reason that her father never sent for her; but, though she seldom spoke of it, the natural reliance of a young life upon loved ones at home was sadly wanting, and could not fail to leave an impression upon the girl's character. Still, when the news came, on her seventeenth birthday, that her father had died suddenly, and that there was little or nothing left for her, Viola was, for a time, reduced to a state of consternation. Her sorrow, naturally, was not great. She had not seen him for eight or nine years, and he had never shown much affection for her, besides, she had a suspicion, impossible to get rid of, that he had not been kind to her mother. Still, he was the only relative she had in the wide world, and it is a sad thing to be left absolutely alone. The school had never filled the place of home, but the girl shrank from exchanging it for the world, about which she knew little, and was thankful indeed when the principals came forward and offered her a position on the musical staff, which she gladly accepted.

In the picturesque old town, there happened to be a colony of English residents, pleasant people of the higher ranks of life, who, for one reason or another, preferred a foreign land to their own sea-washed shores. And these people had naturally raised a little sanctuary, wherein they might hear their beloved service from day to day, and worship as they had been accustomed to do. In this circle Viola was known and liked, and her charming gift highly esteemed; so that when the vacant position of organist was offered her the girl accepted it with a grateful heart, and, in her quiet way, was very happy.

So things went on for several years, until she was twenty-two or so, with a great deal of work, a little amusement, and, among her constant occupations, a curious desire to know whether this was to be the whole of life for her. She had grown up into a very charming young woman, tall and slight, with sunny brown hair, and earnest, observing, gray eyes; and, if her expression was a curious mixture of gentleness and *hauteur*, it was seldom that she could be accused of haughtiness in her manner, for no one dared to take a liberty with Viola.

Among the English colony, those whom Viola counted her dearest friends—they had been friends of her mother's—were a retired colonel, and his wife, a lady of French origin, who yearly visited Altremont for a longer or shorter time, and stayed at a charming villa they had in the neighborhood. They were elderly people whose sons were scattered about the globe, carving out fame for themselves in various ways; and to their coming the girl looked forward always with keen pleasure. The visit, which was to prove so eventful for her, had been somewhat protracted, but was now drawing to a close. Viola had seen much more of her friends than usual, and would ever afterward carry with her a haunting memory of the little excursions with them here and there. To view with wondering eyes some ancient cathedral, to sit upon the sea shore and watch the tumbling waves, or to wander, in a state of fascination, for hours among the beauties of Versailles, were new experiences to her. But if they were new, these delights were to prove continuous as well. The change came unexpectedly, as such things do, and almost before she knew how it happened, the *Pensionnat* was a thing of the past, and Viola Churchill found herself a person of position and leisure at Ashurst Priory,—an adopted and cherished daughter of the most indulgent of parents.

II.

And life at the Priory was so charming. For a long while it seemed as if it must all come to an end, like any other beautiful dream. Everything went so quietly, so easily—no anxiety for the future—no care for the present. If it had not been such a rest to her, and she had not been made to feel daily how happy she made those about her, I have grave fears that the sterner training of her childhood would have made Viola afraid that it could not be quite right. To her, the situation of the house was little less than perfect. Surrounded on all sides by a distracting array of hill, dale and woodland, in which the girl's soul delighted, who would have thought it could be only an hour's run by the South-Western from great London itself. On the other side, too, within a few miles of them, was situated one of those permanent camps, which cause a delightful stir and variety in every direction, and, indeed, it was in a great measure because of this circumstance that the colonel had settled down at the Priory.

"What is the use of my going up to town for the news," he would say, "when it comes to me here so much sooner, at first hand?" For military topics only, of course, could strictly be classified as news with him. Although now several years since he had retired from the service, the old officer naturally retained a most active interest therein, so that his house was a constant rendezvous of embryo heroes, whose swords and spurs clattered through the halls at all hours; as well as of those of more advanced years, with whom the gallant deeds of former times might be discussed; while there was nothing that gave his good lady so much pleasure as to convoy a troop of young people—her friends were almost all young—through the pomps and circumstances of a Field Day, or to look on with smiling content at the ever popular dances in camp. All this Viola found very delightful, and to add

to it all, the one thing which in time she would have missed, came to her as a matter of course. The organ of St. Dunstan's, the delightful old parish church, which had been relying for some time upon the services of a neighboring amateur—who *professed* more than he *practised*—had suddenly been left vacant, and was now joyfully handed over to her, in answer to her modest request. There are some people who say that a woman should not be allowed to play upon the king of instruments, because she can't do it! I am not sure whether I ever said so myself or not; if I did, it was before I had heard Viola.

Madame shook her head a little at first, when the girl excitedly announced her intentions with regard to training the choir; but soon she was content to smile with gentle satisfaction over the efforts so amply rewarded, especially as she knew that now Viola would feel she was doing something really useful.

Among the choristers was a young officer from the camp, who never failed to make his appearance at morning service, unless his duties were included in the orders of the day, from whence he had a standing invitation to luncheon at the Priory, preparatory to accompanying the fair organist to Evensong. In answer to Viola's smiling protest that she did not exact such faithful service from her choir, and that perhaps he was needed to support the camp chaplain, he had laughingly replied that he preferred mixed choirs, and that the extraction of woman's voice from even a camp chapel was a relic of monastic insolence.

Lieutenant Haultain was a young man with a career—no uncommon thing in these days—whose spurs had already been won among the fever-tainted jungles of West Africa, from whence he had come home to receive, with modest surprise, the commendation of the War Office, and a decoration from the hands of his Queen. While waiting for the next perilous enterprise they might see fit to offer him, it was difficult, people said, to get him to talk of his doings. Had he really routed a native chief assisted by the Arabs, and rescued six hundred half-dead and wholly terror-stricken slaves, whom he afterwards convoyed to the coast with frightful trouble; and was it true that he had once gone through a battle?—actually a battle, think of it—just what Gordon would have done—with a little rescued darky baby on his arm, afraid to give it to anyone, or even to lay it down, for fear it might be killed, and all at the risk of his own life! But to Viola he had never been reticent. She knew more than did anyone else of his hopes, his ambitions and his patience. Unconsciously they had been drawn towards each other—these two—from the very first, drifting on from music and kindred topics, until some of their talks were serious enough. If the rose garden had at once captured her young fancy when she came, how dear would it ever remain to her with the memory of the happy hours which had come and gone there. One day, they had been talking of Stanley, then still deep in his perilous researches.

"I know one of the men who is with him," said Geoffrey, slowly turning about in his hand a lovely rose he had taken from Viola's lap, "and, I think, no one knows what hardship is better than they. I have seen a good deal myself—a good deal—of the misery, among these poor wretches, that a man would gladly die to be able to avert; but I am sure that even I have no idea of what they have come through. . . . At least, that is how I felt when Grant was telling me about it."

"And they talk about the Crusaders and the Knights of the Holy Grail," said Viola, with fine scorn, "as if there never could be any like them again! As if what they did could compare with you—I mean, with the men of the present day."

"I wouldn't say anything against

them," said Geoffrey, reflectively, "they must have been the right sort—if they ever existed—or their deeds could not have lived. And after all, you know," slowly, "that is all that a man wants. We all have to die—why not try and do something worth while for someone before we do?"

"Yes," said Viola, eagerly, "that is what I think too."

"Out there, on the coast," he went on, turning his face to escape an obtrusive sunbeam, "you forget that there are such things as luxury, and comfort and happiness, like—like this—and you get so familiar with death and all kinds of wretchedness, that dying doesn't seem half so bad as it must seem here, you know. Of course, a man likes to live out his days, and there is a tremendous lot worth living for, but if one could do anything worth being remembered about, why—" The sentence remained unfinished, and Viola made no anwer.

So the charming summer days drifted past, and the comradeship of these two went on and deepened in the sight of all men. The two old people smiled over the turn affairs were taking, but they did not acknowledge to each other, scarcely even to themselves, how dear a certain thought was becoming. I think that even Viola was hardly conscious of it herself, until at last, in the delicious quiet of a Sunday afternoon, as she and her companion walked slowly home together across the meadows, and through the wood, from church, he asked her to be his wife: and then, indeed, her lot seemed to overflow with all that a happy life could give. And because Fortune sometimes designs to smile upon those who were before neglected—as if in mockery of the world and all its works?—everybody was enthusiastic about this engagement. If Viola had been popular before, now no one one could do enough to show his appreciation. The general in command at the camp rode over himself one afternoon to congratulate her, laughingly assuring her that he would have brought the staff with him, had he not been sure that they would all come without any orders.

But the lovers were not long left in the simple joy of their Arcadia; at any rate, it seemed short to them. The Dark Continent had need of those who would lay down their life, and even love for her sake; and they had so often talked of the separation awaiting them, that the order to proceed on foreign service was no surprise to them when it came. I would not describe to you, if I could, the pang of this parting. A soldier's duty has many a time demanded such a one, and will do so again.

Geoffrey was gone, perhaps never to come back any more; and, at first, Viola's heart grew numb in its passionate pain. The hearts of her kind old friends bled for her in silence, as they anxiously watched her mechanically going about all those things which had before given her so much delight. They knew—Madame best of all—for they had been through it themselves; and the times of long ago came back to them vividly, in their sympathy. Gradually, however, the strain became less intense. Anxiously looked for letters came from the dreaded coast, and all was well with the exiles. At least, so they said, and by degrees their eagerness to convince brought a sort of conviction with it. Viola was of a brave and enthusiastic nature—"the stuff that heroines are made of," one of the colonel's gallant old friends had told her—and before long her cheerfulness reasserted itself, and life went on serenely enough again. She read the papers with unflagging interest, eager with the devotion she had imbibed from her lover about all that concerned these great schemes for the new country that was so old. In the colonel's young days it had been India; now it was Africa. Freedom for Africa! Freedom from the unspeakable curse

of slavery—peace and prosperity instead of the horrors of savagery! Geoffrey's letters, too, though seldom long, for there was always so much to do, came with unfailing regularity: for they were sent by hands which carried the despatches; and thus many things not spoken of at all in public, reached her, lifting her life out of a possible groove, and keeping her in touch with all that went on so far away.

It was a serenely beautiful morning in June, with a promise, however, of heat afterwards. Viola had been restless and unable to sleep nearly all night, an unusual thing with her, and, getting up early, made her way down to the rose garden, thinking the cool air would refresh her for the duties of the day—for she still continued to think her Sunday services the most important she had to do. It was now nearly two years since she and Geoffrey had become engaged, and almost all of that time they had been separated by what would seem sometimes no less than a most cruel fate. As she passed up and down the dewy walks, or stopped to tuck into the bosom of her white dress his favorite roses, her thoughts fled, as they never failed to do for any length of time, to her lover across the sea: and as it ever did with her, the thought of him brought peace to her mind. When breakfast-time came, she felt better, and said nothing to the colonel and madame of her unquiet night, for it disturbed these kind people to think of anything going wrong with her; and by the time church was reached, her chief anxiety was, as usual, about the state of the choir—for it was only a country choir, after all! Would the increasing heat make the tenors flat, or would that troublesome bass bolt with his part, as he did last Sunday? But she was soon reassured. A little unsteadiness in the *Venite* soon disappeared, and when she found the place among the chants for the Psalms, she had almost recovered her usual serenity. Viola loved the Psalms, almost more, she thought, than the rest of that beautiful service. The chant, too, was one of her favorites, and seemed especially adapted to the tender and solemn words before her. The old church loooked very beautiful, with the ivy gently rustling about the open windows. Long, slanting beams of the morning sun fell across the pews, touching the bright heads of the children and the bent shoulders of age; the solitary voice of the surpliced figure at the desk, calm and earnest, rose in the stillness—"Let the vengeance of thy servant's blood that is shed, be openly shewed upon the heathen in our sight:" and the choir went on:—

"O let the sorrowful sighing of the prisoners come before thee: according to the greatness of thy power, preserve thou those that are appointed to die."

Suddenly the girl started, almost with violence, stumbled over a chord, and stopped. All of the choir, who could see, looked up with surprise—nothing like this had ever occurred before—and those who could not, forgot to sing, and craned their necks in a vain endeavor to find out what could be the matter. But the confusion was only momentary. With an effort as painful as it was intense, Viola recovered herself—had she not been such a practised player, it would have been impossible—but her face was haggard and white, and her hands trembled, as she glanced fearfully over her shoulder, at the stall which *he* used to occupy. It was gone now; but surely the choir must have heard that strange voice—strange now, but O, so beloved, which with infinite sadness had mingled with their own in that verse! No, she could see they had noticed nothing! Casual surprise there had been at her own hesitation; but that was over, and they were again calmly occupied with the rest of the psalm. Poor Viola! Of course, it was only fancy, she reasoned with herself, very likely

the result of last night's restlessness, but so sudden, so terrifying! Mechanically she went on with the service, but the beauty of it was gone for her, and when the text was given out, her heart still beating strangely, she was glad to slip out through a side door, and sit upon the bench in the old porch, with her cheek pressed against the cool stone. The rest of the day was no better. She did not recover herself, and only with continual self-control managed to get through her part in the afternoon, thankful that at least the small congregation would not notice, and that the rest of the day was her own.

The evening was very quiet. Dinner was over, and there were no visitors. The colonel, with a handkerchief over his face, had gone to sleep in his bamboo arm-chair, and Madame sat placidly reading "Life and Work," by a popular clergyman, beside the shaded lamp. The book Viola had taken up did not fix her attention, and she would not go to the piano while the colonel slept. The only sound came, once in a while, from the heavy tail of "Sahib," the great mastiff, lying, as he was allowed to do sometimes, on the drawing-room floor. Presently Viola arose quietly, and went to the open window, parting the long, lace curtains, and stood there motionless, looking with vacant eyes out into the soft, scented twilight. Then, with a long sigh, she let the curtains drop again, and, turning, left the room. As the door closed, Madame looked up hesitatingly, and half rose, as if she would follow, but, instead, took up her book again, and went on with her reading, shaking her head gently as she did so. A louder thump than usual from Sahib's tail had the desired effect. The colonel pulled the handkerchief from his face, and sat up, rubbing what remained of his white hair on end, and indulging in a voluble yawn.

"Where's Viola?" he demanded, looking about the room.

"She has just left us this moment, my love," said the old lady. "By-the-by, Gerald," after a pause, "have you noticed anything unusual about Viola to-day?"

"No, my dear, no—not that I am aware of. Is she not in her usual state of health?"

"She was quite well this morning, I think," she said, a little uneasily.

"Yes, yes, so she was! Didn't she make a joke at breakfast, about something or other—I forget what! Bless my soul, I'm losing my memory! I'm sure I am! Does she hear from Geoff regularly?" he continued.

"Yes," said Madame, "O, yes! Wonderfully so, considering that it is such a place, and moving about as he is most of the time. She had one yesterday—but it had been delayed, I fancy."

"There is no trouble between them, I hope!"

"Oh, no," she said, emphatically; "not a shadow. There never was—never! Do you know, my dear," very tenderly, "it makes me young again to have her with me. She is a dear girl! It reminds me of our own youug days, long before all those boys of ours were thought of!"

"Yes, yes," he said, smiling at her. "Those happy days—when we were so miserable! But don't be anxious about Viola, my dear! You will find it is only the heat! By jove! Church to-day, really almost reminded me of India. And I don't know when I felt so drowsy during the sermon! Only the heat, my dear!"

Madame smiled, but did not say anything, and Sahib stretched his great limbs and yawned vigorously, intimating that the conversation, to his mind, had been long enough.

III.

Clearly there was something wrong in the camp at Malta that broiling June Sunday afternoon. Even the fierce African sun, pouring down with pitiless directness, could not account for the utter stillness, mixed with ap-

prehension, which seemed to permeate the air. In their more distant quarters, the men lay about with the smallest possible amount of clothing on, speaking occasionally in low tones, and always of the same person; while the sentry in front of the powder magazine, stopped now and then, with his head bent forward in the direction of the hospital tent, as if listening earnestly for some sound which might come from it. Within the tent, it seemed cool and dark for a time after the glare outside. The sufferer—it was Geoffrey Haultain—lay motionless upon his bed, covered only with a sheet, his eyes closed, his long, slender hand loosely laid over a small prayer-book, from which, at his own request, the chaplain had been reading the Psalms of the day. He was not much changed, except that the face was thinner, and the ends of the fair moustache had grown long, and drooped languidly on each side of the well-formed mouth. Things had not been going so well for some time as those at home had been led to believe. Five times within the year had his duties unwillingly been laid aside, at the bidding of the dreaded fever, and now the fight was well-nigh over; the strong vitality, which at home had never known one day of pain, had almost succumbed. By the bed sat a solitary watcher, the tall Scotch chaplain. His linen jacket was unbuttoned, and his peaked cap, with its white havelock, lay on the floor, where it had fallen beside his chair. His thin, sun-burned face, and kind eyes were full of keenest pain, as from time to time he gently removed and moistened the handkerchief which lay upon the sufferer's forehead. An hour ago he had followed the colonel and doctor outside, letting fall behind him the grass mat, saturated with water, which served for a door, and in answer to his unspoken entreaty, the surgeon's rugged face had become grimmer than before.

"He cannot last long now," was all he said. "It is only a question of time."

Since then the figure had lain motionless, and now the watcher rose with a vague fear, and bent over him, lightly laying his hand upon that of his friend. Reassured, he sank back into his chair, and would have withdrawn his hand, but the fingers closed round it feebly, and the eyes were opened, quietly, but with a strange, unseeing gaze.

"Don't take your hand away, Viola," he said, and his voice was full of tender rapture; "it is so cool. It was cool—always—your hand!" There was a pause. "Do you know," he went on, with an effort, "I think I was wandering a little in my mind; or perhaps—I was only—dreaming! I thought—I was in the church—at Ashurst!—in the choir! We were all there—you at the organ—in your white dress—and we were—chanting—the Psalms—for the day. But it was—only—one verse—all the time—over and over—'According to the greatness—of thy power—preserve thou—those—that are appointed—to die?' And then—don't cry, Viola—I knew that I was appointed to die—and it seemed—so hard! But all that passed away, and I did not mind any more—and I thought—you would not—either—because, you know, my darling," rousing himself, "it is only—going home—going home—and soon you will come too." He stopped, and then went on again faintly, "And then I came back to myself—and found you—sitting—beside—me! My kind little girl! And you will—not—leave me—any—more,—Viola!" That was the last word he said. Later in the day the men, still under the same melancholy constraint, were lounging about in the shadow of their mess tent. It was near tea-time, and soon the swift darkness of semi-tropical night would close in upon them. As the colonel's orderly approached, they sat up and looked at him—then at each other.

"Boys," he said brokenly, "it's all over!"

That was all, and if it was received in silence. Many a broad, sun-burned hand was lifted to brush away the tears ere they fell.

At daybreak the last scene of all was enacted, when between the melancholy, long roll of the drums, and the echoing volley over the grave, the chaplain's sad voice committed the "earth to earth, ashes to ashes," and the men sobbed audibly around. And there he shall sleep in the silence of the little military burying-ground, until the trumpet of the great roll-call of God shall awake him. The sand of the desert drifts hither and thither in the hot wind, and the tall palms wave their feathery tops above the white cross which marks the spot his friends shall never see, but far away in a great English Cathedral, is a stately monument raised to his memory by officers and men of his regiment, and after the eloquent record of that brave and brilliant life are the simple words:—"He asked life of thee, and thou gavest him a long life; even for ever and ever."

A GLIMPSE OF ROBERT BARR.

BY C. STAN ALLEN.

A BEAUTIFULLY shaded street, the last within the western corporate limit of the city of Windsor, Ontario, is Campbell avenue. The street is intensely Scotch. It was surveyed by a Scotchman: it was named after a clan of Scotchmen, and it is said that every householder on the street is a son of auld Scotia—most of them are Campbells, too.

The exception to the rule is Robert Barr, sr. He is Scotch enough, but his name is not Campbell.

In a neat two-storey dwelling, surrounded by a small vineyard, and sheltered and shaded by a row of handsome maples, live Mr. Barr and his good wife, father and mother of the well-known author, Robert Barr, who, as a sketch writer, is, perhaps, better known to newspaper readers as "Luke Sharp."

Robert Barr, sr., is a man of striking face and physique. Both features and frame indicate strength—the first of mind, the other of body. Standing well over six feet, he is broad of shoulder and deep of chest, and, notwithstanding his years, he bears himself with the erectness of a man who, like Longfellow's blacksmith, "looks the whole world in the face," for he fears not (nor owes) any man. His massive forehead, and deep, thoughtful, yet keen and penetrating eyes, evidently belong to a man much given to do his own thinking, and to trying all things by the tests of reason and right. He is, in short, a type of that which has made Scotland no less famous by valuable work done in the fields of industry and literature, than she has been made by the feats of arms which the Celtic portion of her people have performed.

Mr. Barr has a shrewd, observant mind, and is sharp and critical of speech. He is impatient of all semblance of hypocrisy or pretence, and is unsparing in exposing it. Several samples of his caustic wit, exercised in this direction, might be given. A fellow countryman of his own, on whose lips, as on those of Mr. Barr himself, there still hangs persistently "the accents of the Scottish tongue," is something of an elocutionist. After a public appearance of his in that

rôle, he asked Mr. Barr what he thought of his performance, "Weel, man," was the reply, "Your bodily presence on the platform was fine, and your voice was capital, but, losh, man, your awcent was damnable."

Mr. Barr, like a great many of the Scottish people, is a great reader, and is possessed of a naturally keen and well-trained critical faculty. He appreciates what is good, both in light and deep literature, and gives his judgment with terseness and vigor, irrespective of who the writer may be. It is, consequently, a great pleasure to talk to him, and few could listen to his shrewd and incisive conversation without feeling that they had profited by it. It is no wonder that his most distinguished son has attained the position he has in letters, or that the rest of the Barr family show similar gifts. They come by them naturally—by right of inheritance.

Mr. Barr has shown himself possessed of another characteristically Scottish trait. He has been a careful man, and is what Americans call "well fixed." He is possessed of considerable property, and, now that age is creeping on himself and the partner of his life, and their family is grown up to manhood and womanhood, and most of them have homes and families of their own, he can afford to take things easy, and indulge his taste for literature, without being troubled with the "carking cares" that so often embitter the closing years of most men's lives.

Mrs. Barr is a worthy help-meet to him. She is one of the best types I have ever seen of those kindly, wise and motherly women of whom the homes of Scotland can, thank God, show so many. She is possessed of the qualities of the careful and industrious housewife, whom Solomon so fully and so appreciatively describes. She is a model of what the Germans lovingly designate the "hausmutter." But she is more than that. While looking after the interests of home, she has devoted herself to training up her children in the way they should go, and has done it so wisely that she has secured not only their respect, but their reverence; not only their honor, but their love. In short, she is one of those mothers whom their "children rise up and call blessed."

With such a father and such a mother, it is no wonder that their children, every one, have done well and prospered. Nor is it to be wondered at that Robert Barr, jr., in dedicating one of his books to his parents, used the simple, but eloquent words, "To an honest man and a good woman."

Robert Barr's career in literature is an interesting one. He has been, by turns, school-teacher, newspaper reporter, sketch writer, magazine editor and novelist. He is now following the last three vocations, and making a success of all.

When he came to this world he was quite young, and his eyes first opened in the City of Glasgow, Scotland. At the age of four years he came to Canada, bringing his parents with him, as he himself puts it. He was educated for a school-teacher, and in due time graduated from the Toronto Normal School, with his certificate in his pocket. Thus armed he set out to seek a school, and secured a position in a rural district of Kent county, at a salary which at the present time would hardly pay for the tobacco for the innumerable cigarettes he consumes in the course of a year. He tramped for several miles along the river Thames before he struck this princely job, with a salary of $218 per year attached thereto. In speaking of this, recently, Mr. Barr said that he felt that he was swindling the school section by accepting such extravagant terms, but that was their lookout and not his. Later on, he applied for a position on the teaching staff of one of the schools of the embryo Canadian city of the Straits. The secretary of the school board was

an outspoken countryman of Barr, and is now Windsor's police magistrate. He did not take much stock in the ambitious young school-teacher, and did not hesitate to say so. Barr had no "recommends" to tell of good work done in other schools, and the position was given to another applicant, with yards of credentials, and not half so much ability.

Mr. Barr had serious times looking for schools. He was not endowed with an extraordinary amount of this world's goods, and had to travel very economically. While waiting at one

ROBERT BARR, SR.

place for the trustees to decide his fate, he had to live, and a hotel was the most convenient place for the purpose. In order to spend as little as possible, the young school teacher would often miss his meals at the hotel, and dine on a dime's worth of crackers and cheese purchased at a grocery. The landlord of the hotel where he slept did not understand this, and one day Barr was more than astonished when the Boniface addressed him as follows:—

"I say, Barr, I don't like this way of yours. If my beds are good enough for you to sleep in, the meals ought to be good enough for you to eat. I don't like you to be going over to the 'opposition' for more than half your meals."

Barr looked at the man in surprise, assured him that he had not purchased any meals at the "opposition," chuckled to himself and walked away.

Barr's first story was the result of an accident. While teaching school at Walkerville, he became acquainted with Alex. McNeill of Windsor, and the two decided to make a trip in a small boat to Buffalo, during the summer holidays. They were to go along the south shore of Lake Erie and return by the north shore, but, at Buffalo, their craft was wrecked by a canal boat and their cruise came to an untimely end. Barr saw the humorous side of every incident of the trip, and deemed it worthy of being worked into a story. He accordingly wrote it up, labelled it, "A Dangerous Journey," and laid it on the desk of city editor Quinby of the *Detroit Free Press*, by whom it was published.

The acceptance of this story was followed, in a short time, by a request for more, and soon Barr gave up teaching and became an attaché of the reporting staff of the *Free Press*. He was promoted gradually until he became news editor. While hustling for news, he wrote many bright sketches, and after a time did nothing else. His *nom de plume*, "Luke Sharp," is a familiar one to all news-

paper readers. His adoption of this pseudonym, takes one back to the time when he was attending school in Toronto. Near his boarding house was a sign which he saw daily, and which conjured up many funny ideas because of the curious combination. It read, "Luke Sharpe, Undertaker," and the young student had many a quiet laugh at the incongruous and unique appellation. When he began sketch-writing he made the name his own, and his own it is to this day. In his magazine articles and novels, he is known as Robert Barr, but his *Free Press* stories still bear the signature which was attached to his first story.

From 1877 to 1881 he continued on the *Free Press* city staff, and in the latter year he went to England to establish the London weekly edition of the paper, which is still most successful.

Speaking of the London edition, Mr. Barr said:—

"Only twice since 1881 have we missed connection between Detroit and England. The way we work these editions is to send the matrices or molds, from Detroit to England, print the paper there, and it is ready for the reader. You can get a Detroit weekly *Free Press* on the Strand as easily as on Woodward Avenue. On one occasion the mold went down with the *City of Brussels* in the Mersey, and that week we had to rake up a paper as best we could. The other failure to connect occurred when the *City of Berlin*—for the matrices are always sent by the Cunard line—broke her shaft coming out of New York, and had to put back to that port. The matter I wrote for the paper then, the same as now, was sent from England over here, was put in type here, the matrices sent back, and then we printed what had been written weeks before. My co-laborers in earlier days were M. Quad (Chas B. Lewis), and Signor Max (George P. Goodale).

The writings of those earlier days were largely devoted to travel and character sketches, and it was only about five years ago that he began writing short stories.

In naming over the stories which his pen had given to the world, Mr. Barr said:—

"I have written four stories now, the last of which has just been issued. My first story, "In a Steamer Chair," was profitable alike to the publisher and myself. My next story, "From Whose Bourne," was even more successful; and the third, "The Face in the Mask," which was dedicated to W. E. Quinby, surpassed the other two. The last one is entitled, "In the Midst of Alarms." The leading character in it is one taken from life, and one many Detroit people would recognize, were the man still living. The hero is a hustling, wide-awake newspaper man of the West.

"It is now about three years since, with Jerome K. Jerome, I started *The Idler*, and it won favor almost from the start. We have continued it ever since, and about six months ago I became the sole editor."

It is at rare intervals that Barr visits the home of his parents in Windsor. Several years elapse between his home-comings, and they are all the more appreciated on that account.

Not only does his appearance bring joy to the fond hearts of his aged parents (aged in name only), but it also elicits a hearty welcome from a multitude of friends. Barr is a man well liked. He is not a prophet that is without honor in his own country. His works are extensively read and eagerly sought after by those who knew him as a school teacher and reporter; not because they are "Bob Barr's," but because the people feel that they are well written, interesting and worth reading.

To the writer, a well-known society lady of Windsor recently said:—

"Why, I used to go to school to

Luke Sharp, and I guess, from all accounts, I was a Tartar. I never received a whipping though; but he used to inflict a punishment much harder to bear, by making me stand with my face to the blackboard and my nose to a chalk mark placed thereon for the purpose."

Mr. Barr is in much demand on the rare occasions of his visits home. As an illustration:—

A newspaper friend of mine, on the staff of the *Evening Record*, of Windsor, was assigned to interview Mr. Barr on his recent visit—hunting the "bar" he called it—and set out to look him up. The parents' home was visited early in the day. Robert was found to be over the river in Detroit, but it was stated that he would be back at noon. Midday found the reporter at the Barr home again, but the man to be interviewed did not put in an appearance. Instead, he had sent a note that he had been carried off by a friend, but would be home in the evening.

MRS. ROBERT BARR, SR.

The genial old gentleman, Mr. Barr's father, promised to keep his son at home, so as to give the reporter a chance to secure the coveted interview. The evening was cold and stormy, and my friend looked upon the interview as good as over, feeling that Barr would not venture forth on such a night.

For the third time disappointment awaited him.

"He just cam' hame in a hurry," said the father, "had his horse fed durin' the time he was changin' his claes, an' gaed straicht back again tae Detroit. He said he had some kin' o' a club denner tae attend. I told hoo aften ye had been to look for him, and what you were aifter, but he just said he couldna possibly stop, but that he had gi'en an interview that day to the *Journal*, an' that ye could mak' up ane oot o' that."

"I am raal sorry," said the mother, in her kindly tones, "but he'll no be back until eleven at nicht. Mr. Bennett, his brother-in-law, is to drive to the ferry to meet him at that hour, an' he is sure to go straicht to Mr. Bennett's house, where his wife is. That would be the best place to catch him, but ye'll hae to gae early in the mornin'."

The reporter, expressing his determination to have an interview with Mr. Barr, whatever trouble it might cost, the old gentleman remarked that his son might not be in the best possible humor, and that he did not care, anyway, about being interviewed.

"But," added he, "I'll just gie a bit note tellin' him how hard ye've tried to catch him, and biddin' him treat ye kindly. Here, Jeannie," addressing his daughter, "write oot a bit line for me. She's my private secretary, ye see."

Miss Jeannie here archly suggested

that, if the reporter failed to get an interview with her brother, he could interview her, as she could tell him everything that Robert did when he was at home—that is, on the rare occasions on which he honored their house with a visit.

"It will not take up much space in the paper," said she, "to record his doings while here. All he does is to smoke and talk."

"An' a very enterteenin' talker he is too," put in the mother, proudly.

"Aye is he," concurred the father. "He's just a' that. It's a great pleasure tae hear Robert tell aboot his travels. I can just see the scenes as he describes them, an' it mak's me lang tae gang through them an' see them for mysel'."

As Miss Jeannie withdrew to the library to write the note, Mr. Barr said fondly and proudly:—

"Jeannie's a guid lassie, and she has ability and talent, like the lave of the bairns. She writes raal weel already. She has a capital story in the *St. Thomas Journal* about Conan Doyle and his visit to Detroit. Man," said he, turning with enthusiasm to the reporter, "that Conan Doyle is a gran' chiel, an' I'm awfu' pleased that he and Robert are such close friends."

The following morning the reporter set out in the rain for a three mile jaunt up the river front to the house of Mr. Bennett, the brother-in-law alluded to. Mrs. Barr was there, but her husband had not returned. She was, however, to meet him at the ferry in Windsor at ten o'clock, but she did not think there would be time for an interview, as they had far too many engagements for the limited time at their disposal. The reporter was not to be so summarily disposed of, however, and, capturing Barr as he landed from the boat, rushed him into the nearest hotel, and obtained his interview before being located by Mrs. Barr and Mr. Bennett.

Besides the sister already referred to, other members of the family have literary tendencies. James is also an author, who would probably be known to very few people by the family name. His pen name is "Angus Evan Abbott;" Angus Evan from the name of an old and highly respected teacher of his boyhood in Windsor, principal of the High School, and Abbott was taken from the name of a late premier of Canada, Sir John Abbott, who succeeded Sir John A. Macdonald.

James has also achieved considerable success in the world of letters, and writes many stories for the English magazines.

Another brother, John, is a newsman, being commercial editor of the *Detroit Free Press*, of which the other two brothers are graduates.

YOUTHFUL CANADA, AND THE BOYS' BRIGADE.

BY J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

THIS is emphatically an age of organization. Organized military power; organized naval action; organized political, religious, moral, or charitable effort: are all recognized forces in the upbuilding of a modern nation. And so also with associations for advancing the interests and welfare of women and of young men. But it remained for the vigorous personality of Mr. W. A. Smith—a volunteer officer and a Sunday-school teacher of Glasgow—to start, in 1883, the organization of boys.

He found the difficulty, which so many others have experienced, both before and since, of getting boys from the streets, boys from the slums, boys from the farm, and even boys from the home, interested in the lessons of religion, or in the principles which lie at the root of a life of honourable action or high endeavour. With him, as with others, boys would be boys. They came together in Sunday-school for the purpose of enjoying themselves, if that were possible; with no interest in what was being taught; with little respect for the teacher, and no reverence for the subject. Punctuality and courtesy were qualities which seemed entirely foreign to their nature; patriotism was a myth, and instruction a bore.

To get them interested was his great object, and finding it impossible to do so by following the usual lines of threadbare teaching, he hit upon the use of the military principle. It is the one absorbing idea which all energetic lively boys have at one stage or another of their careers. To march; to drill; to imitate in any degree the apparently charmed life of the soldier, is to them the most fascinating of pursuits. No toil is too great; no self-sacrifice too extreme for them to undergo; no command too exacting for them to obey; if this instinct can only be gratified. Hence, the first organization, and the immediate success, of a Boys' Brigade. Mr. Smith's discovery was in the application of this military enthusiasm to Christian instruction; the union, in the mind and life of the boy, of military and religious training. It was the embodiment of Kingsley's idea of muscular Christianity, applied at a period when the youthful instincts are still fresh, and the character of the future man still unformed.

Many of his boys were unkempt, uncouth specimens of humanity from the streets of a large city, without habits of self-control, and with every prospect of growing into reckless, lawless men. Professor Drummond somewhere describes the difference between a class before and after the military organization was introduced: "As a Class, it was confusion, depression, demoralization, chaos. As a Company, it is self-respect, enthusiasm, happiness, peace." The principle once utilized, and the success of the idea locally established, boys' companies were formed in other churches, and in other centres, until finally there came to be a great organization of boys, first in the United Kingdom, then in the United States and Canada, and finally in many other parts of the world.

With his characteristic interest in all movements tending to the improvement of the position of those living in poverty; the elevation of those living in ignorance or amid surroundings of vice; the inculcation of Christian principles or moral obligations—the Earl of Aberdeen had taken an early and active part in the organization, and had for a long time been its Honorary

President. Since coming to Canada, His Excellency has apparently awaited a favourable moment to help those who are interested here. By bringing Mr. Smith to the Dominion, in order to explain more fully the aims of the Boys' Brigade, and by himself presiding at such meetings as that held in Toronto on March 8th of the present year, he is now giving the movement a very considerable impetus. And apart altogether from the organization itself, the gathering in the Normal School at Toronto was a living lesson in moderation and Christian charity, such as this country needs in far greater numbers, and from which men may gather benefits wider and more important than even those obtainable by the boys who were primarily interested.

Upon the platform and speaking in favor of the proposal were men of all the chief denominations and creeds. His Lordship, the Bishop of Toronto, the Rev. Dr. Potts, the Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, and the Rev. Father O'Reilly, —Anglican, Methodist, Presbyterian and Roman Catholic,—stood shoulder to shoulder in urging the formation of Boys' Brigades in connection with the work of their various churches. To them the organization seemed to embody for its particular purposes the highest Christian action of the age. As the Govérnor-General said in his opening address: "The movement is an eminently comprehensive one,offering as it does the widest opportunities for sympathetic, combined action by all the various branches of the Christian church, and allowing at the same time for complete freedom to each, so far as religious instruction is concerned."

The aim of the organization, in a word, is the development amongst boys of a spirit of true Christian manliness. Its object, according to the Constitution, is "the advancement of Christ's Kingdom among Boys, and the promotion of habits of obedience, reverence, discipline and self-respect." Military organization and drill is to be used as a means of securing their interest, banding them together in united work, promoting good habits and associations, and enforcing strict obedience and discipline. Only boys between the ages of twelve and seventeen are eligible, and every company of from thirty to one hundred members must be connected with some Church, Mission or other Christian organization. The officers are gentlemen anxious to promote the objects of the Brigade, and the non-commissioned officers are selected from amongst the boys, according to merit and efficiency. Six or more companies in any one city or district may be formed into a battalion, and the captains of all the companies constitute the Brigade Council.

In Great Britain many prominent men have taken an interest in the movement. The Archbishop of Canterbury is Vice-Patron of the Boys' Brigade; the Earl of Aberdeen, as already stated, is Honorary President; and the Honorary Vice-Presidents include the Marquess of Tweedale, the Earl of Mount-Edgecombe, the Earl of Meath, Field Marshal Lord Wolseley, Lord Kinnaird, Major-General Lord Methuen, General Lord Roberts, Lord Kelvin, General Sir Donald Stewart, Colonel Sir E. S. Hill, M.P., the Archbishop of Dublin, the Bishops of Liverpool, of Carlisle, and of Down, Connor and Dromore, Dr. J. Marshall Lang, Moderator of the Church of Scotland, Dr. Walter C. Smith, Moderator of the Free Church, Principal Caird of Glasgow University, Prof. Henry Drummond, and a number of others. A large amount of money has been expended, and a great deal of useful and elevating literature distributed in the shape of monthly magazines, such as the "Boys' Brigade Gazette" and in handsomely gotten up pamphlets given as Christmas presents.

Naturally, therefore, the organization has grown steadily. Boy nature has greatly appreciated the appeal to

its dominant passion, and military training, combined with athletic exercises, has swept many thousands of the youth of Britain into fields of Christian activity. According to the official report of 1894, the increase has been as follows:

Year.	Number of Companies	Number of Officers	Number of Boys.
1884	1	3	30
1885	5	20	268
1886	44	136	1,999
1887	124	385	6,116
1888	220	706	10,388
1889	318	1,023	14,372
1890	394	1,250	16,752
1891	418	1,301	17,259
1892	490	1,618	21,002
1893	594	2,025	26,033

And the Brigade Secretary gives the figures for March, 1895, as 750 companies, 2,600 officers, and 33,000 boys. In Canada, largely through the efforts of Mr. T. W. Nisbet, of Sarnia, there are now 80 companies, 300 officers, and 4,000 boys in the Brigade. The United States boasts a strength of 14,000, but it is not so well organized, and does not follow as closely the British lines as is the case in Canada. Indeed, Prof. Drummond recently expressed a fear that it was tending in some places in a harmful direction. Australia, the West India Islands, New Zealand, and South Africa, also have a number of companies, and in the last-mentioned country there is a particularly picturesque company, composed entirely of Zulu boys. Even far-away Hindostan has a number of companies. The limit of operation is, therefore, as wide as the Empire, and wherever the British flag flies over a company of the Boys' Brigade, it sees an effort to teach patriotism and Christianity together—the lesson which all boys should learn: that a good Christian ought to be a sincere patriot, and that to "fear God and honour the King" is not only a Biblical injunction, but a practical benefit.

If this principle, coupled with the use of the military method, in order to promote those habits of obedience and discipline, respect to superiors and elders, neatness and punctuality, which are so often lacking amongst the boys of to-day, be Jingoism, then most people will feel that they have long been Jingoes without knowing it. But the military organization is not the only means employed in the Brigade to promote healthy boy-life, and to bring the youth of the various districts, and outside the oft-times weak influence—in this respect—of the various churches, under Christian control. Very often the boys of the Company form a separate Bible-class. Athletics are freely used to strengthen the organization, and there is every encouragement given to the promotion of cricket clubs, football clubs, gymnastic clubs, and swimming clubs. Instrumental bands are also promoted, and there are now 166 bands, with 2,359 performers, in the Boys' Brigade of the Mother Country. Summer camps are, of course, a most enjoyable thing for the boys, where they can be arranged, and in large cities are looked forward to as the brightest times in the lives of many who usually see little in summer but the darkness of side alleys, or the noisome windings of a slum region.

The testimony of British clergymen as to the effects of this movement on the boys who pass through their hands is really remarkable. The Rev. T. T. Lambert of the Wesleyan Chapel, Leeds, speaks warmly of its useful Christian influence, and adds that "it has transformed many of our rudest boys into gentlemen." Canon Lester, of Liverpool, declares that by its influence "character is formed, developed and built up." The Rev. James Paterson, B.D., of the Belgrave Presbyterian Church, London, England, says:

"The Boys' Brigade in our Sunday Schools, has changed the centre of disturbance into the centre of calm. It has met the Boy at an age when the temptation to inattention, disorderliness, and irreverance is peculiarly strong, and it has put within his reach the graces of attention, order and reverence."

The Rev. Wm. Proctor of the United Presbyterian Church, Dublin, declares that—

"The effect which the Brigade movement has had on my church and mission has been marvellous. Lads who could not be got to attend the Sabbath School or Church, with any degree of regularity, now do so regularly; whilst others, who were beginning to rebel against parental control, have given unmistakable evidence of a change in heart and life."

In point of fact the Boys' Brigade is intended to form a sort of link between the Sunday School, which the little boy attends because his parents send him, and the Young Men's Christian Association, the Church Guild, or other kindred organizations which he may—but too often does not—join in later years. It is not hard to understand how inspiring such a semi-military, semi-Christian line of instruction and literature can be, aside altogether from the military drill, and the uniform, which slight in itself is still sufficient to be the pride of a boy's heart. Lessons from the lives of Havelock and Outram, Lawrence and Gordon, permeate the publications of the Brigade. Stories of Sheridan and Clive and Wolseley point many precepts regarding Christian bravery and moral courage. After looking over these publications, and listening to such addresses as Mr. W. A. Smith has been giving over the length and breadth of Canada, it is easy to appreciate the enthusiasm with which boys have, in so many places, taken up the movement, and with which, for instance, they sing "The March of the Boys of Britain," to the tune of the "Men of Harlech:"

Boys of Britain, young Crusaders,
Warring with the soul's invaders,
Knights of God 'gainst Satan's raiders,
Firm as men we stand!
"Sure and Steadfast" our foundation,
Bread of life, each soldier's ration,
We're the sinews of our Nation,
Strength unto our Land!

Chorus.—The Cross of Christ is flashing
From hand to hand, and massing
The flow'r of Christian Chivalry
Thro' Boyhood's service passing,—
Trusting God, and doing rightly,
Duty's path for us shines brightly,
Prayer will canopy us nightly
Through life's Holy War.

Aside from the work which Mr. Nisbet, of Sarnia, and the Rev. Mr. Young of St. Enoch's Presbyterian Church, Toronto, have done, and are still doing, in connection with the Boys' Brigade proper, the idea has been adopted by at least two other Canadian organizations. The Church Lads' Brigade is distinctively Church of England, and has had a degree of success which makes many churchmen feel that they should adhere to it rather than support the wider and more comprehensive Boys' Brigade. There is, however, no substantial reason why it should not eventually fall into line with the original Association, and help to swell the progress of a truly imperial institution. So with the Church Boys' Brigade, which owes so much to the Rev. Mr. Short, and which, as yet, is limited to the Anglican Church in Toronto. It originally grew out of the choir organizations of the city, and, as Bishop Sweatman recently said, "there is no reason why it should not drop the 'church' from its name, and fall in with the Boys' Brigade, preserving, of course, the autonomy of its own church arrangements."

His Excellency, the Governor-General, has somewhere pointed out the great advantage of the Boys' Brigade, in affording ample scope for co-operation in organization, together with autonomy in administration. This fact was vividly illustrated by the statement of the Rev. Father O'Reilly, at the Normal School meeting, that, "Speaking as a priest, he might say that the Roman Catholic Church was in perfect sympathy with the movement, and he saw no reason why all the churches should not unite in it, in sympathy and cordial union, each preserving its own autonomy so far as regarded religious instruction." And

then he spoke of it as promoting Christian union and Canadian patriotism.

Similar ideas were brought out at a large meeting held in Exeter Hall, London, in June, 1893, under the chairmanship of the Earl of Aberdeen. His Excellency was surrounded upon the platform by a number of prominent men, and concluded his address with the following words: "We may be sure that if we can promote and encourage the true spiritual membership, on the part of boys, of the invisible Kingdom, we shall at the same time inevitably be promoting—as regards the visible Kingdom of our country—patriotism and good citizenship, making the boys loyal subjects of our gracious and beloved Queen, and fostering the development and formation of good citizens, good patriots, and good men."

Archdeacon Sinclair spoke of the essential manliness of Christianity, and of the qualities of self-control, self-respect, considerateness for others, obedience to those in authority, and appreciation of high ideals, which it was so desirable to cultivate in the boys of the period. He made no apology for the introduction of the military principle. Like Mr. Smith, upon a later occasion, he probably felt that none was required, even should the training given result in some accession to the volunteer forces, or to the army of the Empire. But he did point out that the ordinary soldier, no matter what might be his faults, or even vices, was a better man in many ways than the loafing companions he had left behind in the streets. He had learned obedience, discipline, alertness, neatness, and smartness in his ways and habits; he had, perhaps, made true and useful friends; he had learned to keep his temper. So with the boy who serves his time in the Brigade. Even if he does not go from it into active church-work, he is none the less a better citizen, and a better man for the experience he has had, and the training he has undergone.

And, in a thousand ways, opportunity is given for the improvement of the boy's habits; the training of his character; the moulding of his life. Patriotism is distinctly inculcated. He is taught that to be a good Christian, a man must be a good citizen. He must always remember his duty to Country and Queen. In Great Britain he comes under the attention of men whose names are a part of British history, and whose deeds or character he cannot do better than emulate. Various battalions are reviewed yearly, or oftener, by Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley; Lieut.-General Freemantle, commanding the forces in Scotland; General Sir Henry Havelock-Allan, V.C.; General Sir Donald Stewart, and many others.

History is taught in such a way as to interest the boy, and to point the moral of patriotism and national or individual honour. The great men of the past are made to live again for the benefit of the youth of to-day, and their deeds of valour, of self-sacrifice, or of Christian chivalry are used in the literature of the movement and the lessons of the Brigade, to promote similar feelings and aspirations amongst boys whose uniform and semi-military organization inspire to natural youthful sympathy with deeds of martial heroism or Christian courage.

Unity, both national and Christian, is promoted by an organization which permeates every part of the Empire, and includes Catholic, Protestant, Methodist, Presbyterian, Anglican and Baptist, in one common work under a common head. Toleration is vividly inculcated by all sects and creeds thus labouring together for a common object, and by boys of varied nationality and colour, working hand in hand. Loyalty to country is naturally developed through loyalty to officers and organization, as well as from the precepts of Scripture and the lessons of history. Matters of great future value and importance are taught, such as

that represented in the ambulance work. In this department lectures are given by competent medical men, upon the "Laws of Health," "First Aid to the Injured," and "Stretcher Drill." The boys seem to take eagerly to these lessons, and, last year, the Glasgow Battalion alone passed over 200 through the Ambulance examination. In several cases, and, as a result of this instruction, boys have proved of very great service in serious accidents.

In concluding this brief sketch of a great organization, I cannot but wish the Boys' Brigade every possible success upon the soil of Canada. We want Christian manliness inculcated in the boys of this Dominion; we want physical development and moral growth to go hand in hand; we need patriotism and the old principle of "Love God, and Honour the King;" we want to check the increasing tendency towards the Continental disrespect to elders or superiors; we desire to see an expansion of the true democracy, which says "You are as good as I am," not "I am as good as you are;" we require all the discipline and habits of order which can possibly be encouraged and taught amongst the youth of our land; we want all the possible principles of organization applied to the boys of the British Empire, as well as to the men and institutions of our vast Imperial domain.

CLEARER MOMENTS.

The green of leaves against a summer sky,—
Nights of the North,—when the white stars seem nigh.
Still-water spaces, fringed by rushes gray,
With lines of wild fowl passing far away.
White rise of dawn across a shoreless sea,
Chasing the darkness o'er the waters free.
Vast fields of ice, that stretch before us far,
To where some great berg sparkles like a star.
When viewing these, come moments when we see,
Dimly, the endless life that is to be.

REGINALD GOURLAY.

A SUMMER EVENING AT THE VILLAGE POST OFFICE,

WAITING FOR THE NEWS.

BY PROFESSOR TADMOR.

THE original author of the story which I am about to relate was by birth a Scotchman. Like most Scotchmen, he had been educated in the parish school. At an early period of his life he was apprenticed to a Paisley weaver. He learned the business, but he did not follow it. As soon as his articles of indenture expired he entered the Royal navy as a sailor; and he remained seventeen years in the service. A sailor in the British navy sees a great deal of the world, and, if he is a man of intelligence, learns much. After my story-teller left the navy, he led, for a few years, a kind of vagabond life. There was scarcely a state or province in North America which he did not visit, and few men possessed in a higher degree the sailor's faculty for relating marvellous adventures, and hair-breadth escapes from terrifying perils. Old Mack finally settled in the Province of Ontario, and devoted himself to market-gardening. This pursuit he followed for many years, until advancing age unfitted him for that constant toil which a life of solitude, and a pursuit like his, demand. He left his own hermitage and became a gardener for one whom he usually called "the Boss." Before doing so, he had found great difficulty in providing for himself, especially in the winter season. He had neither horse nor vehicle, and sometimes his supply of fuel was very scanty, and in mid-winter he not infrequently suffered from the cold. But when he went to reside with "the Boss," he did but little in summer, and in winter no more than he voluntarily chose to undertake. The one thing which, however, he did daily, was to walk to the village post office, half a mile away, and obtain the letters and newspapers of his employer. The mails arrived by stage about seven o'clock in the evening, and old Mack was always on hand, to take part in every discussion that interested him and to pick up the gossip of the day. Every accident or adventure of the day, for miles around, was known in the evening at the post office. In the summer season, the old man could be seen on his way thither an hour before the postman's stage coach came in sight. On the particular evening to which I refer, the old gardener was cordially greeted by the boys, who, like him, usually came before the mail arrived, to tell stories, to learn the local news, and to hear the postmaster and an obstinate deacon argue for the hundredth time about Final Perseverance and Predestination. The amusements were further varied by political discussions, and by some one blowing a dinner horn in response to the horn blown by the postman, whose wrath was thereby excited, and whose loud denunciations were drowned by a still louder tooting upon the responding horn.

The old gardener did not often trouble himself with religious or political discussions. Not because he had not well-considered opinions, but because he regarded them as private enclosures into which the multitude had no right to intrude; they were desecrated and degraded by being publicly canvassed. The old man had travelled much. He had seen a great deal of the world. His novel and extraordinary adventures had been many, and he occasionally astonished his hearers by relating some marvellous story, in which he had himself played a prom-

inent part. When the mail bags were taken into the office, there was usually an intermission in the evening's entertainment. But a small fraction of those present could crowd into the post office at one time. The majority, in the summer evenings, remained without, carrying on desultory conversations about the events of the day—the prospects of political parties in Canada, in England, and in the United States, the Eastern question, the invasion of Egypt, and a score of other matters which were, at the time, themes for newspaper discussion—long after the mails had been distributed. Sometimes the evening was well advanced before the last of them called for his newspaper and went home.

On this occasion, young Peters opened his newspaper, and, in a moment, said: "O boys! here is a most important piece of news—'A colored boy devoured by an alligator.'" In a moment all gave attention, and Peters read how two colored boys were playing on the bank of the Escambia River, in Florida, when an enormous alligator, which the boys had not seen, suddenly struck one of them with its tail, and sent him far out into the water, swiftly swam to him, and boy and alligator both disappeared. The remaining boy raised the cry of alarm, and a few white men, and several colored men, who were near at at hand, ran to give assistance. Two of them took the boat the boys had, and pushed out to the place where the alligator had been seen to sink with the boy; but they discovered nothing beyond a few bubbles upon the surface of the water. The colored people were greatly agitated. A colored boy had been devoured by an alligator.

This paragraph of news afforded a theme for a few minutes of discussion, and the older members of the crowd told stories of hunting adventures, of accidents, of great perils that occurred a half century ago, when the greater part of the country was still covered by its primeval forest. There was for a moment a lull in the conversation and the story-telling. The old gardener had more than once been challenged by the boys to relate a story. One said: "Come Mack; it is high time that you should tell a stretcher, one that will give the whole neighborhood the nightmare for the next fortnight. You can do it. The experiences of the early settlers can't be compared to your feats among the pirates of Farther India."

This bantering invitation pleased the old man. He emptied his pipe and closed his jack-knife and put them away. He thought of his perils at sea, of the desperate attack made upon his ship by a gigantic devil fish in the Bay of Bengal. He spoke of his fight with a male kangaroo in the interior of Tasmania, and of his short stay with the gigantic Patagonians. He named many more, to impress those who heard him with the notion how much there was of interest that he could tell, and how marvellous and varied his experiences had been. He said there were times when any one of these incidents in his life would be interesting for him to relate and for them to hear. But it was not so then—they were not suitable to the occasion.

"Why would not one of these stories suit?" inquired the village blacksmith.

"Because," replied the old gardener, "not one of them suits the surroundings of this evening. The man who tells a story suitable to the occasion, and does it well, is an artist; but he is no artist, and no true story-teller, who does not consider and accurately appreciate the fitness of things. No painter would ever appreciate a green Indian, or a pink Hottentot, nor would he represent the northern savages naked in their boats among icebergs. Suppose I were to tell you of that giant squid, with tentacles eighty feet long, with some of these upon the rocks far below the ship, and others upon the top mast, holding one of the best sailing ships in the British

navy, with all its canvas, up for nine hours in its desperate grasp—you would feel it was not just the story for the evening. It would be like a discord in music, a jest at a funeral, profanity in church, a horse race on Sunday. You would say I had lugged it in by the ears, on an occasion when there was no place for it. Besides, I am in no mood to tell it. This alligator story has recalled the greatest adventure of my life—an adventure far more exciting than the attack on *the Dreadnaught* by a Devil Fish."

"Like a larger and coarser edition of Thomas Carlyle."

"Let me tell you," said old Mack, "that there is something very remarkable about that story Peters read a few minutes ago. Not that the alligator ate a nigger boy—that is not a rare occurrence in those regions—but that it should have happened in the lower Escambia astonishes me. There are, it is true, negroes there, and there are, too, plenty of alligators. But that there should have been two such occurrences in the very same place is very unusual. I have been all over that country. I know West Florida well. I know the banks of the lower Escambia as well as I know the streets of this village, and I had a very strange adventure myself in that same place forty years ago."

"You did?" said the village blacksmith, with an expression of astonishment; "Of course you were sure to have been present where anything unusual had happened. There is no place in the wide world, where either man or alligator is, where you have not been, and where you have not very nearly equalled the feats of Hercules."

"That," said the old man, "is very near the truth—much nearer than you suppose. No one ever spent seventeen years of his life in the British navy without seeing a good deal of the world and its wonders, if he had good eyes and knew how to use them; and this much I can tell you, boys,—near the very spot where that unfortunate nigger boy was devoured, I rode to church, one fine Sunday morning, the biggest alligator ever seen in that country."

This announcement was received with vociferous cheers. The old man had made a decided impression.

A New York drummer whose breath was fairly taken by this de-

claration, said, "I think, old fellow, you have struck oil; the boys are fairly with you this time."

All were eager to hear the story of this wonderful ride. Old Mack was urged to proceed, but he obstinately declined. He said that he had not time; that the boss would be waiting impatiently for his mail, and he must go at once; but if they really cared to hear the story, of which the ride on the alligator was the least wonderful part, he would tell it to them the next evening.

This was Friday evening, and he knew that, on the evening of the next day, many who received only a weekly newspaper would be there for it, and he would have twice as many present to hear him tell his story. He had succeeded in advertising himself, and he knew that he had awakened interest in those who wanted excitement, and found the opportunities of securing it very few; and so, at a somewhat earlier hour than usual, many had assembled upon the veranda of the village post office, to hear old Mack relate his wonderful ride to church on the biggest alligator ever seen in western Florida.

"Don't you want to go to R—— town to-night? I am going, and I want some one with me for company, as it may be late before I get back again," said Deacon C.—— to young Morrison.

"Not to night;" was the reply, "old Aleck is going to hold forth at the Corners. This is a special occasion. The old fellow is going to spread himself, and I would not miss his story for anything. You had better stop. You will hear nothing in town that will compare with old Aleck when he is on the war path; and, you may bet what you like, he intends to give us a surprise party to-night."

"Nonsense!" said the Deacon; "old Mack's extraordinary lying disgusts me. I can't stand his blowing."

"O! but you must bear in mind," said young Morrison, "this will be tall talk. The old man is not going to tell one of his ordinary adventures this time. He is on his mettle. He has had twenty-four hours to consider his subject—to refresh memory, as he calls it—and to work all the details in the most marvellous way. Last night he announced his ride on the alligator, and you may be sure that he laid down the shovel and the hoe, and has been lying on his back all day, and recalling the most striking incidents. I must honor the old fellow with my presence this time, and hear him relate this the greatest adventure of his life."

"So you," said Deacon C.——, "wish to have me believe you are walking three miles to hear that old man indulge in extravagant lying."

"I am walking," said young Morrison, "three miles to hear him tell one of his yarns—and why not? I don't know whether there is any basis in fact for what he may say. It is not necessary there should be. What does it matter to you or to me whether Isaac of York, his daughter Rebecca, or Robin Hood ever existed? The story is not interesting because it is an accurate record of events. It is because that, along with all his extravagance, there is much in what he says that fairly represents real life,—that makes him interesting."

"I thought, young man, you had more sense than to be pleased with such aimless lying," said the Deacon.

"I don't take your view of old Mack's stories," said young Morrison. "Fiction, it is true, is not history. Mrs. Stowe's 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' is not history. It is fiction. Yet it taught more truth concerning slavery than many histories of the period. For an old plug, I think Mack is a good story-teller, and with better opportunities, he might, in that line, have merited and secured distinction. I shall, I have no doubt, retain some recollections of what he may say, for some time to come; and I am not sure that

any remembrance of what I might elsewhere see or hear this evening, would remain six months hence, and as we live in thoughts, not breaths, I must hear old Mack tell his adventure in west Florida."

Deacon C.—— drove on, disgusted.

Those who had not urgent business to attend to in town, found it convenient to go to the Village Corner. Old Mack, at his usual time, hurried off to the village post office. It was a Saturday evening in June. The boys, too, were there in great force. On this occasion, they were aimlessly seeking amusement. There had been a definite announcement the evening before of what the old man would tell, and so they had come to hear him relate how he had once ridden to church, near Pensacola, on the back of the biggest alligator ever seen in west Florida.

The old man was looking a little nervous, but cheerful. He had considered his subject with great care, and he had resolved to tell this story as he had never told a story to the boys before. He had often amused the boys. He had related many a marvellous adventure, many a hair-breadth escape from danger and from death; but this he had done as chance may have brought him and them together. On this occasion, many had come specially that evening to the village corner to hear what he had to tell. Never since he came to the West, had he before been so specially favored. Never before, anywhere, had there been so much honor done him. He was now the chief man of the multitude. He was fond of being noticed, and this, to him, was a great day in his life. He was nerved up by a determination to surpass the expectations of those who had come out to hear him. He had hoped by this effort to become, in the estimation of the boys, "the Prince of Story Tellers."

The old man, as was usual with him, took a seat on the steps of the veranda of the post office; but there were too many about him to be heard should he attempt to engage in his story-telling in that posture. The crowd extended across the street. A large number stood in the door of a blacksmith shop on the opposite side of the highway. The old gardener found it necessary to stand up. He took from his coat pocket a large red handkerchief, and carefully removing his hat, he wiped the perspiration from his forehead with great deliberation. His eyes, always prominent, seemed more prominent than usual. He looked like a larger and coarser edition of Thomas Carlyle. Those of my readers who have seen Carlyle's portrait, can form a pretty accurate notion of the old man's physiognomy. He differed from him in appearance only as the sailor, who has felt the sun and the storm, differs from his brother who has led the life of an indoor student.

"The old fellow is going to spread himself this time," said one of the young men, who had been observing him closely.

"Yes," responded his neighbor. "Won't he punish the tobacco, though. He ought to have a great auk's egg and a pint of rum, to give him a fair start."

"An auk's egg," inquired the other, "what is that?"

"Why," said his companion, "don't you remember his adventure on the coast of Greenland; how the ship and a great whale had both been shut into a narrow bay by an iceberg; how the diver and the sailors milked the whale with the ship's pumps; how they got thirty barrels of whale's milk daily; how they got several boat-loads of auk's eggs; and how they lived four months on whale's milk, auk's eggs, and Jamaica rum. Why, the old fellow made as much commotion among the boys here by that story as a fire in a rag factory does among the rats."

"O!" said the other, "I remember

it all now. It was then Deacon C —— said that nothing good could ever come to a community that would listen with evident pleasure to such lying."

"Why don't he begin?" enquired Reynolds "See how his mouth twitches. He is nervous. You may depend upon it, he is bound to surpass himself, or burst."

Old Mack knew that the postman would be there within half an hour, and then all would be hubbub and confusion. The attention of the crowd would be destroyed; and the inattention of even a few would spoil everything. Few practised speakers, no matter how well prepared, can escape failure, if they fail at the outset to secure the attention of their audience. Mack was not a practised speaker. He was simply a fluent talker, and had a better store of information than most men of his class. He was, on this evening, most anxious to begin without further delay, and he availed himself of the first invitation. He was banteringly invited to tell the story he had promised the evening before.

He began by reminding them that the alligator was not to him an unfamiliar reptile. He had seen the great Gavials of the Ganges, the Crocodiles of the Nile, the Caymans of the Amazon, and the Jacares of the Orinoco. They were all substantially the same as the alligators found at the mouths of the rivers that empty into the Gulf of Mexico. He said he had no special interest in exploring the rivers of west Florida for the sake of seeing alligators. "My grandfather," said the old man, "was with Major Loftus in 1764, when, by order of King George III., he attempted to ascend the Mississippi, and take possession of the French forts on the east bank of that river. It was reported, that after having ascended as far as the mouth of the Red River, they were compelled to retire, owing to the hostility of the Indians, who

"Thr old gardener found it necessary to stand up."

fired upon the British boats in their ascent. But I heard my grandfather, more than once, say that that was not an honest report. The men were far more afraid of the alligators than of the Indians. The lower Mississippi swarmed with them at that early period. In those days you could not, in the spring season, get an Indian to venture upon the Mississippi. The river was literally alive with alligators, and at night the bellowing of the bull alligators terrified whites as well as Indians. It was not surprising that they were feared. The alligator was, in those days, a most formidable craft for an Indian, in a bark canoe, to meet on the waters of the Mississippi. One blow of its tail shivered the best Indian canoe to fragments, and then the alligator had the Indian completely in his power."

"Why don't you say at its mercy," shouted young Peters.

"Shut up," said Mr. Austin; "let him get to the beginning of his story; we want to hear it before Simpkins toots his post-horn."

"Mercy," said old Mack, "is not a quality that we ascribe to alligators. They are capable of exercising power, —it is a quality which belongs to them—but mercy is as foreign to an alligator as good manners is to young Peters."

Peters had the laugh against him, and, as he wanted to hear the old man's story, he made no reply. He knew the old man must preface any real or imaginary adventure he related with a kind of dissertation; and so, when the crowd were interested they avoided interruptions, which they well knew would drive the old man away from what would, in the case of others, be regarded as the beginning.

"I heard my grandfather say," he continued, "that the bull alligators, during their attempted ascent of the Mississippi, fought each other with great ferocity, and attacked whatever they found afloat. They broke in pieces two of the boats in that expedition, and devoured, in spite of all that could be done to save them, eighteen men of the expeditionary force; and so, Major Loftus and his brother officers became alarmed, and, instead of proceeding to Fort Chartres, returned to New Orleans. My grandfather, when he obtained his discharge in 1767, obtained a large grant of land upon the Escambia river; but like many others, he never went thither to settle upon it. For twenty years active efforts were put forward to prevent settlement beyond the Alleghanies, the better to secure the settlement of Florida; but in 1783 the English retroceded it to Spain, and the occupants of the lands were allowed a year in which to sell, or to become Spanish subjects. My grandfather was not an occupant, and so the Spanish authorities paid no regard to his claim. In 1818, Spain ceded Florida to the United States, and I hoped through a friend in Mobile, who was speculating in these old claims, to sell my grandfather's old claim for something. That is the way I came to visit that section of the Union. I had a beautiful skiff, and had coasted leisurely all the way from Mobile.

I reached the mouth of the Escambia river. The day was hot, and I was much fatigued. I had not gone many miles up that river before I found a beautiful clear place under the shadow of a large spreading tree; and as the place seemed quiet and secluded, I thought I would bathe here, and in that way refresh myself. I was not, at that moment, thinking of danger, I had a small anchor, with a strong rope attached. The prongs of the anchor projected over the stern of my boat. I began to undress, preparatory to bathing. I laid my coat and waistcoat upon the seat of my boat. I wore a red flannel shirt, and this I next removed, and, as it was wet with perspiration, I spread it over the anchor to dry while I was bathing. Before I could make any further pro-

gress in undressing, I was attacked in front and rear. A tremendous alligator had floated down, unobserved, under the stern of my boat, and had attempted to swallow both the anchor and my shirt; but this I had not, at first, noticed; and a gigantic Mexican bull, sprang up from beneath the shadow of a tree a short distance away, and at once came swiftly down to my boat. I had not yet divested myself of my pantaloons and shoes; these I still had on. I pushed my boat a few yards from the shore, so as to be out of the bull's reach, and as I had a noose on the end of my anchor rope, I threw it over the bull's horns, thinking that he would soon drag the anchor under the roots of one of the many large trees hard by, and become so well fastened that he could give me no further trouble. He was very large and fierce, and, as he rushed into the water after me, I was forced to pull out still further from the bank. It was only then that I discovered the alligator, and, perceiving my danger, I gave two or three vigorous pulls at my oars, and got out of reach of both. Had I been a moment later, he would have been near enough to have struck me with his tail, and to have knocked me into the water. Then it was I observed that the anchor was already overboard, and in the possession of an enormous alligator. The bull saw the monster about the same time, and at once turned back to the shore. He knew the alligator would have a great advantage over him in the water, and so he hurried out of the river. The alligator at once made for the bull. I soon saw that I was to have anything but a quiet Sunday. When I threw the anchor rope over the bull's horns, I expected he would drag the anchor under the roots of some tree, and would, in this way, be so effectually tied up, that I could move about without danger. I heard the singing of the people in church, although the church was hidden from my sight by the trees and bushes. I knew it was but a short distance from me, and thither I purposed going. But I did not see very clearly how I was to get there, for the alligator, by swallowing the anchor, had spoiled my plan for fastening up the bull. The moment I undertook to cross the field he was ready to rush after me. His roaring was well nigh deafening, and his frantic performances reminded me of the prancing and swearing of a border ruffian in the early days of Arkansas. I noticed the bull was much more willing to make war upon me than upon the alligator, and so I made up my mind to mount the reptile. The bull did a good deal of prancing and roaring, but he kept at a respectable distance from both ends. He, indeed, seemed quite as much afraid of the tail of the alligator as of the head, and he might well be, for in the condition in which the alligator then was, the tail was the most formidable end.

I soon discovered that the church stood in the edge of the bull's pasture, and that the bull frequently stood in its shadow and pawed up the sand, throwing it over his back, as a means of driving away the flies.

When the bull started, I could see that he caused the alligator a good deal of discomfort. This greatly enraged the great brute, and he rushed after the bull. The bull snorted like a locomotive, but he did not venture to turn upon the alligator, though he seemed inclined to do so, for he again and again put himself in a threatening attitude. The alligator could not have bitten him, for the anchor protruded out of his mouth, and kept it partly open. The brute was of enormous size. You would think me exaggerating if I told you truthfully how big he was; but to keep within the mark, I may say that he seemed to me nearly as long as across this street, and as big, over where I sat, as an ordinary sugar cask. My feet did not reach to the ground when I was astride of him. He was certainly old enough to have remembered Colum-

bus, had Columbus ever visited West Florida.

The bull made for the church, and the alligator and I followed. There were some "nigger" boys in the field, playing near the church, instead of being inside. They caught a glimpse of the bull, the alligator and myself. They had never seen a vicious Mexican bull hitched to a vehicle like that before; and you must not flatter yourselves, young men, into the mistaken belief that under no circumstances will the kink come out of a colored man's wool. I tell you such an opinion is all a mistake. There was no kink in the wool of any of those boys. It instantly came out of curl, and stood upright. It twitched and moved as if it were going through some kind of military evolution. We were close to them before they saw us. They ran as if life was very dear to them and that the place of safety was the meeting house. The bull chased them, and, had his progress not been impeded by the alligator, it would have gone hard with those boys.

The boys had no sooner gone into the church than the congregation came pouring out of the door and out of every window, as if they were escaping from a fire. Those who escaped from the windows into the field rushed to get out with even greater celerity. No one could tell why he or she had rushed out of the church. The boys had said nothing that was coherent or intelligible. Everybody saw that they had seen something terrible; and their appearance had acted like an electric shock upon the whole assembly, and, in an instant, every one who saw them was equally excited and frightened.

"The bull made a desperate plunge at a big yellow girl, whom he fortunately missed, though he carried away the greater part of her dress, and at the same time took my anchor clean out of the alligator's throat. The bull, in his fierce plunge at the yellow girl, passed close to the alligator, and received from the reptile a tremendous blow with his tail. To my great astonishment, the bull suddenly turned upon him, and, for half an hour, I never saw so desperate a fight. It was really terrifying. The bull was as active as he was fierce. He rushed upon the alligator, and with one horn behind a foreleg of the monster, partly turned him over; but the alligator once more struck the bull a powerful blow with his tail, throwing him to a considerable distance. The stroke was so violent that I expected to see the bull run away; but no, he rushed upon the alligator more fiercely than ever, and endeavored to gore the great reptile. The alligator was far less active on land than he would have been in the water. He snapped savagely at the bull, and frequently struck at him with his tail, without success. At last, with one tremendous blow, he knocked off both the bull's horns, as easily as you could brush icicles from the eaves of this building, in winter. The bull reared himself upon his hind legs, ran out his tongue, and roared like mad.

"The whole congregation, numbering about two hundred, rushed out of the field. In their excitement they had come inside.

"The bull and alligator were so much enraged against each other that they gave no heed to anything else. The people, though intensely excited, were, nevertheless, very quiet. No one saw what the end might be. But when the bull's horns were knocked off, the pain and rage of the animal made it more than frantic, and the people scrambled over the fence and over each other. The alligator snapped viciously at the bull's horns, and, seizing one of them endways in his mouth, forced the point of the horn right through his own nose, until it protruded nearly its whole length. The alligator, by this operation, suffered by the acquisition of a horn scarcely less than the bull did by its loss. Both animals had been very severely punished. Both were

in great pain. The alligator was bleeding from its mouth, both on account of the laceration of its throat by the anchor, and the penetration of the horn through the roof of its mouth. The bull, in his frantic leaping and shaking of his head, came near enough to the alligator to receive a tremendous blow with its tail, and fell headlong upon the alligator's head, and was pierced nearly through by his own horn.

"In a few moments the bull was dead. His great weight held down the head of the alligator. The alligator could not withdraw his nose, for the bull's horn practically riveted the two together.

"The people, old and young, were terrified into silence. They had again climbed into the field and stood gazing upon the two animals so lately engaged in fierce conflict. They all understood that the fight was at an end. The bull was dead, and the alligator, if not released, must die where he was then pinned.

"The old colored preacher, who was in the midst of his sermon when the boys entered the church, and who was a favorite slave on one of the plantations of that neighborhood, invited all the congregation to again go into the church, to 'improve this great occasion.' He said they had had nearly an hour's intermission. It was a most wonderful day—the most wonderful ever known in those parts. Who, he asked, had ever seen a man come to church on Sunday driving a bull and a bull-alligator team. The like had never been seen since the days of Noah, when the bears and lions and whales and elephants fought for places on the tops of mountains, where they could stand out of the water. But here, said he, the giant of the field and the giant of the river had come to church and fought on dry land.

"The old preacher was working himself up to a high pitch of eloquence, when a young colored man stood up and said they wished to have an important point settled. He said: 'Some ob de boys am foh de bull, and some am foh de alligator. Sam Tuesday says de bull picked de quarrel, and de alligator sawved him right. Sam wants a vote ob de meeting-house upon de question, to see who am foh de bull and who am foh de alligator.'

"The old preacher warmly objected. He said: 'Dis am not de occasion for such a proceedin', but a Senator from Alabama will be in Pensacola on de next Tuesday, to hold a political meetin', where a vote might be taken on dis great bull alligator question. It could be considered widout party bias; but,' said the old preacher, 'dis am become de day for great moral reflections.'

"The old man had hardly got started again when a colored boy, who had glided out of the church to take another look at the bull and alligator, came running in greatly excited, and, shouting at the top of his voice, said: 'Jim Wattle am in de alligator, and says he's smotherin'.'

"The whole audience was once more startled.

"'What's dat you say?' asked old Dinah Wattle—she was Jim's mother.

"'I say,' said the boy, 'Jim Wattle's in de alligator, and he says he's smotherin'.'

"In an instant all the congregation were once more round the alligator.

"At first it was proposed to pull the bull off the nose of the alligator. But the alligator, it was seen, was alive, and he was far to formidable a customer to turn loose, and as Jim Wattle's voice was heard in the depths of the great reptile, he would certainly make off to the river, and there was no means of preventing him.

"The old preacher sent one of Judge Long's slaves after the Judge, to come, and bring with him his rifle and shoot the alligator. The old Judge lived but a short distance from the meeting house. He was not a church goer. He was a famed marksman. He had an excellent rifle, which he carried

with him when he went on circuit, to secure a proper respect from the bar, and prevent contempt of court.

"The Judge thought, he said, that his young nigger had gone mad, when he undertook to tell what had happened, and for what he was wanted. He concluded at length to take his

"Jim Wattle am in de alligator."

rifle and powder horn and go; and so he appeared upon the ground. He shot the alligator. The bull was pulled away. The alligator was turned back downward; and I," said old Mack, "opened him, and sure enough there was Jim Wattle, and, would you believe it, he had on my flannel shirt. He had taken it from the anchor when in the alligator's throat. His own had been completely digested, but the brown jean trousers of the boy, strange to say, looked as good as new. The grease spots had all been digested out."

"Come now, old man, rest a moment; unless you do, you can't possibly live to finish your story," said Dan Palmer. "Give us a chance to breathe; some of us are on the point of suffocating. This is something immense."

"Don't be so incredulous," said old Mack; "I am half inclined to the opinion that it may have been a stray crocodile from the Nile that swallowed Jonah."

"Keep to your own tale; don't mingle ancient truth with your romance," interrupted Knight. "You don't pay proper regard even to what you call art, now."

"You are criticising me too soon; my picture is not yet complete," the old man replied.

"The Wattle family, though slaves, were a happy family that day. Jim Wattle cried, because, he said, he was so glad to see them all again. He said it was so dark in the alligator's stomach Then old Dinah and the old man, Nincumiah Wattle, cried, and all Jim's brothers and sisters cried, and the sympathy and excitement led to the whole congregation crying, led in the crying by the Wattle family. Sally Wattle threw her arms around Jim's neck, and kissed him. Then she stepped back, swelled out her cheeks, blew a long whistle, and exclaimed: 'O, golly, Jim, but you hab got de alligator bref. And there was, beyond all question, a most marked odor of alligator about the boy.

"Jim had been a most unruly nigger. He had, on many occasions, vexed and worried his overseer; and his mother more than once urged him to be more obedient, or he would certainly be flogged, or sold away to some distant plantation. Jim gave but little heed to these maternal admonitions; but this solitary confinement in the stomach of the alligator was an altogether new experience. It greatly sobered him, and he was, upon his release, in a better mood to listen to good advice than he had ever

been at any former period of his life. There was great weeping and rejoicing, and exclamations of thankfulness for Jim's restoration to the plantation.

"The old colored preacher came to me—this was the first time he noticed me—and said: 'Sah, this am a wonderful day. Nebber has such a day in west Florida befoh. Why, you hab brought back de dead. Dat Jim Wattle was as good as dead when dat alligator swallowed him. De Lawd mus' hab come along wid you when you rode dat alligator. Nebber could ride a beast like dat to de meetin house, hitched to a cross bull, wid Jim Wattle alibe inside, if de Lawd hadn't come along. Dangerous craft, dat, Massa. One outside and one inside passenger. I guess Jim would radder be outside passenger too.'

"The old man smiled. He thought he had said something humorous; but instantly his countenance became grave. He continued: 'Dis am a berry wicked place. I can't make any impression on de young men heah. Dey hab all got shells as thick and hard as dat ole alligator's. Dey got a big scare when de alligator swallowed Jim Wattle. Jim was about de worst boy on de plantation. Jim hab grown up on chicken. Massa, dat Jim am almost nuffen but chicken. If you heah a roosteh crow after sundown, you just go to look foh dat roosteh, and you sure to find Jim Wattle. Now, Massa, I hope Jim Wattle hab had his shell softened in de alligator. You see findin Jim has broke 'em all down, and we mus' go once moh into de church and improve dis occasion. I hope we make some holes in the devil's shell heah to-day. Massa, he mos got dat boy.'

"The old preacher was a very sensible old man, and was greatly prized by his owner. His influence was healthful, and he was looked upon by his master as the great moral instructor of all the slaves in that section of the country.

"The old preacher said: 'Perhaps, Massa, you would be so very good as to improve de occasion. You see how much can be made of it. You hab saved de boy's life by riding dat alligator heah; now if you can do so much for de boy's soul, dat will be a still greater good.'

"I pointed to Jim, and said he had my shirt; that a colored woman had given me her apron to keep the sun from blistering my shoulders; that my coat and waistcoat were in my boat; and that I was besmeared with the alligator's blood, from having assisted in opening the reptile.

"Judge Long heard our conversation. He stood near us, leaning on his rifle; and he at once answered my objections. No one there had been more impressed by the strange events of the day than he. He turned to me, and said: 'Speak to them, by all

"Sure enough there was Jim Wattle."

means. It would be a great misfortune if you did not. You may depend upon it they will listen to every word spoken by the distinguished stranger who rode that alligator here. Throw off that apron from your shoulders. Your shoes and your trousers are all the clothing you require. Any more would not be befitting the occasion. Stained as you are, you look like Hercules, returned from the slaughter of the dragon, and are as great a hero in the estimation of these people. They will think no more of your appearance than if you had escaped in your night clothes from a fire.'

"I reflected for a moment. I was profoundly impressed with what had been said both by the old preacher and by the Judge. The more I reflected on what had transpired, the more remarkable the events of that day seemed to me. They took hold upon my imagination. I saw the whole moral situation. I gave my consent. I told the Judge I must have the upper jaw of the alligator, with the bull's horn in it, to take in with me. I saw the old preacher had been anxious for his people's good, and when the fitting opportunity came, he recognized it. I advised him to lead his flock into the church. The Judge and I removed the jaw. I took hold of the horn and slung the great jaw over my shoulder.

"When the Judge and I had removed the snout of the alligator, and had reached the open door of the old church, the whole congregation were engaged in vigorously singing a hymn which had been improvised by a very bright-looking girl, a slave in the house of one of the principal planters in that section of country. She was naturally clever, and although she could not read (for by the law of Florida, at that time, it would have been a crime to have taught her) yet she had learned much from the conversations which she had heard in the household of her mistress. She sang each stanza herself first, and then led the whole congregation in singing it again and again. I only heard the last two stanzas, and these I'll sing to you now. They were sung over so many times, and the tune being one which I had often heard sung by the natives upon the western coast of Africa, when we were watching for slavers, it was easy for me to remember it." Then old Mack sang :—

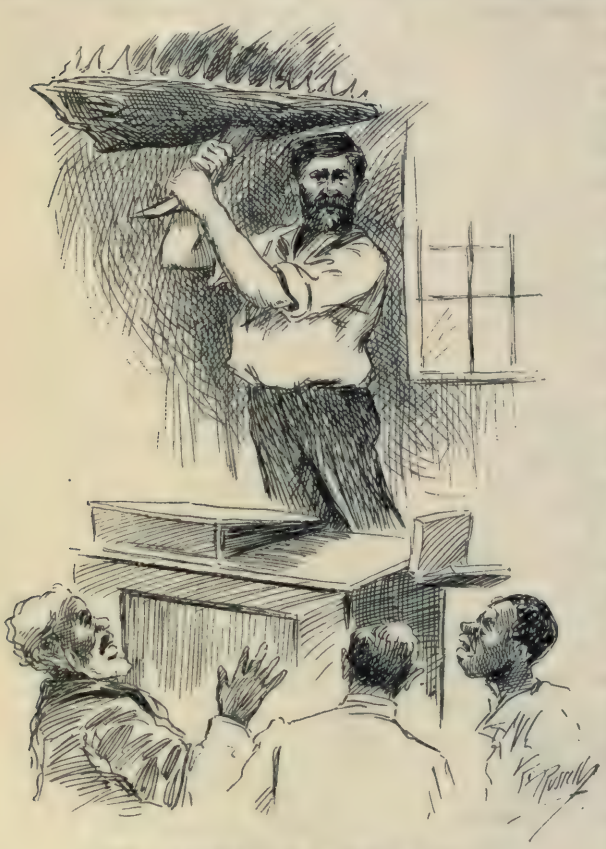
'Oh, yo poo heedless sinner,
A wandin from de ark,
Dwellin down in allumgator,
What am bery damp and dark ;
Ef Massa hadn't hunt yo,
And sent dis boss ob skill,
In de riber allumgator
Yo'd been stayin still, (Spoken) Jim Wattle.
Been stayin still,
Been stayin still,
In de riber allumgator
Yo'd been stayin still.

Dis bery carful captin
Not leab yo in luch,
Hitch bull to allumgator,
And bring yo heah to chuch.
Clense up yo'self foh Sunday,
Gib up yo ways ob sin,
Ef an oder 'gator kotch yo,
Oh, yo neber come agin,
Yo neber come agin,
Yo neber come agin,
Ef an oder 'gator kotch yo,
Yo neber come agin.'"

McTavish interrupted the old man and said : "You never heard that tune in Africa. Why, man, that's a Scotch tune," and he hummed a line of "When the Kye comes Hame." But old Mack said : "Don't be so fast, young man ; that is no Scotch air ; it is a genuine Ashantee tune that I have many a time heard the native women sing while milking their goats by starlight.

"Well, when the singing was ended and the opening exercises over, the Judge and I walked into the church. Boys, I was equal to that occasion. I seized hold of the bull's horn with both hands, and whirling the bloody snout of the reptile over my head, I brought it down upon the pulpit with a crash that made every window in the old church rattle. I said Samson had slain a thousand men with the jaw bone of an ass, but this mighty reptile

had not slain Jim Wattle. Look at the teeth of this monster; one nip, and they would have met in the vitals of that boy, whom Providence had protected from a worse place than room in the alligator. I related the story of Jonah and the whale. I addressed myself to Jim Wattle, and holding up the alligator's jaw, asked him how he passed that gate of death unharmed.



"Brought it down upon the pulpit."

Jim broke down, and very soon all the rest followed. When I gesticulated with that alligator snout, they fairly leapt from their seats, and yelled as if it were the doom of death to them all. Old Judge Long became excited, and, seeing the effect of striking the pulpit with the alligator's jaw, took hold with me to give greater emphasis to my remarks.

"They were a changed community. Jim Wattle ever after helped the old man in his Sunday meetings. The Judge himself went his circuit without his rifle, and took an interest in the plantation meetings when at home.

"Boys, this is a cold climate, far too cold to look for alligators. But since I left Pensacola, I have never seen so many boys and young men, in one place, who are in need of an alligator reformation."

The old man had finished his story. He lighted his pipe, and walked about to receive congratulations. The post-man arrived a minute later. Many did not express the utmost confidence in the old man's veracity. But he had been the story-teller for the evening. He had been listened to with interest, and like the story-teller at the Arab tent door, he departed with the day.

Sometimes more than one old settler told a story in the evening, at the village post office, while waiting for the mail, about difficulties surmounted, hardships endured, dangers escaped, and lives sacrificed, in the courageous efforts put forth to make the wilderness and solitary places glad: how men and women helped each other, and how all were pleased to see the humble log cabin give place to the frame farm house, and to observe the first orchards that began to bear fruit. These stories were interesting incidents in the annals of the place, important events in the lives of well nigh forgotten heroes in the cause of peaceful industry, whose names are not even perpetuated by a grave stone. But old Mack's story, which I

have here recorded, was of a very different kind, and had been told in such a way, and under such circumstances, as to unfit young men and boys for listening to anything about General Brock or the first settlers.

On the same evening that Mack told his story, "Come," said one young man to his companions, when old Mack had gone, "let us go to the lake. The moon is nearly full; the night will be glorious; and I feel so much like having helped the old fellow release Jim Wattle, that I must have a bath. We shall have a reformation without an alligator." A score of them started off for Lake Erie, which was little more than a mile away, forgetting the labors of the week, and singing as they went,"

Ef an oder 'gator kotch yo,
Oh, yo neber come again.

TRUE TO HIS COLORS.

The forest stands far to the south from there,
The stragglers stretch thinly between;
Alone, this little tree shakes to the air
His pennant of faded green.

I'm the Northern Limit of Trees, quoth he,
And yon is the frozen zone;
The forest hath fled to the south, you see—
I must fight with the foe alone.

Alone in the fields of ice and snow,
Still he standeth undismayed,
And holds to the angry winds that blow,
His pennant of green displayed.

—Herbert Crombie Howe.

ROME REVISITED.

Some notes from letters written at Rome in February, March, and April, 1894.

OLD AND NEW ROME.

MY DEAR ———

I have been trying, for my own sake and yours also, to recollect, so far as is possible now, after twenty years, what we expected Rome to be like before we ever saw it.

Of course, we had not then, like the tourist of to-day, the advantage of having read Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad," and gaining beforehand his frank impressions of the town, to help us in determining the relative merits of its various show places. I think that our pre-conceived impression then was that most of Rome was in ruins, and consisted of churches and other buildings, most of them erected by Sixtus V., out of the ruins of the Colosseum and of pagan temples; that Michel Angelo painted most of the town, and that Bernini furnished the statues (most of them in bad taste). I think, too, that we expected to find it a larger and dirtier Italian town than those we had already seen—Siena, Perugia and Pisa—containing some fine churches, some good galleries, some historic buildings (in ruins), Michel Angelo's "Moses," Raphael's "Transfiguration," Guido's "Aurora," some extensive catacombs, and a general reminiscent flavor of our classical studies; but nothing clean, or modern, or "go-ahead"; no street cars; no electric lights, no asphalt pavements,—in a word—the Rome of the Cæsars and the Popes, cherishing and living only upon the memories of a dead and buried past.

CASTLE S. ANGELO AND ST. PETERS.

You will recollect our shock of surprise, when, after alighting from the train at a cleaner and more commodious railway station than the "New Union Station" seems likely ever to be, we drove through the Piazza del Cinquecento, and past the lovely fountain in the Piazza del Terme, down a well-paved and well-lighted street to our hotel, and saw on flaming posters the announcement of the performance that night, at a Roman theatre, of Offenbach's "La Grande Duchesse," (then the rage at Paris), with Mlle. Schneider herself in the *title rôle*.

We (then, fresh from Paris and Vienna,) rubbed our sleepy eyes, and said "Can this be Rome?"

That, as you remember, was very soon after what the late Cardinal Wiseman, in his "Recollections of the last four Popes," always calls "The Sardinian occupation" of Rome,—in other words, its new birth as the Capital of United Italy. The first pulses of the new life had begun to throb even then; and now, twenty years after, young Italy is a giant in the

pride of manhood, and New Rome the capital of "New Italy," is (to my thinking) one of the most progressive, cosmopolitan, clean, well-governed,and beyond all doubt or comparison, the most interesting amongst the capitals of Europe.

THE "REAL ESTATE BOOM" IN ROME.

New Rome, like all modern towns, has had to run the gauntlet of certain maladies which attack growing cities, just as some ailments attack adolescent "humans."

Rome, like Toronto, has had its "real estate boom"—a feverish attack, more severe in this Southern climate than ever it was in our more northern latitude. It lasted from 1880 to 1884, and then (in American parlance) "the bottom fell out of it." Many great people, and even great families: i.e., the Borghese, Prince P.—and others, as well as thousands of lesser note, thought themselves millionaires for two or three years, and have ever since been almost paupers. You have read all about it in Marion Crawford's "Don Orsino;" but you must really be here to see how completely it has altered the northern and western quarters of the town, from the Pincian Hill to Castel San Angelo,on the one side, and the Church of St. John Lateran on the other. The Villas Ludovisi and Barberini exist no more. In their stead are miles of boulevards closely built up with hideous seven-storeyed brick (or brick-fronted) "flat houses," like Paris beyond the Arc de Triomphe, or New York above 72nd street. The Borghese Palace and Villa are said to be in the hands of the banks (or the Jews.) The palace is a sort of "Old Curiosity Shop," and the famous Borghese Collection of statues and pictures is now exhibited at a franc per head in the Casino, whence there is an electric tramway (fare three cents) through the Villa Borghese to the Pincian Gate. ! ! !

A PEEP AT ROYALTY.

Yesterday (March 14th) being the King's birthday, there was a grand review of all the soldiers composing the garrison of Rome. Under the new *régime*, this garrison is about 15,000 strong, and consists of, first the Royal Guards ("Household Troops," I suppose), who wear a very pretty and perfectly-fitting uniform of dark blue cloth, with red facings and silver buttons; then the Royal Engineers (another handsome uniform of dark blue, with crimson facings), Cavalry, Riflemen (*Bersaglieri*), who wear those quaint broad hats, with a bunch of black feathers on one side; Grenadiers; and, lastly, the ordinary Infantry, wearing the (usually very ill-fitting) "*giubba*," or light blue tunic, with grey trousers and white belts,—the last always dirty. These are anything but *elite*. They are just ploughboys in uniform: and their marching and wheeling would drive Col. Otter mad. They are undersized, as a rule; and I think it would take about four of them to tip the scale against a certain popular major of the 48th Highlanders whom we wot of. But they are intelligent young fellows, and, after talking to a number of them, I have grown to feel quite interested in, and "chummy" with, the Italian "Tommy Atkins," who seems at least as brilliant as his English cousin, if not more so. They come from all over

ST. PETER'S AND THE VATICAN.

the kingdom, and not one in ten of those to whom I have spoken is anything but an enthusiast about "New Italy,' though many of them would prefer that it should be a republic instead of a monarchy.

The review was held in the old Praetorian camp, near the Porta Pia, the gate by which the soldiers of United Italy entered Rome on the memorable 20th of September, 1870. By the kindness of Mr. W. W. Story, (sculptor, author, and poet,) we saw the "march past" of the royal party from the windows of his studio, which has been transferred from its old quarters, near the Piazza Barberini, to his "up-town" residence, near the "Piazza dell' Independenza," just north of the railway station.

First came a squadron of mounted cuirassiers: then King Humbert and his staff, including the heir apparent, Prince Victor Emmanuel, and his cousin, the Duke of Aosta. Then more dragoons; then a dozen mounted flunkeys in the royal scarlet liveries; next two open carriages containing the Queen and her ladies of honour; then more dragoons; and, finally, infantry, — infantry, — infantry, — until you were tired looking at them.

The King has grown an old man since we saw him twenty years ago as Prince Humbert. This was his 51st birthday, and he looks quite his age, if not more. His once coal-black moustache is as white as snow, but he sits his charger like an old centaur, and looks, I think, handsomer than ever, in his magnificent uniform and white-plumed helmet. Queen Margaret (though fair and gracious still), has "gone off" sadly during these twenty years, and now looks "fair, fat, and quite forty," which I suppose is somewhere near her age. The popular enthusiasm for "*il Re*" is by no means as exuberant as it used to be, for Victor Emmanuel; and though there was a running fire of "*vivas*" all along the line, but few people uncovered as their Majesties passed—a vastly different reception from that which greeted the Pope from the tens of thousands who filled St. Peter's last Sunday to see the beatification of a new Spanish Saint. But that (as Mr. Rudyard Kipling says) "is another story."

A VISIT TO A SCULPTOR'S STUDIO.

After the military pageant, we had something much more to my taste. Mr. Story asked us down stairs to visit his studio, and himself acted as our *cicerone*. It was a rare treat—a day to be marked with a very white stone. He is now over 75 years old; and, having lived in Italy ever since 1848, has become extremely Roman, without, however, ceasing to be an American of the best type. His right hand has not yet lost its cunning; and some of his later statues are, to my mind at least, equal to any of his earlier work. He showed us a new Cleopatra, fresh from the chisel, and done in the purest white marble. She is a low-browed, sensuous-lipped, Egyptian beauty, reclining, supported by one full round arm, upon the cushion of a divan;—very *decolleté* indeed,—a tiger skin thrown carelessly over one shoulder being her only garment (?). She has a dreamy, far-away look in her great eyes, as if he had taken her in the midst of that soliloquy about pre-existence, which he so well describes in his own poem of "Cleopatra." Perhaps you may remember the lines;—

"I will lie and dream of the past time,
Æons of thought away,
And through the jungles of memory,
Loosen my fancy to play;
When, a smooth and velvety tiger,
Ribbed with yellow and black,
Supple and cushion-footed
I wandered where never the track
Of a human creature had rustled
The silence of mighty woods,
And, fierce in a tyrannous freedom,
I knew but the law of my moods.
I sucked in the noontide splendor,
Quivering along the glade,
Or yawning, panting and dreaming,
Basked in the tamarisk shade,
Till I heard my wild mate roaring,
As the shadows of night came on,

To brood in the trees' thick branches,
  Till the shadow of sleep was gone.
Then I roused and roared in answer,
  And unsheathed from my cushioned feet
My curving claws, and stretched me,
  And wandered my mate to greet.
Then like a storm he seized me
  With a wild triumphant cry,
And we met as two clouds in heaven,
  When the thunders before them fly;

LAST COMMUNION OF ST. JEROME.

We grappled and struggled together,
  For his love, like his rage, was rude;
And his teeth in the swelling folds of my neck,
  At times in our play drew blood.

* * * * * * * *

Come to my arms, my Antony;
  The shadows of twilight grow,
And the tiger's ancient fierceness
  In my veins begins to flow.
Come not cringing to sue me;
  Take me with triumph and power,
As a warrior storms a fortress;
  I will not shrink or cower,
Come, as you came in the desert,
  Ere we were women and men,
When the tiger passions were in us,
  And love as you loved me then."

But this second Cleopatra of Mr. Story's is, to my taste, not equal to her predecessor, the one which Nathaniel Hawthorne describes, in "Transfiguration."

"The sitting figure of a woman draped from head to foot in a costume minutely studied from that of ancient Egypt. . . . The face a miraculous success . . . The sculptor had not shunned to give the full Nubian lips and other characteristics of the Egyptian physiognomy; yet Cleopatra's beauty shone out richer, warmer, more triumphantly beyond comparison, than if, timidly shrinking from the truth he had chosen the tame Grecian type. The expression was of profound, gloomy, heavily revolving thought In one view there was a certain softness and tenderness. Catching another glimpse, you behold her hard as a stone, and cruel as fire. In a word—all Cleopatra,—fierce voluptuous, passionate, tender, wicked, terrible, and full of poisonous and rapturous enchantment."

This one reminds me too much of Canova's statue of Pauline Buonaparte (Princess Borghese) as *Venus Victrix*, which is one of the attractions of the Borghese Collection.

And, *apropos* thereof, I heard a rather good story the other day. It is said that when the statue was finished, the Princess herself was exhibiting it to some of her Roman friends. One of them asked, "Did you not mind sitting to a sculptor *like that?*" referring to the fact that she was what, since "Trilby," we now "call a model for the altogether!" "No," replied the

fair model, with simple surprise; "Why should I have minded? There was a good fire in the room all the time."

Mr. Story's studio is a gallery of Scriptural and American history.

MARTYRDOM OF ST. SEBASTIAN.

He still has the original models (in plaster) of his well-known statues,—Adam, Eve, Saul, David, Esther, etc., also those of his father, Chief Justice Story, Chief Justice Marshall, Washington, Lincoln, Edward Everett, General Geo. B. McClellan and others; also some capital portrait busts of Byron, Shelley, Robert Browning, Mrs. Browning, etc. One little statuette especially caught my fancy. It was Mr. Story himself in his working garb, (Norfolk jacket and little round cap)—looking just as he looked twenty years ago—(and he doesn't look a bit older to-day.) One thing, however, it lacks,—his inevitable, perpetual cigarette, and without that, the likeness, to my thinking, is not perfect.

A FUNCTION AT ST. PETER'S.

Last Sunday we went, with some tens of thousands of others (chiefly Spanish) pilgrims, to see the first step in the creation of a new Saint, viz., his beatification by the Holy Father, in the church of "San Pietro in Vaticano," the largest grandest Cathedral in the world.

You can fancy, perhaps you can recall, the scene. Mrs. Elliott describes it very well in the eighth chapter of her "Diary of an Idle Woman in Italy," but no words of hers or mine can do it justice. The immense choir of the great Basilica was hung, from its lofty roof to its marble floor, with curtains of crimson damask, and lighted by thousands upon thousands of chandeliers, blazing with innumerable lights. Above the "Chair of St. Peter" was suspended an immense picture of

the new Saint, while other pictures hung about, showing his good deeds and the miracles which he wrought before and after his death.

Down each side of the choir, and all around the great piers of the dome were tribunes or galleries, crowded to suffocation by the *elite* and privileged (*i.e.* ticketed) persons; while all down the nave, transepts, and huge side-aisles, even to the great west door, was packed a mass of humanity, eager, patient, and fairly (?) devout. The people in the tribunes were all in proper dress:—ladies in black dresses, with black lace veils on their heads (no bonnets allowed), and men in evening or court dress, which is *de rigeur* if you want a good place. In the nave, you "go as you please."

The aisles were kept clear by barricades and by a force of the Pope's Swiss Guards, in their motley Michel Angelo uniforms, and by the Pope's "apparitors" or "gentlemen of the household," in their black velvet doublets, Spanish cloaks, and the ruffs of the time of Philip II.

After we had waited nearly two hours, the *vivas* away down at the west front announced the Holy Father's entrance by his private door from the *Scala Regia*. He was carried in his "gestatorial" chair (whatever that means) with two great feather fans before him, and behind him a long line of white and scarlet robed prelates. No sooner had he entered the church than we (an eighth of a mile away) could feel the thrill of excitement which ran like an electric shock through the 50,000 spectators who filled the nave and aisles. Then commenced such a waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and such a shouting of "*Viva il Papa Re*," as never heard before.

Again and again, as the Pope was borne up the centre aisle, past the great *baldachino* and up through the choir, the shouts were renewed with such increasing intensity and fervour of enthusiasm as I believe to be only possible in Italy, and perhaps even there, only in Rome. As an English lady near me remarked, "It wasn't a bit like church. It was a regular 'God save the Queen,' only more so!"

THE ARCHANGEL MICHAEL. *Guido.*

The Pope looked very well and strong, in spite of all the dismal stories of his ill-health. His face is singularly fine, I had almost said beautiful; his expression dignified, benignant and pure, without being in the least

weak; though he does lack the strong under jaw of Pio Nono. He seems to be more of a scholar and a saint, but perhaps less of a politician, than was his predecessor in the chair of St. Peter. The ceremony lasted about an hour-and a-half, and at the end of it the Holy Father was carried back again, blessing us as he went, amid enthusiasm as great as upon his entrance.

New Rome may be modern in her political and municipal institutions, but (unlike Paris) she seems still to be devoutly attached to her national Church and its head.

It is only on occasions such as this, when the great Cathedral is filled with some 40,000 or 50,000 people, many of them enthusiastic worshippers (like these Spanish pilgrims), that one really appreciates its superiority to any other Christian church. As Henri Taine very well expresses it:

MADONNA LIBERATRICE. *Hebert.*

"Thus filled and measured by the crowd, the church becomes colossal, ornate without being overcharged, and majestic without being overwhelming. Those gilded compartments that border the great vaults—those marble angels seated on its curves—that superb *baldachino* of bronze, supported by its spiral columns—those pompous mausoleums of the Popes, form an altogether unique combination. Never was a more magnificent pagan temple erected to a Christian God."

On ordinary days I confess that St. Peter's strikes me less as a place of worship (though in it

"The voice of prayer is never silent
Nor dies the strain of praise away"),

than as a magnificent gallery of statu-

ary and painting. Here, in imperishable mosaic, are reproduced some of the finest paintings in the world, and the copies are to me, and probably to most of us, as good to look on as the originals, hung in far better light than most picture galleries afford, and set off by an environment which is nowhere else possible or even approachable.

Here are Raphael's "Transfiguration," in mosaic (four times the size of the great original in the Vatican gallery close by), Domenichino's "St. Francis," his "Last Communion of St. Jerome," and his "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian;" Guercino's "Burial (or Glorification) of Sta. Petronilla;" Guido's "St. Michael" and "Crucifixion of St. Peter," Costanzi's "Raising of Tabitha," and Maratta's "Baptism of Christ," besides many, many more.

And for statuary,—can anything be finer than Michel Angelo's "Pieta," or Canova's kneeling statue of Pius VI. in the *Confessio*, unless indeed it be his greater work, the tomb of Clement XIII., at the corner of the right transept, with the magnificent figures of Religion holding up the Cross, and the Genius of Death with torch reversed, while the waking and sleeping lions guard the entrance to the tomb.

Then there is the celebrated tomb of Paul III., founder of the Order of Jesus, the Farnese Pope who built the palace which bears his name, with material "borrowed" from the Colosseum and Theatre of Marcellus, and who "annexed" from the Baths of Caracalla, the granite basins which to-day adorn the palace front. It used to have four statues, but only two now remain, those of Prudence (a portrait of his mother), and Justice (his famous sister-in-law Giulia), and they (once nude), were modestly endued by Bernini with tin petticoats, painted to look like marble.

I confess that I much prefer Thorwaldsen's graceful and simple monument to Pius VII., the unfortunate Pope who crowned Napoleon I., was for seven years an exile from Rome, and was sent back by the allied Powers in 1813 to re establish the inquisition and the Order of Jesus. But, to the student of history, there is scarcely one of these tombs but has some interest: and a "Britisher," even though not quite a Jacobite, may be pardoned for standing with more than mere artistic reverence before Canova's stately monument to our three Stuart Princes, James III., and his sons, Charles Edward, and Henry, Cardinal York.

Of most of the statues of the founders of religious orders which adorn (?) the piers of the nave and transepts, and of the colossal atrocities which fill the niches of the four huge piers supporting the great dome, especially Bernini's Sta. Veronica, "flourishing a marble pocket handkerchief," I forbear to speak.

IMPERISHABLE PICTURES.

To-day (under a special *permaezzo*), we have been, with our Scotch friends, at the Papal manufactory of mosaics, which is, I believe, the chief if not the only factory in this city of nearly 450,000 people, and employs about as many people as one of the large "departmental stores" of Toronto.

We were met at the door by a gorgeous person in uniform, who took charge of our sticks, umbrellas and wraps (fee one franc), and then handed us over to another uniformed attendant (fee number two), who acted as our guide, and could speak a little, a *very* little, French—of which accomplishment he was unnecessarily, and, I thought, unwisely proud.

We went through room after room of finished mosaics, all copies of well-known originals; from "Pliny' Doves," and views of Rome, to that lovely "*Madonna liberatrice*" of Hébert's, with the dark circles under her eyes, holding in her arms the sweet Christ-child, with golden hair, and his finger

INTERIOR OF SISTINE CHAPEL.

on his lip—one of the loveliest of all the thousands of Madonnas we have seen here or elsewhere. Here are also the originals, hung along the walls, of those portraits of all the two hundred and odd Popes, (from St, Peter and St. Linus, to Pius IX.) whose (often imaginary) lineaments look down at you from the frieze of that most ornate of cathedrals, "St. Paul's, outside the Walls."

But we were most of all interested in the factory itself,—the actual workrooms where the mosaic pictures are made. They form a series of large, well-lighted rooms, along whose walls are ranged in numbered cases some thousands of holders containing the *smalta*, or little glass cubes which are used in making mosaic pictures. Each "smalt" is like a diamond type, only smaller, and there are over 25,000 different shades of them. When we were there they were copying (I believe for the Cathedral at Milan), Guercino's "Burial (or Glorification) of Sta. Petronilla."

You know the picture and the story which it illustrates. Sta. Petronilla was the daughter of St. Peter, and was beloved by a Roman nobleman, Valerius Flaccus, who was not a Christian. She was afraid to refuse him, and promised to wed him after ten days, but meantime prayed earnestly for death; which boon was granted her, and when her lover came with his friends to celebrate the marriage, he found her dead. They buried her crowned with roses. It is a very strong picture, in which, as in his "Aurora," in the Casino Ludovisi, Guercino showed himself not inferior to the Carracci, Guido, Domenichino, and the other great masters of the Eclectic School: (I don't count Carlo Dolci as one of them).

Well, to come back to the factory. At one end of the room was a large copy of the picture, ruled off into

squares, and at various tables all down the room different workmen were occupied, each with a copy of one of these squares before him, in "setting it up" in little glass type, just as in the old days, we used to "set up" copy in the composing-room of the *Daily Stiletto*. The newer or poorer members of the "craft" had the inferior parts of the work, the sky, the floor, the architectural bits, etc. The old hands were given the more important sections: and I stood for half an hour watching one grey-headed, spectacled old chap, who was doing the head of Valerius Flaccus, who, as you may remember, is looking down sadly on the corpse of Sta. Petronilla.

He had a great deal of trouble with the eyes, and while I watched him he more than once took out, with a fine pair of pincers, some hundred or so of "smalta" from the putty which forms the back of his "stick," and began to make the eye all over again, so as to give it just the right expression. It was very interesting (though I felt rather as if my own eye was being operated upon), and I wondered as I stood looking at him whether he thought (as I did), that the finished picture would be imperishable, and would look down from the walls of the great Cathedral upon generation after generation of "articulately-speaking men," long after he and I had been laid, like Sta. Petronilla, in our graves, and turned again to the dust from which we rose. One could make a very pretty sermon about it, if one were in that "line of business."

A GILDED PRISON.

I think that if I had to be a prisoner, and could select my place of incarceration, I should choose to join the illustrious "prisoner of the Vatican," in that largest of palaces, provided I might have (as I suppose he has whenever he so chooses), free access at will to all its art treasures. We have spent about ten days there already. Each visit makes one feel even more than the last how inexhaustible are its stores of artistic wealth.

LIBERATION OF ST. PETER. *Raphael.*

Think of living in a house containing (as the guide books tell us), 20 courts and 11,000 rooms, many a single one of which contains enough of priceless worth to make the best of our American museums seem poor by comparison.

True, the Sistine Chapel is so overloaded with decoration as to produce a sense of bewilderment and fatigue rather than of pleasure; and as for the Stanze of Raphael, I cannot but agree with Taine, that "the painter here is secondary; the apartment was not made for his work, but it for the apartment. The light is dim, and half of the frescoes are in shadow. The ceiling is overcharged—the subjects stifle each other; and nineteen out of twenty of those who visit the place must certainly be disenchanted." Can you recall his criticism of the "Incendio del Borgo?" If not, it is worth re-reading. Considered as a representation of a terrific conflagration, the picture is simply ludicrous, but as a series of studies of "the human form divine" in various and always striking attitudes, it is superb. "The Liberation of St. Peter from Prison," though placed in the worst possible place for light—for you remember its position just over the principal window of the room—is magnificent, and grows upon one more the longer one studies it.

But it is when you visit the Sculpture Galleries (the entrance is now away at the back of St. Peter's, half a mile, at least, from the end of the tramway), that you feel thankful that the Popes of the Renaissance and later periods, were so rich and such munificent patrons of art. Is there anything finer anywhere in the world than that *Sala Rotonda* of Pius VI, where one does not know whether to admire most, the Jupiter from Otricoli, the grandest realization in marble of a heathen's conception of God, or the Barberini Juno, or that lovely head of Antinous, or the colossal sitting statue of Nerva, of which *Merivale* says:

"Among the treasures of antiquity preserved in modern Rome, none surpasses—none perhaps equals—in force and dignity, the sitting statue of Nerva, which draws all eyes in the Rotonda of the Vatican, embodying the highest ideal of a Roman magnate, the finished warrior, statesman, and gentleman of an age of varied training and wide, practical experience."

Speaking of Nerva reminds me how familiar and "at home" one grows to feel with these old Roman Emperors, meeting them almost daily in the Museums of the Vatican, the Capitol, the Casino Borghese, and in so many similar places. As Story says in "*Roba di Roma*":

"At Rome the Emperors become as familiar as the Popes. Who does not know the curly-headed Marcus Aurelius, with his lifted brow and projecting eyes, from the full round beauty of his youth, to the more haggard look of his latest years? Are there any more modern portraits more familiar to us than the severe, wedge-like head of Augustus, with his sharp-cut lips and nose, or the dull phiz of Hadrian, with his hair combed down over his low forehead, or the vain, perking face of Lucius Verus, with his thin nose, low brow and profusion of curls,—or the brutal head of Caracalla, or the bestial, bloated features of Vitellius?

"These men, who were but lay figures to us at school, mere pegs of names to hang historic robes upon, thus interpreted by the living history of their portraits, the incidental illustrations of the places were they lived and moved and died, and the buildings and monuments which they had erected, become like men of yesterday. Art has made them our contemporaries. They are as near to us as Pius VII or Napoleon."

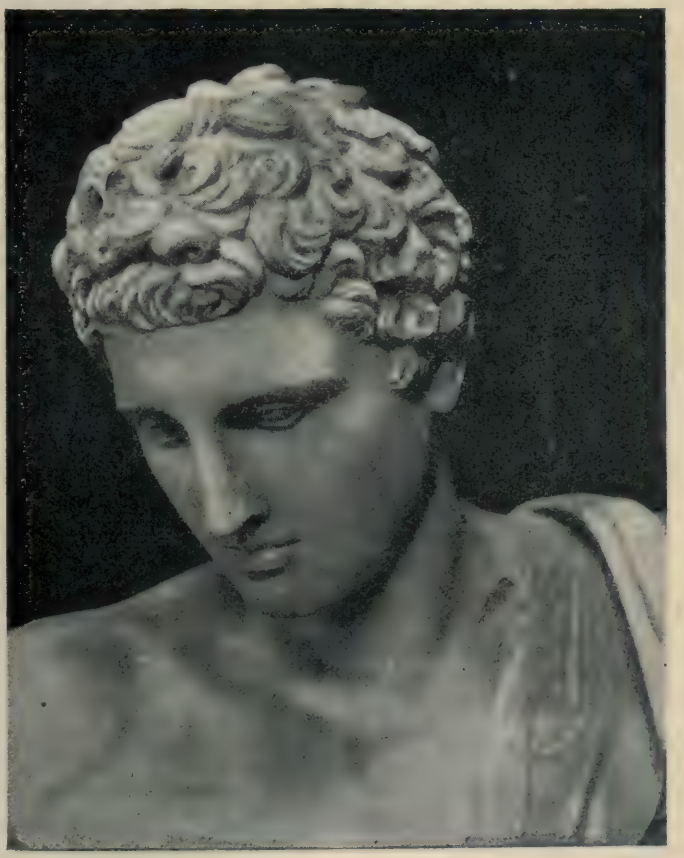
There is a head of Nero here, in this "Hall of Busts," which makes me sure that history (as in the case of our own Cromwell), has grossly maligned that poor young fellow. No man with such an angelic countenance could possibly have been wicked "one little bit." Just as the thermometer has been the ruin of our Canadian North-West, I believe that (but for those wretched historians), Nero (judging from his face), might have been canonized and worshipped as a saint. Indeed, that very fate did befall two of the statues in this same "Hall of Busts." They are two life-sized sitting figures, now

considered to represent the Greek comic poets, Posidippus and Menander, and probably once stood in the temple of Athene on the Acropolis.

Having been early carried to Rome they were lost, until about the time of Sixtus V., when they were dug up somewhere on the Viminal Hill, and placed in the church of *St. Lorenzo Pane e Perna*, where they were worshipped under the belief that they were statues of saints, a belief which arose from their having metal discs over their heads, a practice which prevailed with many Greek statues intended for the open air. The marks of the metal pins for these discs may still be seen, as well as those for a bronze protection for the feet, to prevent their being worn away by the kisses of the faithful,—as on the statue of St. Peter at St. Peter's.

I think it was in the "New Gallery," the other day, that we heard an American girl in front of the bust of Julius Cæsar, looking with interest at the clear-cut, intellectual face, with its strongly marked lines, Roman nose, and sharply defined lower jaw, and saying to her gray-haired, soft-hatted companion in a tone of frank (not shy) surprise, "But, *poppa*, surely Cæsar didn't believe in all those heathen gods and goddesses," as she indicated with a wave of her well-gloved hand the adjacent statues of Mercury, Minerva Medica and Proserpine.

I was reminded of another American female of the "Emancipated Woman" type, whom we had met a few days before in the Borghese Picture Gallery, standing in front of Elizabeth Sirani's picture of Lucretia,—the usual school picture of a fat, middle-aged lady of sad expression, and with a dagger in one hand (sometimes the right one), the point directed towards her (too-much exposed) bosom. "Father," said the Emancipated Female, to a gentle-looking old man at her side, "that's Cleopaytra, I'm sure." "No," said the old gentleman, "accordin' to this list it ain't Cleopaytra, its Loocretar, and I suppose that must be the asp."



HEAD OF ANTINOUS.

"Wall," said the E. A. F., "I don't

care what your list says,—that's Cleopaytra,—I'd know her anywheres, and I guess that asp story is about played out by now."

I was glad just then that I "hailed" from the wilds of Ontario, and not from the cultured New England States.

"CITY HALL" POLITICS IN ROME.

In one respect Rome is far behind Toronto, viz., in the management of its civic affairs. With us, as you know, these things are largely managed by three or four irresponsible newspaper reporters, who dictate policy to the Mayor, solve all engineering problems for the City Engineer, and give their opinions upon finance *ex cathedra*, through the medium of (chiefly) evening papers, to the City Treasurer.

In Rome they have not yet "caught on" to this simple and eminently satisfactory method of conducting civic business.

The best citizens there think it an honor to be elected members of the "giunta" or Board of Aldermen, and the present mayor ("Sindaco"), is a Prince belonging to an old and honorable Roman family.

In fact the municipal government here is still something like our old system in Toronto in the days when men like Sir Adam Wilson, Sir Oliver Mowat, the Hon. John Hillyard Cameron, the Hon. Henry Sherwood and Col. Macaulay, and the elder Geo. T. Denison, thought it not unworthy of them to become aldermen of the City of Toronto: — "*mais nous avons changé tous cela*"—and now we have—but "comparisons," as Mrs. Ramsbotham says, "are odoriferous," and so "I names no names."

Perhaps something is due to the fact that the aldermen here meet in a City Hall rich in memories of noble names borne and noble deeds done by Romans, not all of past ages, but many of them of the present generation.

One room is dedicated to memorials of Joseph Garibaldi, the uncanonized saint whom New Italy worships today with an intensity of fervor unknown but under those southern skies. To me, as a sincere admirer of the "red-shirted saviour of his country," it was delightful to see the Italian provincial on his first visit to the capital, reverently uncover as he entered the chamber where the bust of the "Great Liberator" stands among the banners and garlands which were carried beside and heaped upon the coffin of the "grandest Roman of them all," who, after winning the South for the "Honest King," was content, to return to his farm at Caprera, like a modern Cincinnatus, and to let others enjoy the glory of his triumph.

This, and one other room in Rome, are to me the most sacred spots in that Holy City. I mean by "the other" that large chamber in the Palace of the Quirinal in which are filially preserved by King Humbert, the banners and wreaths sent by all the *communes* of United Italy to the funeral of him without whom United Italy had never been; "*il Re Galantuomo*,"—Victor Emmanuel II., who after the fatal reverse of Novara, took up the crown cast down by his broken-hearted father, Charles Albert, and, vowing to wear it as a constitutional monarch, or "to die trying," added to its gems the States of Lombardy, Naples and the Sicilies, the Abruzzi, and finally Venice and central Italy, including Rome itself.

I have just been reading Mrs. Godkin's life of Victor Emmanuel, and perhaps, am still a little under her influence, but to a Canadian who has seen a nation slowly grow from 1867 to 1894, and not yet become united and homogenous, the life of Victor Emmanuel is intensely interesting.

Do you remember what Col. John Hay wrote at Paris, thirty years ago:

"Lame lion of Caprera,
Red shirts of the lost campaigns,
Not idly shed was the generous blood
You poured from generous veins.
For at last came glorious Venice,
In storm and tempest, home,
And now God maddens the greedy kings,
And gives her people Rome."

But to return,—perhaps to descend —to the City Council of Rome.

In the matter of police protection, Rome would startle the average Toronto alderman, for there are in the city nearly 2,000 policemen (including the Pope's), divided as follows:

1st. The "guardians of public security," a Government protective and police force, appointed and paid by the Crown, and whose duty it is to investigate criminal cases wherever they may be sent throughout the kingdom. Of these there are about 850 in Rome.

2nd. The "*Carabinieri*" (gendarmes), a military body, very well disciplined, also appointed and paid by the Government, and answering pretty fairly to the Royal Irish Constabulary. Of these, about 600 have headquarters in Rome.

3rd. The ordinary city constables (*guardie di citta*), appointed and paid by the City Council (*Municipio*), who enforce city by-laws as to regulation of traffic, breaches of municipal ordinances, etc. In Rome (which has a population of nearly 450,000), there are 511 of these, or a slightly less proportion per head than in Toronto, though our police force also performs the same duties as by the foregoing list are assigned to the *gendarmes*.

Perhaps even we, "the latest seed of time," might take a hint from Italy, and separate a little our Governmental and Municipal duties.

TORONTO. C. R. W. BIGGAR.

GABLE ENDS.

ANECDOTES.

OPINION OF LORD PEMBROKE, who died in 1794, concerning bishops. In a letter to Garrick, 1771, he says: "I cannot attend in the House of Lords to give my vote for the Liverpool Theatre, but I have desired Lady P. to beat up for as many troops for him as she can, and as it is to *oppose* the church, I trust she will get a good many to majority the Bench, who, far from a voice, should, by *rights*, have no seat but in a pew, anywhere."

A JUDICIAL PUN. — Lord Chancellor Hatton had been sitting for several days hearing a case which turned altogether upon the extent of certain property, and the correctness of the boundaries thereof. The counsel on one part said: "My Lord, I assure you we lie on this side." "And we, my Lord," said the opposing counsel, "most unquestionably lie on this side." The Chancellor, rising, said: "If you lie on both sides, which am I to believe?"

REPARATION.—"I must tell you an excessively good story of George Selwyn," says Walpole. "Some women were scolding him for going to see an execution, and asked him how he could be such a barbarian to see the head cut off?" "Nay," said he, "if that was such a crime, I am sure I have made amends, for I went to see it sewed on again."

HOW TO TELL A GENTLEMAN. — "Because you are a gentleman," replied the girl curtseying, "for all your homespun clothes." "Ha! pray how have you found that out?" "You talk differently from

our people, sir. Your speech, or your voice—I can't rightly tell which—is softer than I have been used to hear. And you don't look, and walk, and behave as if homespun had been all you ever wore." 'And is that all?" "You stop to consider, as if you were studying what would please other people; and you do not step so heavy, sir; and you do not swear; and you do not seem to like to give trouble; I can't think, sir, that you have been always used to such as we, hereabouts."

Loss of an Arm.—When Nelson visited the Royal Navy Hospital at Yarmouth, after the battle of Copenhagen, he went round the wards, stopped at every bed, and to every man said something kind and cheering. At length, he stopped opposite to a bed on which was lying a sailor who had lost his right arm close to the shoulder-joint. Then the following short dialogue ensued:—

Nelson—"Well! Jack, what's the matter with you?"

Sailor—"Lost my right arm, your honor."

Nelson paused, looked down at his empty sleeve, then at the sailor, and said, playfully: "Well! Jack, then you and I are spoiled for fishermen; cheer up, my brave fellow."

Conjugal Affection.—A woman from the neighborhood of Granville went into an apothecary's shop the other day, with two prescriptions, one for her husband and the other for her cow. She inquired what was the price of them; and the apothecary replied that it was so much for the man, and so much for the beast. The woman, finding that she had not enough money, reflected for a moment, and said: "Give me, at all events, the medicine for the cow; I can send for my husband's tomorrow"

On a Royal Demise.—How monarchs die is easily explain'd,
And thus it might upon the tomb be chiselled:
"As long as George the Fourth could reign, he reign'd,
And then he mizzled."

Outs and Ins.—A poor Yankee, on being asked what was the nature of his distress, replied that he had five *outs* and one *in*; to wit, *out* of money, and *out* of clothes, *out* at the heels, and *out* at the toes, *out* of credit, and *in* debt.

Plain Truth.—A town beggar was very importunate with a rich miser, whom he accosted in the following phrase:

"Pray, sir, bestow your charity; good, dear sir, bestow your charity." "Prithee, friend, be quiet," replied the miser, "I have it not."

Philip Lawdeshayne.

PECULIAR "EXPOONIN."

Not very many years ago an old Scotch Presbyterian minister, in the neighborhood of Glasgow, whenever he was feeling a little under the weather on the Sabbath day would send word to one or other of the elders to go and officiate for him in the pulpit.

This state of things had gone on for some time, and all of the elders but one had taken their turn in officiating for the pastor.

Sandy McPherson, a large-boned and excitable man, had thus far avoided this, but his turn came at last. The old Dominie was once more out of sorts, and he sent word to Sandy McPherson to go to the Kirk and read a passage of the Holy Scripture and "expoon" it. This was very short notice, but Sandy went away to the Kirk, determined to do his best.

He mounted the pulpit, and chose for his subject the story of David and Goliath. Having read the chapter through, he began thus to speak:

"My dear friends, ye'll kin I'm no muckle guid at expoonin the Holy Scripture, nevertheless I'll do the best I can. Ye'll ken that in the aulden times, the airmy o' the Philestines came forth in battle array to ficht King Saul's airmy, and ye'll ken that the Philestines were a race o' giants, enormous men; the sma'est o' them wad scarce stan' up in the Kirk where we are now assemel'd. An' the great giant Goliath, the biggest man o' them a'—an enormous giant, cleed in airmour frae heed tae foot, an' a sword in his

han' fourteen feet long, stepped oot an' challenged the machtiest mon o' King Saul's airmy to come oot an fecht him. But not a mon would come.

"Then wee David, a wee bit chap that wad scarce come up to my waist-ban' said tae King Saul: 'I'll go an' kill the great Goliath.' King Saul said: 'Wee David, ye never could kill the great Goliath, the great giant o' the Philestines; ye never could kill him.' But wee David said: 'I'll kill him, however.'"

From this point on, Sandy became more and more excited. "Noo, wee David had no airmour on, an' no sword in his han'. He'd naught in his han' but a wee bit bag wi' twa strings tied til't. He stepped out before the great giant an' stooped doon an' picked a stane oot o' the brook, and he put it in the wee bag; then he skirled it roun' his heed twa or three times, then let it go. An' it knocked the — heed in." F. W.

A PROPHECY.

I dreamed in a dream I saw a city invincible to the attacks of the whole of the rest of the earth.
I dreamed that was the new City of Friends.
Nothing was greater than the quality of robust love—it led the rest.
It was seen every hour in the actions of the men of that city,
And in all their looks and words.

—WALT. WHITMAN.

Just beyond there!
Emerging from the light,
Hidden from us by the shadows,
Our future kingdom awaits us;
The kingdom of human brotherhood;
The kingdom of human equality;
The long prepared for—
The kingdom of the democracy.

Back and back through the wheeling cycles of the centuries;
Back through the slow sweep of the ages;
Out from dead democracies, and from buried civilizations,
And forgotten greatness, germinating in the darkness;
Out through wandering hordes of savages;
Through wars, rapine, slavery, and bloodshed interminable;
Through kingships, lordships, serfdom;
Through dwarfed souls; through minds groping and stumbling in the night;
Through the grey dawn of early twilight;
Through martyrdoms, revelations—
Freedom's sun-worshippers,
Offering their early sacrifice
To the first pale beams of Day;
Through hardships, hunger, misery;
Through slavery's crowning masquerade of the centuries—
Nations stumbling blindfolded under their masks of Liberty,
Bleeding and shackled, striking out in the darkness,
And cursing they know not what;
Through anxiety, struggle, failure, defeat, madness, despair—
Slow as slow moving Time, sure as Eternity,
Out, and on, in her last sweeping cycle,
Life's slow-evolving wheel sweeps round again
To her great crowning effort.

—ELIZABETH JOHNSON.

BOOK NOTICES.

A cable message from England conveys the gratifying intelligence that the London *Speaker*, in reviewing the recently published volume of poems of Frederick George Scott (Drummondville, Que.,) "My Lattice, and Other Poems," printed in full "Samson," one of the strongest in the collection, declaring it "the best American poem published in many years." This is enviable distinction for a Canadian "My Lattice" was published by William Briggs, last December, and has created no little attention. There is a tribute to the general excellence of the collection in the fact that scarcely two of the critics agree as to which of the poems is the finest. The author is yet a young man, and there is no reason to suppose that his best work has been done. His fellow-Canadians will view with pride his progress up the ladder of fame, toward the top of which this flattering notice of the *Speaker* has given him a perceptible lift.

La Revue Nationale, J. D. Chartrand, 7 Place d'Armes, Montreal.

It is with great pleasure that we hail the

appearance of a very superior magazine, published in the French language, and representative of the best thought of those in Canada, who by race belong to one of our mother countries—France. In referring to high quality, we do not do so in the ordinary terms of courtesy. The first number, February, is superb, so far as the character of the articles is concerned The editorial ideal is evidently very good, and we trust our French-Canadian fellow-citizens especially, and those of the English-speaking race of Canada who understand French, will not only patriotically, but from a real appreciation of a well-balanced, thoughtful magazine of high literary quality, extend a liberal support to an enterprise, which is endeavoring to do for French-Canadians what the CANADIAN MAGAZINE is endeavoring to do for British Canadians; *i.e.*, to build up in Canada a united free, broad-minded nationality. The contents of the number before us (the February number) are excellent, both in the interest of the subjects treated and in literary and scientific quality. Hon. Mr. Chapleau, Hon. Wilfred Laurier, Hon. Joseph Royal, Louis Frechette, Benjamin Sulte, John Hague, and many other men of national note are amongst the contributors In subject matter, the contributions embrace a very wide range, from review and scientific articles to excellent fiction The illustrations, if, perhaps, too much devoted to the faces of writers are well executed. We wish the new magazine long life and prosperity. —THE EDITOR.

"*Facts about Pompeii.*" By H. P. Fitzgerald Marriott. London: Hazell, Watson & Viney, Ltd., 1 Creed Lane, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

There is probably no other monument of antiquity which strikes home so directly to our imaginations, nor which evokes, even when the historic sense is feeble or untrained, more vivid pictures of actual life in the past, than the disinterred ruins of Pompeii Yet the impressions gathered by mere sight-seeing, observations made on no system and with no definite object, are likely, there as elsewhere, to pass quickly out of the mind, leaving behind little or nothing of lasting value as knowledge The real utility of topographic works is hardly so great for those who never can see, or who have seen the places themselves, as for those who are about to visit them, or, better still, are actually upon the scene. There exists already, I believe, quite an extensive literature upon the subjects of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and Mr. Marriott, whom probably some readers will remember as having lived for several months in Toronto a few years ago, and who has since devoted himself chiefly to the study of Pompeii, with the advantage of actual residence on the scene of his investigations, has designed his book, not so much as a general guide to Pompeii, but as a supplement to existing authorities, dealing with certain features of great intrinsic interest, which have not, hitherto, been accorded special notice It may not be generally known that Pompeii, to adopt the usual spelling—the author prefers the form "Pompei," for reasons which he states in a note—was, to a great extent, ruined by an earthquake in 63 A.D., and much rebuilding and restoration had been hastily accomplished before the second and final overthrow and destruction in 79 A.D. This rebuilding necessarily diminished greatly the number of those very interesting evidences of other and older civilizations than the Roman, Samnite, Greek, and Egyptian, to which Mr. Marriott refers at some length. It is perhaps those hints and indications of the little episodes, and of the home surroundings and aspects of daily life, found so abundantly in Pompeii, which most strongly interest the general reader. In this book, moderate as are its proportions, these are well brought before us There are descriptions of the elaborate system of baths in the private houses, of the family portraits on the walls, the instruments used in the manufacture of macaroni, the glazed windows, and of the five storied houses—those of three seem to have been quite common. Almost painfully realistic is the representation of the cast of a dog which had been chained to its kennel, and had crawled upwards on the ever deepening layer of ashes until, having reached the limit of its chain, it died in the horrible contortions of agony of which over eighteen hundred years have not effaced the record. The book has a number of illustrations reproduced from photographs, showing examples of frescoes, houses, portraits, etc., with very satisfactory clearness. There is a full page plate of the famous bronze Mercury found at Herculaneum, the beauty of which must attract everyone. The descriptive passages attest the keen appreciation which the author must possess for the scenic and æsthetic charms of Pompeii, as distinguished from its merely archæological interest. Amongst the appendices there is, *inter alia*, a very full and careful analysis of the various styles of mural decoration. Notes are added about several of the most important houses, describing them in detail. Finally, there is a complete illustrated list of the curious marks or signs cut into the stones in various places, the nature and origin of which the author has fully discussed. Some of these, it is said, have been recognized as Masonic symbols; this Freemasons can decide for themselves. We strongly recommend them, and others who wish to increase their knowledge in this direction, to commence by getting Mr. Marriott's book.—B. ST. G. L.

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